

Rip-raps

GAY HEAD, CLAY CLIFFS, MARTHA VINEYARD SOUND.

RIP-RAPS: OR DRIFT THOUGHTS WIDE APART.

By Will. C. Kerr. AUTHORS EDITION.

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TO MY FRIEND OCTAVIUS A. ROGERS, OF BOSTON, THIS VOLUME IS MOST
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

“Where rose the mountains, these to him were friends, Where rose he ocean, thereon was
his home; Where the blue sky and glowing clime extends, He had the passion and the
power to roam The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam, Were unto him companionship;
they spoke A mutual language, clearer than the tone Of his land's tongue, which he would
oft forsake For Nature's pages, glassed by sunbeams on the lake.”

PREFACE.

When a man's thoughts go a wool-gathering, it is as when a bird, flying through the air,
drops seeds which first having picked up by the beak, she conveys by morsels into her
mouth to lodge them for mastication in her crop, where, if she were a beast, they would go
through a process of rumination, which might be called, “chewing her soft solace of sweet

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and bitter fancies." Thence, after a proper gestation and quick absorption for her support, she lets them fall towards the earth, and whilst they are descending, they are most likely to be scattered over a soil far remote from the fields where she had first gathered them as food. These were not lost, however, surely not wasted, for there is nothing thrown away as useless by a kind Providence. In her flight through the heavens, said vagabond bird may have flown over a vast range of territory, and though she may have thus become a wanderer, still she may, by such a coursing, have been prolific in fruits to be gathered by others for their better improvement and profit, and thereby improving vi the Proverb in this lesson, so that "the curse causeless shall not come to her."

So it may happen to any author who has the assurance to profess, before a discerning public, that he is producing "things unattempted yet in prose or verse;" for sensible people would surely "write him down as an ass," at the bottom of his first page. Let him not think to construct any moonshine through any such stone wall as his thick skull might encounter from this vain attempt through the simplicity of so stubborn a thought.

"The world has grown too old a bird to be caught with chaff."

So the best plan for a writer is, not to consider honesty as a mere policy, but to be frank in his principles, "for men are very shrewd in this world, and as wise as serpents, although they seem sometimes to be as harmless as cooing doves," and be not like the old fellow in the "trade of the whisk brooms, who had been chuckling over his rival, boasting of his cheaper sale of the same stuff, he had only been thieving the stalks of this brush-corn from the fields, thinking thus to get ahead of his companion, who, in answer, confessed that he had stolen a march on the merchants in general, by stealing the whole broom from their stores."

We therefore scout the idea of getting out "something new under the sun," and own up to some cribbage of fine wheat from the old fields of literature, and then make a bold stand on the good intentions which shall support us as a bulwark for vii our "Drift Thoughts."

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For there are drifts of many kinds, "from the sea to the summit:" there are snow-drifts and wood-drifts, and drifts from the sea, and these as wide apart as the heavens are from the earth; and such are not so far apart as some people imagine, for they are as transferable and convertible as stocks are, and stores, when we are moving about from one to the other. We all can find

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Shakespeare's "As You Like it."

Now with this simple explanation,

"That we shall nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice,"

we close this the seventh Envoie of our fardels of sketches, which were bundled up in our large portfolio while we were moving in the past from the end of Cape Cod across to Nantucket, and a long time since to the Falls of St. Anthony, near St. Paul's; reaching back from a period of time extending over twenty years, and gathered at various places as wide apart as the wish of making a name in History is farther from the thoughts which have been drifting through our memory, during many years, at different intervals of time.

Farewell.

DRIFT THOUGHTS—WIDE APART.

Chapter 1.

"They, who think nought so strong of the romance, So rank knight-errant as a real friend."

Young.

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It was dreadful hot, you all remember, last July. "Take any of the Sound boats for New Bedford, Massachusetts. Board can be had there at a reasonable price at the Parker House; a steamer is running every other day to Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard. At this island the air is delightfully cool and pleasant; fishing remarkably fine, and Nantucket is not far distant;" said Captain Hodgkins to us, on the 16th of said July, 18—, as the perspiration was pouring out of the forehead of a scribbling lawyer as he sat at his desk in Wall street. "You had better pack up and be off; it won't pay for you to stay here while your clients are absent at the watering-places. Go, then, to either place and cool off."

We took his advice, and on that very afternoon started off in the Norwich and Worcester boat. The heat did not abate a jot, until we had passed through Hurlgate, and the sunset gilded the scene with its departing splendor.

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We were travelling alone; but it was always our luck to pick up a stray fellow-sufferer in this pilgrimage of life, for there is always a time in the history of every individual when one becomes vagabond in the *classical* sense; that we are all wanderers over the wilderness of existence, but may plant our milestone as we go along, in the shape of memorial tablets; and to save us from an Irish bull under the above solecism, we quote the old saying that one of the pleasures of solitude is the privilege of having another to enjoy the delight of it with us.

A practical geologist happened to attract our attention shortly after we had passed the islands beyond Fort Schuyler, whose business it was to make a living out of his profession; and so he had a right to, like any other man of science in these days, to be paid for his learning. He had studied the lesson taught us all by our copy-books, when we were boys at school, that "Knowledge is Power;" and when asked to investigate the qualities of the minerals which any speculator might have called upon him to examine, he always got his fee in advance, and then, as every honest man should, told them not to put their foot in any dark cavity or pocket, where he was convinced from the hearings that they could

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not withdraw it without loss. He never told them to “go into it;” “never said,” “‘Tis a good thing—’twill make a splendid investment.” He was too true for that, and had a conscience (a rare thing nowadays) that would not stretch like india-rubber. Although he had been born in the land of wooden nutmegs, he could not be hired by the devil to rob the widow and the orphan by any promises of dividends from The Conjoint Stock Conglomerated Company, for making a fortune in a few minutes, presided over by the “Honorable, late Senator Blundercomb from the county of Buncombe.”

That was a pleasant talk we had, which embraced the real value of the *Iron Mountain*, over whose wealth we had both ridden our horses and heard the metallic ring of the mineral as their shoes struck the ground.

Again we were amused by his recital of several attempts to rob him—while in the West he had been engaged in locating lands at the principal office of the government, when he was supposed to carry about him large sums of money—and of his shrewd method of avoiding impertinent questions as to the amount of means he carried in his saddle-bags. At one time he responded that never carried much about his person, but avoided the necessity by drafts payable to his order; and at another time, when he supposed there might be danger from the occupant of the hotel where he was compelled to stop at night, he managed to get a companion to sleep with him, or to depart from under the roof of a suspicious-looking landlord by an early start, before the break of day, before the keeper had risen. It was quite interesting to listen to the providential escapes that he had made, and no less agreeable to hear him recount the discovery which he made of a property in Baltimore, which had been long lost sight of by an old emigrant from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, who under the name of Brush, which was better known by its conversion into Bush by his neighbors, and thus covered the evidences of his title to the estate, that it stood according to the best of his recollection since his boyhood near an old tavern, whose sign swung under the figure-head of an Indian Queen, supporting an ear of corn. This old pioneer had been of some assistance to our friend during his journeying through the West, but he always refused any compensation for the aid which he had cheerfully rendered

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him; but after his return home the recompense was naturally reciprocated by their careful search of the records, and the repetition of *certain* traditionary accounts, gathered from an aged woman, who remembered 12 the name of this man Brush; and the location of the domicil of a family which had lived in Baltimore many years before his removal, which had been supported by the carpenter shop which stood near by this tavern with the sign of the *Indian head* and ear of corn. It certainly proved that truth that "'tis a long long lane that has no turn;" and the fact is in life that the small favors rendered with the hopes of little or no pecuniary reward at the time they were conferred, often bring a blessing of God in his own time, inconceivably greater than the benefit given. By dint of the few links of evidence, the title to Mr. Brush's estate was hunted up by the aid of a lawyer in the city; and after a proper season of the law's delay, and patient waiting, the possession of the land was given into the hands of the original owner.

Again it was our privilege to hear from him as he narrated an instance of the application of his science to medicine. The case was that of his wife, who had been for some years an invalid, and most of the time confined to her bed by a tedious indisposition; after his return from the West he found her in a very low condition; so sick, indeed, that she had been given up by the doctors; in truth, he himself despaired of seeing her alive much longer. Hope revived, however, and he concluded that he would try what his own knowledge of *materia medica* would avail in the present case, where he was so deeply interested. In fact began by making a strange syrup of aralia or spikenard (we can't vouch for our memory of his account of it), which was steeped in a strong admixture of spirits and honey (brandy we suppose), and that boiled down in a kettle, until it become as thick as mucilage, like a body of soup basis for a professed cook. This was applied by little and little to moisten the patient's throat, and was breathed into the lungs. Then a bath was prepared with warm water, and into that a 13 portion of potassium with a dilution of nitric acid for stimulation was poured, in which the body was placed, and circulation excited by constant manipulation until a lively glow was produced. This treatment continued about a week, faithfully and patiently applied. At the end of ten days, the whole of the face was

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suffused with a slight color of animation and improvement; by prolonging this treatment, and the application of proper nourishment—say, beef soup reduced and boiled down in a bottle from the substance of the meat—the sickness was controlled, and at the expiration of a month, by careful attention and driving out in the open air; at the end of the year, this lady who had been pronounced dead at the consultation of the wiseacres and *physicians*, had fully recovered her health and is alive.

Besides, he was a man of great faith, and had tasted the evidences of the presence of that overruling Providence which of old fed the prophet Elijah by the ravens in the wilderness; for one time when he was in search of certain scientific phenomena in the nature of the discovery of a red porphyry quarry, which he had traced by careful observation of certain little red pebble indications on the prairies in Illinois, bearing north by west, which he followed across the Mississippi river to the point of the outcrop, a band of Indians about the region of their encampment stole all his provisions, and he was then entirely without food. Just as his hunger had reached a craving for necessary food, a large eagle poised in the air, and sailing suddenly down, darted into a neighboring lake, where it seized a large trout weighing four pounds, and was bearing it off in his talons, when he dropped it. This was taken by the party and furnished a meal to this humble man of trust in God, the Jehovah Jireh of the prophet Moses, who will provide us also in time of need.

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We were also delighted with other developments of his investigation in science; and convinced, by the experiments which had been tried by the late noble Lord Morpeth with animals of divers breeds, that it was possible in the progress of civilization to improve the whole race of the human species. It may be—and why not?—if jockeys can so improve the character of the blood-horse, and skilful gardeners increase the size and quality of fruit, that in the course of ages men and women may be so improved that there shall be a generation of mankind who, from their moral, intellectual, and physical condition, shall be fit to serve the Lord, who originally intended such to be created; for it was declared at the time of our first parents, Adam and Eve, that it was good; our good Creator saw

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and declared that it was good; and we hope to see it better if possible, notwithstanding appearances of the present age are to the contrary. We have ever believed that sin is but a very dark shadow thrown against the purity of heaven, and like the diamond, can only be fully exhibited to light and brightest beauty by holding it under the deep shadow of the overhanging "Upas Tree." "*Nous verrons*," as the old "*Spectator*" (Noah's newspaper) used to say. We pray you may live to see it. Let us all in the meantime go about and be doing all the good we can to our fellow-men; for there is no truth surer than this, for it is God's own truth, that Love is the fulfilment of all righteousness, and the law has so declared it.

We friends occupied the same state-room that night; and this was the compensation gratuitously rendered by one party for the delightful conversation which entertained us, until we were rapped out of a sound sleep by the night watchmen, as we were landed at the wharf of Norwich.

It is not a very pleasant thing, you will find, to be routed out at midnight, should any of our readers attempt to go by this 15 line; and we recommend none to try it, for there are other ways of going to Boston, by or through the Sound.

Now, what was it we intended to do when we had started from New York? It was to get to old Cambridge, and cast our vote for the first balloting under a new order of things at Harvard University; which we did under the belief that, as the worship of the Almighty should be enjoyed under the greatest liberty, we could see no reason why students should not be permitted to study what they pleased, provided always they had any inclination to do so, or any brains to fill with knowledge: for it is as hard to pour knowledge into a blockhead, as to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Chapter 2.

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That education only can be considered as complete and generous, which (in the language of Milton) fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of *peace and war*.

“But thousands die without a this or that. Die—and endow a college or a cat.”

Pope.

The old and hackneyed discussion, about what constitutes education, goes back to the time of Adam and Eve; and the subject of their grievances has caused it to be a noted theme of dispute ever since.

Law is defined by Coke and Blackstone and Kent as a rule of action; the verb defined, to be, to do, and to suffer. Education has been ever a foot-ball to be kicked about by antagonistic pedagogues and pupils, on the Deltas of College greens all over the world; and *Alma Maters*, from the beginning to the end of all the Universities, have been trying to straighten the odds and ends of Creation by a system of logical deductions from the roots of that fatal tree of knowledge of good and evil, whereof had our primogenitors ever partaken it would have prevented all their successors from the enjoyment of that blessed state of eternal happiness which even the devil himself could not have foreclosed them had not the Archangel Michael with his drawn sword shut them out from the sight of the Tree of Life.

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It has therefore always seemed to us one of the greatest blessings that old Satan, in spite of all his temptations and snares, should have been the means by which apparent evil has been the procurement of our ulterior good. Good by elision of the symbolic O, omega—sign of eternity; the drawing out of some. thing out of nothing clearly manifested; God in man; God's man; man-i-fest in the flesh— *Immanuel* —God with us in the beginning: while the word devil maketh its own resolution of Evil into *vile, devil,—ill, lie, livid*. And read it

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backwards—as *lewd* by fusing *i* and *u* into *w*. The contrast therefore is as great as light and darkness; the darkness comprehendeth it not, for works of darkness are of the devil; and there is none *good* but God. Education is nothing but the drawing forth of the electric spark of the human soul from the alembic of the divine elements in man.

Educate the soul first, the body next, and then results that rest of mind which passeth all understanding, for all our apprehensions then unite to draw us into *God's* acre of rest. Judgment is but the natural result of all knowledge; for without God what can any of us know? “The word was in the beginning; and the beginning was with God, and the word was God.” Synthetically we were all intended to be taught by Him. The Alpha, was and is, the primer and the beginning; and O me-ga the end. The verb, was in the beginning to be, *was God himself*—I am, to suffer, was—to do—was *God*. He acted, He suffered as God; therefore to be, to do and to suffer was the Trinity—the God Triune, the man from God to earth—the Incarnation of God on earth. The Son of God was with us. God with us, and after Earth is passed, the ascended man-God ever liveth to make intercession for us, and by the Holy Spirit draweth the man up to God who was in the beginning with *Him*.

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The time will yet come according to the promise that all shall be taught of God. In the signs of the present day, events which always go before history, foreshadow the day when the ballot will be substituted for the cannon-ball; for the lot is cast in the lap of the people, but the whole disposal thereof is of the Lord.

“Quem *Deus* vult perdere prius dementat,” the late sad conflict in the South has plainly shown, and this is no less true, that “whom the gods love die young;” for the Lord has blessed the nation with overflowing benefits; its proportions have increased; the metallic forces have been greatly developed; and the financial credit of the country have *quadrupled* since, aye, even pending the war. This world's currency, like the fore and hind wheels of a chariot, run, and always will keep running apart, seldom asunder, but at equal

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distances with the proportions of the riches of the interior treasures and of the gold-bearing bondsmen.

The true stamp of our republican virtues has raised the value of the *Consol sterling* abroad. Paper money coined with the image of the United States, has rendered “unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's;” and proved that the greater the extension of a country, and the more numerous its population, then the more certain the wealth of its territorial domain. The only true, solid ingot, is the honest gain of the laborer; and those who come in at the last hour will be equally well paid with those who come in at the first.

The only species of humanitarianism is that which claims absolute independence of an overruling Providence. One would think, from reading the speeches of the wise men and poets of the University, that the globe was governed by pedagogues and poets; Oliver has gotten his Rowland, and 19 Rowland has fully discharged his bottle of Macassar. Nevertheless the hub of the universe wants a little more oiling. The man who declared that this was a Unitarian war, must have forgotten that victory never came until Grant and Farragut and Sherman soldered their triple brass into the molten mass of Union, and success blossomed into the full glory of peace. The blood of our heroes was the price of conquest; and the crown of an Immortal Life has hallowed the head of every patriot who sacrificed his life for the good of his country.

Truly the blood of these martyrs was the seed of the American Church. The angelic choirs from heaven looked down upon the blood-stained fields, and saints innumerable sang out their pæans of praise, while the struggles and sufferings of the dying were but shouts of triumph; and hymns of thanksgiving arose with every sigh to honor the reflection, that they were yielding an oblation and offering an incense which was acceptable to the Redeemer, who had purchased His cross at the price of His suffering in order that the men who fell in battle might learn why they had been born, and for what end; a truth which was first manifest to them when they were marshalled in the ranks with their devoted companions,

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and had left home, with the good old Spartan mother's prayer that their sons might honor their shields in the contest, or be brought home upon it as corpses, with their wounds in front.

Then men were taught the lesson that the post of honor is not always that of the private citizen. The men who had gone were our substitutes; and when they died in the battle, they who remained at home were taught to acknowledge a proper sense of the gratitude to those who were our saviours, and their scapegoats from the contempt of mankind as cowards for all time. Let us go and do likewise when our turn comes to be in the front, and never let a coward's heart beat 20 in the breast of any man at his hearthstone on that occasion, or for ever leave the hope of any woman's smile behind them; for there is no entrance i that bosom which throbs only for the brave, and is ready to shudder at the sight of any miscreant traitor.

Enough has been said about Cambridge and her martial collegians, who went out to meet the enemy from her walls. They were fit topics for a eulogium, but not proper subjects for either Commencement or the Alumni dinner. The memory of the brave lives in the hearts of the survivors, and the sighs of the broken hearts, are the only solace and support which the widow who mourns her husband's loss, or the mother her immortal son, who in their faith survive the bitter pangs of that sorrow which the heart only knows, and with its joy the stranger does not intermeddle.

They are about to erect a Mausoleum for the honored dead of Harvard. The structure is in its design a mongrel of Westminster, Oxford, Trinity, and of the Lord Mayor's dining-hall at Cheapside. Athens never beheld a similar, Egypt might have dreamed of a better, and the Argonautic expedition for the Golden Fleece might have safely gone to sea in a vessel built very much like the Cambridge ark.

Returning to old Harvard, we are reminded of the original diversion of this institution from the character of a Congregational denomination, in which it had been founded by John

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Harvard. How it came to have been twisted out of the creed of its progenitor, into the folds of a Unitarian sheepfold, is best known to those enterprising Spartans who taught their children that there was no harm in stealing, provided it was never found out. Perhaps it was because the Lacedemonians knew what was right; but the Spartans and Athenians practised a nobler virtue, as in the case of the respect those ancient 21 people exhibited to an old man, as to a seat in their theatre, when the pit arose in respect to his aged locks. Nevertheless, it may be somewhat honorably explained, by the answer which a friend of ours gave once to a Frenchman, on Broadway, looking just opposite at the Church of the *Messiah*, who was asking him: "What kind of a church that was before them, with its heavy granite structure." He replied, "*Unitarian*." "Oui, je comprends," says the Frenchman; "*Unit à Rien*," "united to nothing." Lately, however, it has been converted into a theatre, in which a Miss Lucy Rushton entered with such a predilection to failure, that the devil took possession of it shortly after bankruptcy, as his legitimate property; while she proving so bad a steward, it was turned over into a renovated temple, for the exhibition of another species of farce. Truly the "Old Boy" seems to claim his title to all such hereditaments, and it takes a "*Ristori*" to restore the truly legitimate drama; as he swings his own forked tail, with the ugly Black Crook. It matters not, however; for whatever may be the diversions of his majesty, whose peculiarity has always been the habit which distinguishes him, of running about the earth seeking whom he may devour, there is a little angel who sits aloft upon the mast of human affairs, to look out for the fate of "Poor Jack." A proper restraint always comes in the shape of amendments in the code of human laws, which have always been so controlled by the divinity which shapes our ends, that no power of misconstruction can ever cause a triumph over the dominion of common-sense, which is the people's voice; and the expression of the vox populi is and ever will be "*vox Dei*" to overrule his satannic majesty. The devil has only been permitted to reign for a while; and at the end of the allegorical thousand years, which was prophesied by the prophet Daniel, he will be bound in adamantine chains, and cast 22 into that awful fiery tide of conflagration which stands in letters of liquid fire before the *gates* of the infernal regions, with the ominous declaration of the poet Dante: "Lasciate ogne speranza voi

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ch'entrate," "Leave every hope behind who enters here;" and with all his minions and worshippers, drowned in the Acherontic gulf of the beiling river Styx.

Chapter 3. POLITICAL, ECCLESIASTICAL, OR SCHOLASTIC AMBITION.

"Fond impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud, Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day? To-morrow, he repairs the golden flood, And warms the nations with redoubled ray."

We were glad, therefore, to hasten away from the precincts of old Cambridge, and its everywhere-exhibited signs of a fossil decay; such as Agassiz himself, we fear, cannot cause to be reconstructed out of the evident indications of its present imbecility. Even the change contemplated of doing away with its system of espionage, and the treatment of youths as proper subjects for the village police to night-hawk them; or the requirements of two years added to the period at which the students have been admitted previously, at the age of the writer, say, fourteen and one-half years, when he was admitted as a Sophomore; or the enlargements of its buildings; or the superhuman construction of its two undergraduates, who may have been good scholars, but never had any show of whatever is requisite for architectural designs; nor the contributions of Mr Peabody, nor the whole College Faculty of learned Professors, will ever help it so long as the whole concern will insist upon the keeping up of that autocracy of idiosyncrasies which has bolstered up its reputation as a first-class college; nor all the inhabitants in the neighborhood of Boston, to which place, and its confines in Massachusetts, we know that its eternal and everlasting praises are ever and forever sounded, and all the people unite in sustaining it as one of the grandest Mutual Admiration Societies that the world ever saw—will save it from perdition or the tomb of the Capulets. It will have to be radically changed. This tree of knowledge, situated in the midst of a garden of bipeds, must be pulled up by the roots; otherwise, not even Professor Longfellow, or Professor Lowell, can save it from a grave deeper than hell, and darker than the tomb of the Capulets.

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“Go, see with your own eyes, quam parva sapientia regitur mundus.”— *Chancellor Oxenstiern's Letter to his Son*.

What a change was that from the purlieus of the river Charles to the depôt of the Old Colony Railroad in Boston, somewhere near Green street, and not far from South. Near by, in the outer yard of the main building, stood the celebrated Wood Box, a dilapidated old car, which represented the majesty of the Old Colony Railroad. Probably the noble Lord Sir Morton Peto was highly gratified at his late reception in this singular old construction, and from which he might obtain a large and comprehensive view of the illustrious State of Massachusetts; just as in the same way that old *Blarney Stone*, Plymouth Rock, is supposed to represent the landing of our Pilgrims from the Mayflower, on a winter's night, on a rock-bound coast at Cape Cod; and the same has ever been made a mouth-piece for old Knickerbockers, who became suddenly converted into New England people on the 22d of December dinner at the Astor House in New York. This conversion is no less extraordinary than that of a son of Erin into a native American 25 just shortly after his landing at Castle Garden, and previous to the election of a Mayor and Alderman, or Congressman or Policeman in Gotham.

These translations, to be sure, are mere sportings with the elective franchise; and so long as you and I don't see it, is as harmless and mysterious to the spectators as one of Hartz's illusions, when he is supposed, in spite of your own keen investigation to the contrary, to take off a man's head without the aid of an assistant behind the curtain.

It is merely an ocular delusion; and it will be *all* the same to the people one hundred years hence—for “Seeing many things, thou observest nought,” for “C'est la premiere pas qui coute.” 2

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When in connection with other matters, our friend the first instigator of our trip towards the Eastern Islands, and others known as the Elizabeth Islands, on the Vineyard Sound, suggested that you would have to get out of the regions of summer excursionists, in order to enjoy a purer air and a more primitive state of society than that usually visited among the mountains and northern lakes.

We were, however, somewhat astonished to hear him say, "You must get on by the Old Colony Road, to a place called Hyannis." This sounded so much like Hyenas that we were afraid he was cracking one of his marine jokes; but on further inquiry, he stated it was only a spot known by that name, which was the end of the main-land of Massachusetts—a point on the extreme end of Cape Cod; and that so far from the people being wild or uncivilized—to be sure there was a wilderness of much sand there—they scarcely had seen a menagerie in those parts (excepting you think a camp-meeting one), and most assuredly no hyenas. In fact, there was not even a liquor store in the whole extent of that barren country (where there is to be sure a town called Sandwich); and if anybody wanted anything to drink stronger than soda-water or root beer, he must go to 27 a licensed vender, after having first fortified himself with a certificate from a regular State physician that the case was of such a desperate nature that a portion of brandy would be rendered indispensable for the cure of some sudden and particular attack of sickness, like cholera-morbus or any other malignant disease.

We were rather disappointed, as we were moving along the road, that we had to stop short at the junction, near Middletown, awaiting the arrival of the up train from New Bedford. Most people are rather apt to get out of temper at any delay that happens while on their travels; but like Rochefoucault, we always found "something rather pleasing in other people's misfortunes;" and turned the matter into account, by recalling the old Scotchman's saw, which reads:

"He that stumbles and don't fall, Goes twice the further after all."

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We occupied ourselves by conversing with one of the Directors, who was then a passenger in one of the cars, who told us that the Old Colony Road paid very well indeed, and that the stock was considerably above par. He could not say as much about the branches to Hyannis Point, or the enterprise of the steamboat "Island Home," that had been put on for the summer to connect with the Railroad from the Long Wharf, at the extreme end of Cape Cod.

Shortly after we got on our way, we were amused by several little occurrences that happened by the roadside. First, the country people came out to greet the arrival of the train; and at every station troops of children hastened to cheer us with their smiles and hurrahs.

Again, at Sandwich there is a large glass-foundry, from the 28 second story of which—for the time was about sunset—we were hailed by about two hundred men and boys, who stood at the window-sills, eagerly watching the crowd of passengers who were flocking in and out of the cars. What a proper location this was for the manufacture of glassware, where there was such an abundance of sand ready at hand! After passing the foundry, the appearance of the sky just before sundown was one of the most remarkable we had ever witnessed; we had scarcely conceived that it was possible for any painter to have realized a depiction of the American Flag so wonderfully true as it has been by Mr. Church, our artist, until we then looked upon it for the *first* time in nature. There it was displayed before us, "as large as life and twice as natural." It was glorious; and the red, white, and blue, were gorgeously reflected on the whole surface of the Long Pond which lie in repose of the sinking sunset, with the rich colors of the stripes and stars glowing along the horizon; for some of the northern constellations were then visible, gushing forth with strong effulgence of beauty and touches of the roseate changes of its evanescent and departing splendor. We have lingered in Italy and felt the soft influence of the landscape at evening-tide, as the sun sank under the shadows of Vesuvius. We have repeatedly watched and waited for those requiems of dying day as the twilight lingered, until the stars followed the waste

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of the returning sunlight along the sharp edges of the pyramids, and through all the long courses of the Lybian mountains; and have been rapt in meditations on the scene, until our thoughts had sunk away, under the *crepuscule* of the blue-hung skies away over, and across the lake of Winnepiseogee at Centre Harbor; but never before had we beheld a charm of such soft grace and inexpressible influence to the grateful outpourings of the soul, as the impression conveyed when that 29 splendid sky opened its treasure of richness and transparent glory on the evening that it passed through this decade of July.

We could hardly account for the appearance of the Cohasset rapids at this point, as the waters of a lively creek rushed under a causeway through the long flats; for we had bathed a long time ago at Cohasset Bay on the coast; and we hurried by the town of Barnstable, after we had left one of the venerable Judges of this county-seat at his residence; and shortly after, about dusk, we were landed for the night with our bag and baggage at the “White House” at Hyannis. There we were put up in the attic, in choice quarters, with the rats riding over our bedpost; the room was comfortable, the host very accommodating, and with the request for a drink of milk, which was granted, we took our tallow-candle and went to bed. On the next morning we took our leave of this solitary and quiet village, after having walked over two or three miles of its stretch along the highway, in view of the distant beach. Prominent among the objects which we saw were the shipping in its harbor a long way off, and some fishing—boats which appeared in the remote horizon, the occupants of which were then engaged in search of sharks and blue-fish. The whalers had no longer any opportunity of sailing from this port; but an occasional whaling-ship sails from Barnstable, a short distance from this spot.

The gains from that pursuit have a long time since ceased to be profitable; and the inhabitants being most of them engaged as whalers, which have been fitted out from New Bedford, many of them going even as far as Boston by the trains to transact business; the men appeared to be all away, and the village given up to the women.

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About twenty minutes past 12 A.M. we walked across a very dilapidated wharf, and took passage on the "Island Home," 30 a steamer which connects twice a week with the trains from Boston to Nantucket.

There must have been something very fascinating at the ball which has just been given by a party of frolickers from New Bedford the night before our arrival, in the Town Hall of Nantucket; for one solitary youth then on the wharf, apparently a gay Lothario, had made up his mind to return to his home in Boston; but as a fickle mind, like a rolling stone, gathered no moss, his memories were thrown back to the island, in that spot where the *smitter* had *smitten* this victim so hard that we found him on board the steamboat retracing his steps to Nantucket. These watering-places are dreadfully dangerous places for young and tender-hearted juveniles. It is only experts that find out to their cost, when too late to mend their own, that some ladies' hearts are like the turtles' eggs we used to gather near the wild, sweet strawberries under their beds of sand, sheltered by the shady groves of the hickory-nut tree, not far from the fresh ponds in Massachusetts, near North Andover, which were so soft to the touch on one side, that they needed only to be pressed on the other to wipe out the first impression.

"Perhaps she hath blue eyes, beware! Or, she may have had raven hair, But never be in haste to marry, Or you may have cause to swear."

Translated from the German.

We never knew what became of the youth after he had left the boat, but supposed he resigned himself to his fate after he had landed, where we are sure he learned his lesson by heart, and found out by sad experience, "that it is never too late to mend."

On board the "Island Home" we had an opportunity of 31 learning much about the situation of the spot we were about to visit; and were made somewhat better acquainted by meeting with a clergyman of the Methodist persuasion, who had been a pastor of one of the

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churches of this denomination some twenty years previous. The appearance of the town, now deserted, and separated from the rest of mankind by sand-bars which had been formed by natural causes, such as one of many which changed the course of empires, and lifted up whole continents, while it has destroyed others, had so altered the aspect of the place that he scarcely recognised his old home.

The fate of Tyre and Sidon had been that of Nantucket. As we passed the outer light, he was completely at a loss, at the first sight of it, and did not know whether there would be any of his cloth on the landing to receive him. We felt no compassion for him afterwards, for we heard that he preached in the largest meeting-house in the town; and so we set about to secure our own lodgings at this seaport, if that may be so termed from which the sea itself has departed, and left behind it only Sciasconset, the only spot from whence you can get a good view of the glorious old ocean where,

“Down whose green back the short-lived foam, all hoar, Bursts gradual with a wayward indolence.”

Keats.

Obed Macy has written a very clever book about this region, and it is supposed that if the Lord did bless the house of Obed Edom for his keeping of the Ark, that this Obed, who by his name must be a Quaker, must have been duly rewarded for preserving the chronicles of this island; for without his efforts, it would scarcely have a name in any history of mankind.

It is better known, fortunately, at the present day for its beautiful and hospitable women. They who were “last at the cross, 32 and first at the tomb,” have kept it alive to the memory of man, solely because they have had the honor permitted them by heaven of keeping up the religious type of the Church, which has always been sanctified by the *holy title* of the Spouse of Christ.

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It has always had a place for divine worship. The oldest church in America, we believe, was planted on Nantucket; and the inhabitants now point to an old time-worn and well preserved wooden building, now standing behind the handsome Methodist Church, as of the age of 200 years. The place has no less than seven places for worship—Unitarian, Methodist, Baptist, Quaker, and Presbyterians, and one or two meeting-houses, and several charity schools, with an almshouse, a jail and only two persons in it; an agricultural farm; a grand sheepfold, where a great sheep-shearing takes place in the fall; besides a number of ponds, plenty of windmills, and last but not least, a fine harbor for sailing and boating, and abundant sport for those who delight in catching blue-fish and harpooning sharks—a merry amusement, in which the girls join in the summer season; or for shooting ducks and plover in the fall.

We would close our sketch with a strong picture of the utter desolation of the spot. Imagine an island where there are magnificent views of the sea from the tops of the churches, from the windows of the belvederes of the hotels, and the last point of Massachusetts, the jumping-off headland and lighthouse at Sciasconset, which might be facetiously termed “Sky on Sunset,” the “*ultima thule*” of the United States, the last point, the end of Massachusetts—the hub of the world, so declared by the Governor of the last summer. It is a sort of Land's End—Johnny Groat's Land; and by *contrast*, not a “Gretna Green.” There are old and dilapidated windmills, without wooden arms, but with shattered sails flapping about 33 to the wind, with one solitary wooden fish *rack*, whereon a few fishermen stretch a fardel of blue-fish, which are caught in the harbor and laid on these frames to dry in the sun. Then there are sand-bars closing up the mouth of the port, as if a padlock with a bolt and chain had closed its mouth with a lockjaw. The obstructions of the bars are so heavy that even a ship's camel cannot draw a ship over the movable and ever shifting drifts; with one solitary wreck lying at a long stretch of wharfage, with one solitary derrick drawing a pile on a broken-down wharf. A few of her owners on the poop-deck of a ship were calculating whether it would pay to take the “John Colford” to New York, and there put her up at auction, or sell her there as she lies. A New York Yankee once found it

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profitable to buy one of its houses, and remove it to the city of Manhattan on a speculation, at the prices now quoted for boards. Here was presented an island homestead, where the grass grows in the streets, and the people live on hope and bow down to a delusion to believe a lie. Such is Nantucket as it stands today; and its many awful wrecks on the winter's coast, and its storms, tell of her sad catastrophes.

Its people are sometimes in the winter without mails. We have before said there is no lack of females. The winters are severe and long. The sleighing is beautifully long and tedious.

There is a great difference of opinion about this amusement. Dr. Franklin said it was like sitting in an entry with doors *open*, with both your feet in a bucket of ice-water. Such differences make up the world, "*and all the rest of mankind.*" The coast is ice-bound, and all is sad and solitary; but as the song sings, "Some days must be rainy days," we say, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, but a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy." But there is a consolation for all this; when the trees are bare in the fall, one can look up to the stars at 2* 34 night through the branches to heaven. There are bright hopes for us all in that distant land beyond the blue vault of the golden-patened dome; and it was on Patmos that Saint John the Divine was in the spirit on the Lord's day; that revelation of Jesus Christ was given him by *God*. And God has hidden His saints everywhere; and though buried in the sands, or on the dark deep caverns which the ocean bear, "there's a divinity which shapes our ends, roughhew them as we will." They are his people, though not seen by mortal eyes, and are preserved with all the innumerable company of those who are in communion with Him, and will be kept for ever until we are all called upon to give our account for our works on earth; and when he pronounces, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," the angels and archangels will shout in chorus, with cherubim and seraphim,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, Peace and good-will towards *men*.

Amen.

Chapter 5.

“BOARDING-HOUSE KNOWN AS THE ADAMS HOUSE, No. 48 Orange Street.

Famed for its Admirable Location, Liberal Provisions, and Moderate Prices.

John Winn, *Proprietor.*”

GAY HEAD, HOLMES' HOLE, THE VINEYARD SOUND, AND NANTUCKET.

We never think of Nantucket but we are reminded of the story of Jonah and the whale, with this difference between the present and the past—it was a great whale that swallowed Jonah, but now there is a greater *wail* and lamentation that so many “Jonathans” of the sea (*i. e.* the sailors and whalers) have been cast upon this island, now almost unapproachable by its shoals and sand-bars. Yet it still has its fine air and pretty women (the summer visitors), whom the inhabitants delight to designate as “scoons.”

Shark-fishing and trolling after blue-fish constitute part of the stranger's amusement during his stay. It is no less celebrated for its thousand sheep, that find rich pasture as they browse along the plains which skirt the approaches to Sciasconset, the Land's End of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. This 36 is the only real watering-place on the island, and is much frequented during the summer months by those even who have houses in the town, and have also built handsome cottages on the point, wherein hospitality is the common and long-established characteristic and charming feature of the inmates.

But to return again to the topic of sheep. We are reminded of a sheep story about a strolling phrenologist who once visited this island. Some of the wags of the place—if I mistake not, a brother of the same craft—tried to play off a practical joke on this other manipulator of heads. They had agreed that the professor should be allowed to examine a number of the *élite* of the town, provided he would submit to be led into the parlor

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blindfolded before the subjects had been introduced for his examination. Somewhat reluctant at first to submit to such a condition precedent, he finally consented, and one Dr. Shaw, who was passionately fond of music, then and there introduced a splendid bellwether sheep as the first subject to be tried. He was the one who had first proposed this plot against his brother artist. The sheep was placed before him; his bumps were felt. "The creature has a very musical development, apparently very stupid, large brain and very little in it," quietly added the examiner. The doctor rather thought he had made a mistake. The audience burst out into a hearty laugh, and the tables were turned from the shrewd philosopher upon the doctor.

The island of Nantucket was first discovered in 1602, by Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, an Englishman who sailed from England in search of a plantation. Having fallen in with the shore of Cape Cod, he pursued his course south until he came up with Sandy Point, near Barnstable. It being rather late in the day, he stood off to sea, and late at night came in sight of the east end of Nantucket, now 37 called Sankota Head, the highest land in that part of the island. There is no doubt that, on or about the fifth month in the year 1659, the island was under jurisdiction of New York. Somehow or other these Yankees of Massachusetts got it away from us, having first stolen it, through some mean process, from the aborigines, who gave them their proper name of *Yankgeese*, which title has been theirs ever since. We were rather pleased, however, to learn the veritable history of the two islands of Capawok, *alias* Martha's Vineyard, and the island of Nantucket. It seems that these islands were once under the rule of two grand sachems, one of whom having quarrelled with his confederate about some wampum, we suppose, must have killed his partner in command, for we find among the children of an after birth, on the main land, the names of two were Cain and Abel, from which, no doubt, we infer that these Indians were religiously disposed, who took these names from Scripture, as the Rev. St. Paul said of the heathens who were found by him worshipping before an altar which they had erected to "the unknown God." Whether this account is true or not we do not know; but we learn that one venerable chief, called Snapoonoosa, was once in possession of the island, who

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wore very large shoes, which filled with sand while walking along the sea-shore, and after shaking them thoroughly to relieve his feet from pain, threw them, with mighty and violent effort, over across the water, and thus formed the coast of Nantucket opposite. It is also narrated that he was in the habit of smoking a huge pipe, and when he puffed out a very thick cloud of smoke he blew it outward to create the heavy fogs that hang over the entire region of the Vineyard Sound.

Be this as it may, we know there were some daughters among these people who sued their parents for their portions, in the hope, we suppose, that some day or other they might marry somebody or other (as in the case of Mrs. Thompson, spelt with a P, known by the name of N or M). So the sagacious parent, to get rid of that bother, gave Nantucket to "Nancy" for her part, and left "Martha" the rest, called "Martha's Vineyard."

However this may be, it was once a great place for whales, which have been so simply yet beautifully described by one of their own poets, who had himself wielded the harpoon and the lance:

"Thou didst, O Lord, create the whale, That monstrous monster of a mighty length; Vast is his head and body, vast his tail, Beyond conception is his mighty strength. When he the surface of the sea hath broke, Arising from the dark abyss below, His breath appears a lofty stream of smoke, The circling waves like glittering banks of snow."

SCIASCONSET.

This village is situated at the south-east extremity of the island, and contains about seventy houses. As a summer resort, no place in the United States presents greater attractions for the invalid during the warm season than Sciasconset. It is not the focus of fashionable life; but the fine bracing air, the excellent water, and the unique customs and laws of the place, are admirably adapted to refresh both mind and body; and no other such place exists in the world.

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In front, from the edge of the steep cliff, the eye rests on the broad expanse of the Atlantic; and below, the surf rolling and breaking, gives animation to the scene by day, and lulls to repose by night.

From a neighboring eminence called Sankota Head, the eye commands almost the entire horizon; and further out stretches

SCIASCANSET WATERING PLACE, KENTUCKY. Page 38

39 the long Sandy Point, the extremity of which is marked by a lighthouse.

A view from Sankota Head at sunset can hardly be surpassed in beauty or grandeur. The rich coloring of the sky reflected by the distant waters, the distant outlines of the town, with its steeples and busy wind-mills, the repose of the surrounding plains, contrasted with the gloom which broods over the rolling and roaring ocean in the rear, give rise to sensations which can be *felt* indeed, but not described.

There are many points of interest in Nantucket; and the walks about the streets furnish many subjects of interest. Also its Athenaeum and Library, and collection of curiosities which have been gathered by the exertions of some of the sea-captains, who delighted to leave the result of their distant wanderings over seas and distant lands unto this treasure-house of curiosities, which is a pleasant retreat for strangers.

We visited the Orphans' Home, which had been established through the exertions of a blind lady, who, having commenced some six years since with three children, has increased her school for the instruction of poor children up to the number of ninety. We cannot but express our indebtedness to the many kind people who cheered us by their hospitality during our stay, and recommend the Adams House as one which wins favor from every visitor, from the superiority of the views, through the cupola on its top, to the spread of the viands on the table, which are furnished in liberal profusion for her guests by the kind-hearted, excellent Mistress Winn.

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Here follows this card, viz.:

The subscriber has opened as a Boarding-House, the house No. 48 Orange St. Said house was built, owned, and occupied by that whole-souled man and mechanic, Mr. John B. Nicholson, 40 at an expense of between \$8,000 and \$9,000; and subsequently owned and occupied by Barker Burnell, through whose benevolence it received some tasteful additions; and more recently by. Captain Zenas, L. Adams. Said house is located upon one of our pleasant and most elevated throughfares, affording an extensive view of our harbor and adjacent waters, and from the cupola of which can be seen the shores of our island at any point of compass, or at sea as far as the eye can extend. The patronage of a portion of the travelling public, and also of the permanent residents of our island, is respectfully solicited. Said house may be known by the traveller as the "Adams House," No. 48 Orange St., Nantucket.

John Winn.

"Tom Dunham has just brought up a couple from Edgartown," said the clerk of the Ocean House, on a bright noon, as I had returned from a visit to the beach on the south shore, and a look at the oldest church in Nantucket, if not in the United States, which was moved to its present location, behind the Methodist church, in the year 1666.

It was not very long before my trunk was packed and placed on board the Augustus Smith, of Edgartown. With two hours' tide, and a favorable wind, we were soon on our way towards this town; and the sail was very pleasant until we reached about seven miles from the light-house on Cape Hope, at the headland before the upper bay of the Vineyard Sound, having passed Musketoe and Tuckernuck on our way. But the wind and tide, which wait for no man, changed as we tried to cross beyond the head of Tuckernuck. We were battered about by the "Rips," the wind and tide working at cross purposes, and chafing our sides; a heavy squall struck us, which had been threatening us all the afternoon, with the 41 double-headers and clouds of cotton bags shelving quite around the horizon. We tried

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to get got ahead—we went constantly astern: it was of no use. No home at Edgartown that night for us, and not much supper in the locker. We held a council of war. Said I: “Tom, you are skipper here, and master of this boat—I am but a passenger;” and round we went, taking advantage of the wind that now favored us, and turning completely round, headed straight for Musketet Island, where we were to spend that night. We had sailed to within seven. miles of our destination, and had to go back within seven miles from the point whence we had started at Nantucket.

Our boat was soon fastened to the shore, the anchor cast, and with a length of rope thrown over to keep her from stranding we turned into a fisherman's hut, where we spent the night, with a bed of sea-weed beneath us, taking our bags of grasses for pillows. We slept very soundly that night, after we had smoked one or two pipes to keep away the mosquitoes and gnats. The moon was like a bright lantern in the sky over our heads, and the stars did not forget to shine, although Jupiter was flashing bright eyes across the horizon at setting Venus.

We were up before sunrise, and after gulls' eggs for breakfast. It was of no use, for we found them addled, after breaking five or six. So we walked back to take a moderate breakfast, and turn in again to our bunks until nine o'clock.

A beautiful rainbow was smiling through the misty morning when we awoke. But in spite of the “old salts”

“Rainbow in the morning Is the sailor's warning,”

the day turned out fine; and raising our anchor, we cast the 42 boat adrift again, and started, with a favorable wind, towards Edgartown Light.

However, “there is many a slip between the cup and the lip,” and we found that it was of no use fishing for blue-fish while the wind was failing, so we turned our head towards “The Opening” before the lower harbor; but the wind was not strong enough to carry us over the

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surf, and drifting about, we had to sail along the coast up towards the headland of Cape Hope. We were a little relieved of our dulness, however, by catching five blue-fish as we trolled our lines astern of the schooner. In about an hour we reached the point near the light-house, and rounded the cape, riding into bay. It was rather hard for us to reach the upper harbor, and the sight of distant Edgartown mocked us for a long time, for we had beat about the bay, tacking several times, before we could head straight for the light-house and wharf at Edgartown.

About four o'clock we moored the vessel to the quay, and seeking the hotel, remained there an hour for dinner. We were in a hurry to get to Gay Head, the great point of attraction in the Vineyard; and finding the second keeper of the Gay Head light-house was about to start for home, leaving behind us only one or two reflections: that the bridge across from the foot of the street to the light-house, which had been built by the United States, was a very handsome place for the ladies. And we hoped that in their evening walks by moonlight across the planks, an evening performance from eight to nine o'clock, it might not prove a "bridge of sighs"—although very like to Venice was this part—nor a bridge for broken hearts.

We went, therefore, on our way, rejoicing that we had found a driver in Mr. Pease; and if any of the ladies of Edgartown regret that we strangers should thus disregard their charming 43 attractions, we hope they will pardon us, and wait for another chance of a visit next year.

GAY HEAD.

It is twenty-five miles pretty hard riding over the ways and sands towards Gay Head, and you pass through New-Town and Tillsburgh and Chilmark, passing by Holmes' Hole. When you get to Gay Head you will hear about the Indians. There are none of the old stock there now. It is a very mixed race which hold the titles which their ancestors once claimed by right of inheritance here, and these descendants, who are of a very spotted

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and streaky kind, are generally a lazy set of loafers. Impudent as coach-dogs, and with all the privileges of nobles, they pay no taxes, have shore-bote and firewood for nothing, and have their preaching and school for the asking, as well as a right to all the fisheries in the vicinity, with all tho the sympathies which the State of Massachusetts has for

“The poor Indian, whose untutored mind Sees God in streams, and hears Him in the wind.”

We leave the rest of Gay Head for a better description by Professor Hitchcock, as follows:

“The most interesting spot of Martha's Vineyard is Gay Head, which constitutes the western extremity of this island, and consists of clays and sands of various colors. Its height cannot be more than one hundred and fifty feet, yet its variegated aspect, and the richness of its colors, render it a striking object when seen from the ocean.

“The clays are red, blue, and white; the sands white and yellow, and the lignite black; and each of these substances is abundant enough to be seen several miles distant, arranged in general in inclined strata, though from being unequally worn 44 away apparently mixed without much order. The top of the cliff is crowned by a light-house, which commands an extensive prospect. Scarcely a tree is to be seen on this part of the island. It is owned and inhabited by the descendants of the Indian tribes that once possessed the whole island. This spot possesses peculiar attractions for the geologist and mineralogist.”

I have felt quite desirous of obtaining a good drawing of Gay Head as seen from the ocean, but have never been accompanied thither by an artist except once, and then the wind was too powerful to allow putting off in an open boat. All, therefore, that could be done was to take an oblique, view of the cliff, as seen from a high bluff near its southern part, which advances several rods beyond the general surface. The figure exhibits the northern and greater part of the Head, with the light-house. And beyond this, on the right, an Indian schoolhouse, and still more distant cliffs in Chilmark; while on the left, beyond the water, are seen some of the Elizabeth Islands and a part of Falmouth.

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Every lover of natural scenery would be delighted to visit this spot. There is nothing to compare with it in New England, and probably not in this country. It corresponds well with the cliffs of the Isle of Wight, on the English coast.

As it is extremely difficult to land with a good-sized boat within several miles of Bay Head, the best way, though the most expensive, of going thither, upon the whole, is to take passage at New Bedford in the steamboat, which touches at the other extremity of the island, where a carriage can be procured to go to the Head. It is to be regretted, however, that the road for the last five or six miles is so rough and crooked that a guide and considerable courage are indispensable. Not less than seventeen pair of bars must be gone through.

45

At the Head travellers can be very comfortably lodged with an Indian by the name of Thomas Cooper. So far as I have had intercourse with the aborigines residing here, I have been very favorably impressed with their shrewdness, industry, temperance, and general moral and religious character as a community.

Rains and gravity have so mingled the various sorts of materials on the face of the cliff at Gay Head, that a cursory observer would see no regular stratification; and so it appears in the figure. But the most careful examination which I have made of the place results in the conviction that the strata here run nearly north-west and south-east, and dip from thirty degrees to fifty degrees north-east. Neither the clay nor the sand are but rarely laminated.

I measured the horizontal width of each stratum along the beach, and applied the clinometer, where I could, to get the dip. The colors were put on while upon the spot, and were intended to give a correct idea of the cliff as it would appear were its surface to be scraped off, so as to show the strata in their unchanged position.

The following description will show the composition of the cliff, beginning at the north end:

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1. Soil and diluvium, several rods thick; 2. Diluvium, 260 feet; 3. Gray clay and lignite, 100 feet; 4. Reddish ferruginous sand, 100 feet; 5. Green sand, 50 feet; most of the organic remains are in this stratum; 6. Yellowish and dark brown clay, 150 feet; 7. White sand, 50 feet; 8. Clay with lignite, 50 feet; 9. Brown clay and sand, 200 feet; 10. White and yellowish clay with lignite, 300 feet; 11. Red clay, 110 feet; 12. Blue clay with lignite, 70 feet; 13. Red clay, 250 feet; 14. Brown clay and lignite, 50 feet; 15. White sand, 85 feet; 16. Red clay with lignite, 50 feet; 17. Yellowish ferruginous 46 conglomerate and sand, the lower part osseous, 200 feet; 18. White sand, 265 feet; 19. Light gray clay and sand, 66 feet; 20. Red clay, 50 feet; 21. Gray clay, 50 feet; 22. White clay, 100 feet; 23. Gray clay with ferruginous conglomerate near the top, perhaps not interstratified, 300 feet; 24. White clay, several rods; 25. Red clay chiefly, a long cliff seen obliquely. The coast here curves rapidly towards the east. The entire length of the section is about four-fifths of a mile.

On our next morning we returned, after having taken our fill of the glories to be seen at Gay Head. Its position in regard to the main land, which stretches from the Head in the rear, reminded us somewhat of Malta.

It presents one of the most beautiful views of the ocean, and the whole stretch of the Vineyard Sound and the Elizabeth Islands, with an innumerable fleet of vessels sailing before you, on their way up and down through the sound.

Holmes' Hole.

We left about noon, and were landed in about four hours at the hospitable Mansion House at Holmes' Hole, which is kept by Captain West and his amiable lady. We were very kindly entertained by this excellent family. He made us very comfortable while we remained, and as we look at our review of this short summer trip, we say to all: Don't go to any fashionable watering-place to fry out your soul and feet, or to sigh o'er the lost and bitter past; but go to Holmes' Hole, where the tombstones even are poetical: as for instance the following:

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“John and Lydia, Lovely pair; John was killed by a whale, Lydia lies here.”

47

“Jonathan Tilton, Here he lies, Nobody laughs, Nobody cries. Where he has gone, Or how he fares, Nobody knows And nobody cares”—

written before his death, to be placed on his tombstone in the Holmes' Hole graveyard.

The air at Holmes' Hole is pure and wholesome. The Mansion House breathes of the rosy bowers which ornament its front door, and the jolly, hearty, cordial manner and reception of the gallant captain will so fill your heart with pleasant memories during the coming fall, that you will have only one regret in the winter if you do not go; and that will be, that you have missed entering the golden gates of Paradise, or have not been to the universal gathering of the saints which comes off annually at the Vineyard groves across the bay, just opposite the Mansion House, where you had better sleep, if you want to have a good sound night's rest, without bedbugs, fleas, or mosquitoes; which are to be found in great abundance at every annual exhibition of the Martha Vineyard Camp Meeting Association; which we advise all the world to visit, about the 20th of August, or you may miss your chance should Bismarck drive the Pope of Rome from the seat of his Catholic Majesty's dominion before the end of 1866.

Chapter 6.

“holmes' Hole,” so called from the fact that it was the scene of a murder committed a long time ago upon an Englishman. He had traded with the Indians, who were the aborigines of this part of Massachusetts. There is not a doubt that this shopkeeper had sold the natives some fire-water, which has always had the same effect of making people crazy from drinking bad liquor. They had been induced by this sharper to part with their stock of furs and peltry for some very bad whiskey, and were so incensed at him, having been cheated by this scamp, that they crossed over the Sound in their canoes at night, and murdered

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him in revenge for his meanness. Retaliation in similar cases has since followed some of their descendants, and it may not be many days before a like retribution may pursue the present islanders for their vacillating and treacherous conduct towards our own people while we were recently in conflict with the Southern (so-called Confederate) States.

Witness the cases of the Alabama, Shenandoah, and other *neutrality* adopted steamers, which were nothing but piratical craft fitted out in English ports, manned by British seamen, and sailing under the bloody ensign of the cross of St. George, preying upon our merchantmen and committing outrages upon the open sea unparalleled in the history of naval warfare. 49 Verily the Chinese proved themselves, a more civilized and Christian people in the literal construction of the text, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." They shut their ports to these infernal rebels, and shunned them as "the devil does holy water."

We close this tribute of indignation against these pirates with the declaration of Burke, "that when potentates [such as, for example, the Southern leaders] become traitors from policy, the people will become rebels from principle;" and leave the subject for the mature reflection of the culprit "Jeff. Davis," that the iron may rust in his soul in the dungeon of Fortress Monroe.

Notwithstanding all this, Holmes' Hole is a very snug harbor for a winter shelter, and it is one of the most delightful places along the Vineyard Sound for a summer retreat from the heated term of July and August. Protected from the winds, with a genial climate, it contrasts greatly with the hot malarious character of Edgartown, which is situated upon a lagoon, and an unhealthy marshy soil; but unlike said seaport, with its Venetian-looking light-house, and its "Bridge of Sighs," this is a respectable and proper village. There are numerous pious and earnest residents dwelling at this point, and it is not tainted with the immoralities and general looseness of that sickly maritime locality, where temptation stalks abroad in the streets, and the syrens prey upon its visitors, and its lewdness, like its fogs, hangs over it like an incubus.

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We were very grateful that a benign providence went before us to prevent us from its evil, and followed after us as we were driven away from this seraglio, in the buggy which conducted us that night to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Pease, the second keeper of the United States light-house at Gay Head. We have before dwelt upon the remarkable feature of this headland, and 3 50 proceed to state that on Monday morning we were prepared to leave the "Hole," for the harbor of New Bedford. We return, however, to notice a slight omission on the part of the Government in establishing a light-house on a point of sand, where it is of no possible use to the sailor, or anybody else, exhibiting one of those curious freaks of the department of our marine, who in this case have not even blundered into an act of generosity. The captains who had been consulted, gave their testimony that the proper position for the light-house would have been on an island situated about midway of the current through the Sound, where it would have been seen by vessels on their approach from either direction; for the north-east storms are the most to be dreaded during the winter, for homeward or outward bound vessels. Of course, their opinion was of no use at all, but that of the contractor was significant. The result was, and is, that the light-house stands there still, on a point of sand, neglected, solitary, and alone; the light is out; vessels bound out are sure to run aground; there is plenty of work for the wreckers; and the structure now stands as a monument of the folly of a Government without a thoughtful head, but with as many tails as an eastern bashaw, a sad memento of the truth, that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business."

Chapter 7. OUR TELEGRAM DREAM!

"But dreams full oft are found of real events The forms and shadows."

Joanna Baillie's "Ethwold."

"We dream of what is about to happen."

Bailey.

But what distraction must have been bothering the mind of the dreamer on the last evening that we slept at the Wests' Mansion House. We dreamed that there was a vast expanse of water; the headland of a vast open sea appeared before us in a foreground. We thought we saw a vast circumference of low hills looming through the maze of vision-land. There was an opening in that vista, and we were standing on a highly extended wire bridge suspended over the waters. There was a flowing of running rills, dropping by a series of falls as it were, of the like which appear to tumble from lock to lock on a canal. We were standing on the bridge on one of the rafters, and the magnetic liquid waves coursed through our veins as if we were galvanized in spirit. By the side of the gateways, a short distance from the passages, there appeared to be a body of men whose faces were familiar to us. They seemed to be directors of a large company interested in the success of a grand undertaking which was now completed, and that they were congratulating each other on the result. We knew their names at the time, and addressed them, but they have slipped from us at the 52 present writing. Some said to us, "Get off the wires; they will burn you!" We did not seem to fear it, and replied so, saying, "They can't scorch us, for don't you know that we bear magnetic lodes ourselves!" We continued as we were, confident of safety, and seemed to be moving down along with the currents. At that moment some one addressed us by name. We seemed rather puzzled. The voice called to us, saying, "Do you know me? Why, I am *Hillis*; we were schoolmates together at Wilmington, on the Brandywine, in Delaware." We knew that was so, and thought it very singular, until we turned round and saw a placard, placed at the end of the bridge, and we read on it, "FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS TO VENEZUELA." There the dream ended.

The next morning we were landed at the wharf at New Bedford, and took a carriage on our way to the railroad depôt for Boston. As we were driven along, strangers who accompanied us at the time, looked out of the window and read on a board posted on the wall, "The Cable Is Laid." We thought of the dream of the night before; we recounted it to the woman in the car as we rode along; who now can say to us, that it is no evidence of a providence as illustrated by dreams?

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Afterwards we were thinking how to account for the strange apparition of the night before. Doubtless the old story of the murdered Englishman, and the Indians scalping him, had somewhat to do with it. It could not be the product of a nightmare, for we had not eaten supper before going to bed. Perhaps it may have been that sight we had of a rich old fellow, who had been led into the Mansion House to visit the family in the parlor, guided by a bright youth who was then paying him a visit; for he was blind of one eye, like many other of our rich fools in Gotham, who can't see out of the other, like the deer at the sea-shore in Æsop's fable. The old man had come 53 from New York to rest awhile during the summer at his own cottage, near the Herring Pond at Holmes' Hole.

That blind sinner, led by a young man, was not so likely to fall into the ditch in which he subsequently was surprised, but it furnished a picture, as we looked again upon them both, while the moonlight lighted up their faces on the return homeward that night.

Just as this elderly Gothamite was passing along, carefully supported by the youth, over the brick pavement before the house (which Captain West used to call his *quarter* deck, where he was wont to sit upon his wooden bench alongside of the railing, and smoke his solemn pipe), this old gentleman, old salt-fish, we might just as well name him *Dun* - fish, proved rather a torpedo than a "john-dory," because he did not seem to regard the salutation addressed to him by one neighbor Luce, a very worthy shoemaker who lived around the corner, but a poor man, you may be sure, who said to him, "Good evening, Captain D.; how do you do?" His reply, very, short indeed it was, and curt: "S-i-r-r-h, to you!" No doubt this lack of courtesy towards the man at the Hole, rather disturbed him that night as much as it did us. He thought it so very strange that an old fellow-townsman, a former resident at that harbor, should have become so changed and proud in consequence of growing a little richer than himself, the cobbler, that he did not get over it for one half an hour. The good old honest, frank, and hearty sailor, Captain West, tried to soothe him, and tried to excuse the manner of blind Captain D., by saying, "Never mind it; he don't mean anything; that is his way." The neighbor tried hard to forgive it, but

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it somehow or other stuck in his throat, and out of the depth of his larynx bubbled out in a murmur, "I would never have thought that the business of shipchandler, carried on in New York, would have 54 turned a fellow into a hog at Holmes' Hole, merely while he was simmering out his husks on the Vineyard Sound."

It certainly did disturb us during the night, and this last scene so affected our sleep, that it was mixed up with the parable of "The Hogs" running over the precipice in their flight unto the deep, as narrated in Holy Writ; and the rapidity of such precipitate movement on the part of the swine, depicted amid the freaks of a midnight slumber on a thick feather bed, caused such a heavy perspiration, that our broken rest had a great deal to do with the revelations conveyed us on the last Sunday evening we spent at the hostelry of our landlady and her noble Captain, on Martha's Vineyard. Verily we say to you—

"Put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man."

Also:

"Woe to ye rich men, for ye have your reward—on this earth."

And to the poor, we add:

"Your sufficiency is of GOD."

Chapter 8.

"The talk Man holds with week-day, in the hourly walk Of the world's business."

Trench, p. 59, Parables.

While we Were passing along the road to Boston, we were struck with the remarkable appearance of several distinguished personages, among whom was the Senator from Iowa, who had just returned from the Peace Convention at Philadelphia, after the rising

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of Congress. From his account, things looked very favorable towards Reconstruction, according to the programme of President Johnson on Reconstruction. For our part we would desire that the nation should arise from the ashes of the past, like a phoenix, rather than the image of the adversary of all noble ideas, the devil. When a people cease to be magnanimous, we fear there will be little hope for the future of the human race. Let us then show the nations of the earth that the American government can set an example of forgiveness of injuries to their enemies. Peace cannot be established again on earth, until Love reigns supreme over the land, and becomes the emblem of Republican nobility; prejudice and selfishness were intended to have been buried at the foot of the Cross; and Coleridge was right, when he foretold that the day would come when both these should be considered evils, and established as crimes on the statute-books of the world.

56

We were not otherwise than pleased when we heard that at the town of Taunton there was a negro lawyer practising at the bar; for we had never thought otherwise than as the worthy old Fuller, that a black man was only an image of God cut in ebony; and we seal this opinion by another saying of that venerable saint in the Church, when he wrote, that God might have doubtless made a better fruit than the strawberry, but doubtless he never did.

Again, we noticed that at Taunton the Crockers Brother had established one of the largest locomotive manufactories in the country; one of whom had caused also the erection of one of the finest Gothic edifices for the worship of the Protestant Episcopal Churchmen under their model form of service in the liturgy. We passed on, on the continuation of the Providence Railroad, and entered Boston depôt about 12 o'clock at noon. There we tarried about six days, and amused ourselves in riding about the country in the vicinity of Jamaica Plains, Milton, and throughout the whole range of the beautiful environs of Boston; and after having remained under the hospitable keeping of one or two of its kind and social inhabitants, we were at length entertained with a picnic, which was gotten up quite at a

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short notice, and very much *sans cérémonie* , at Swamscott, one of the favorite resorts of citizens for their recreation and shelter from the hot walls of this modern Athens.

We left the “Hub” on Saturday afternoon, taking the Fall River boat for our return to New York; and after passing through a fearful gale on the Sound, and around Point Judith, which was very much quieted by the heavy rain that fell during the night, we were landed on Sunday morning before day, and even without breakfast, on that terrestrial spot of Eden, which is denominated Gotham by some people, but made more like Paradise by the Central Park.

Chapter 9

“Heaven does with us, as we with torches do: Not light them for themselves, for if our virtues Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched, But for fine issues. Nor Nature never lends The smallest scruple of her excellence, But like thrifty goddess she determines Herself the glory of a creditor, Both thanks and use.”

“ It is an ill wind that blows no one any good.” So we had a chance to think, when after resting a fortnight at our charming retreat at Bloomingdale, we began to think that there was further need of a change of climate, for August was still pending, and the dog-days by no means over. “Better late than never,” was the result of what occurred to us when we had first made up our minds to go back towards the east, and try what Mount Desert, in Maine, would do for a heated imagination, which was more created by that prominent idea of our fashionable existence, that there was no propriety in our being in town, when all the window-blinds in the Metropolis were shut close to all appearances, and there was nobody on Broadway, to say nothing of the Fifth Avenue. In fact, the main cause of our diversion was, that there was a fierce fire raging on Broadway, which so obstructed the passage of the cars, and the progress of the street passengers, that we were fifteen 3* 58 minutes too late for the twelve o'clock and fifteen minutes noon train for New Haven;

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and we were forced to back out and go down town. We then concluded (for necessity hath no law), and we made a virtue of it, "that it was all for the best," and so it proved; for we started immediately after we had procured one or two letters of introduction from the proper sources, in order to reach the coal regions of Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania! What thrilling emotions gush forth from the sound! It echoes almost a voice from the sylvan groves; and the old Quaker hat of Penn, its founder, seems to loom up amid the troop of wild Indians, as he stood among the assembled group of the aborigines, as his Treaty of Peace was signed under the forest of oaks. Not less remarkable was the picture, than that of its prototype near the old Charter Oak at Hartford. No wonder that the city of Philadelphia became entitled to its name of "Brotherly Love." It was but the natural well-spring from such a holy source.

Such was the outburst of reflection, when our friend heard that we had failed in getting on our way towards the eastern shores of Maine; and it was at his suggestion that we were turned completely round by his remark, "You have had nothing but salt fish and sailors and salt water in your last tour, and we should think as much codfish as ought to satisfy you; why don't you go and take a look at the mines?"

Accoutred as we were, we started off that very afternoon with our travelling bag, and have to thank him very much for his advice. Now we are one of the kind who are willing to take counsel of a wise man, provided it is given with a good grace, and softly spoken—but it must not be crammed down our throats; it would not suit us any more than

"A woman convinced against her will, Is of the same opinion still."

59

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

Shakespeare, Richard Third.

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Well, we are off; the reader might say, we are mightily glad of it, for you have been a long time starting. The New Jersey Central has never done a more clever thing, than when it stretched the line of its railroad over the neck of the Jersey flats, and reached out its long arms across the mud banks of Communipaw, thereby making a suitable accommodation for the butchers at the new *abattoir*, thus forming a part of the Sanitary Commission for New York; for it is the evidence of all these gentlemen of the *bull-ring*, with whom we have talked, that there never was a case of cholera where there was a shedding of bullock's blood in their establishments. Therefore this profession has always proved to be a benefactor of mankind, and become not less philosophers, from the fact, that they stick up to the bull-ring, "fodder or no fodder;" which showeth sternness of character and great tenacity, as well as perseverance. The next grand undertaking or enterprise, to which we are indebted to a Johnson, alias Jackson—and such men as these always "take the bull by the horns"—was when they crossed that Hellespont of Newark Bay, by a bridge a mile and one-half long, with an expensive drawbridge to allow the passage of vessels up to the city of Newark, where there are thousands of Germans, and numerous manufactories for trunks and saddlery, and the brewery for the very best lager beer; by which the Germans who drink thereof are turned into Dutchmen, and become in consequence great swells, or larger in their growth, and much more inflated in their bellies.

Scotch Plains, about one hour's ride from the city by rail, fronts the town of Plainfield, where the inhabitants glory in narrating the story of Washington's campaigns, and the battles 60 fought in Revolutionary times. From which fact, the simple folks may learn how a *plain* may be turned into a campaign, and thereby turned into a camp-pain, by the blood which has been shed there by Anglo-Americans and Yankee-English-men; for we were once, a long time back in history, all sons of a common father, and would have remained so, had not the devil come over this world on two sticks.

The Washington Rock is still a place for Sunday-school pic-nics, and peace now blossoms where there was once grim war; and as you are being whirled over the railroad, from the

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windows of the car you can see it, and the hotel on the top of the Schooley mountains in the distance.

To enjoy this region of country thoroughly, go spend a while with some farmer who has planted seven or eight thousand peach-trees, and is laying out some seven or eight hundred acres of land in corn and garden-stuff, with plenty of houseroom for his laborers, and well kept barns and stables, with all the necessary equipage for a farm, and its accompanying appendage of stock, fat cattle, well bred pigs, horses, donkeys, ducks, geese, poultry, and merino sheep. The table furnished you may be plain, but the food will be wholesome, and you need not fear but his hospitality will be cordial; for he will top it off with some of his fine old apple-jack, which is good for consumption, and will keep you healthy and sound until you are eighty.

Over the hillsides you can ride all day on horseback, and visit the towns of Providence and Summit, which, as things are now, are but suburbs of New York, but will one day be blest with another line of railroad, and then you will find out how farms so near a metropolis may be bought for fifty to one hundred dollars an acre, with enough wood and timber to pay for the cost of clearing them. We saw one elderly neighbor who was cutting hickory poles, with his wife helping him bend the 61 staves, which had been split the proper lengths for the West India market, and the idea struck us that the money which they had obtained from the merchants to whom these staves had been sold for their value, must have realized a price sufficient to have built the house in which they now lived, cleared their expenses, and paid for the entire cost of the land. Here were a couple of Johns and Joans such as the Lord intended them to be; a simple-minded, honest, and worthy people, content with the wages of their own industry; a helpmate for her husband; and although she was one of his ribs originally, she did not split them into whalebone strips in order to make a tilt for a termagant to display her legs under a wicker basket.

The villages in this vicinity are very prettily built up, and planted with garden lots, having one or two acres in extent, partaking somewhat of the nature of small farms, with proper

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buildings for stables and outhouses attached. We attended a trial before one of the justices of peace in the vicinity, whose knowledge of law was very limited, and whose interpretation of Nixon's Digest partook somewhat more of a severe attack of indigestion than of any of the well established principles of the law, to say nothing of the common-sense of mankind, or of Lord Coke.

When by mistake the ticket-master at the Scotch Plains station had checked our trunk to Scranton, which is one of the heads of the Jersey road, we found it necessary to change cars at the junction, in order to get on to the Lackawanna branch, leading by another route to the same place, we were obliged to let our trunk remain behind, and go out to the Delaware Water Gap with a very "small share of clothing." This little mistake produced very little inconvenience, for it was remedied in a few days after we had telegraphed to the baggage-master, who had gone straight forward to the Scranton depot. Mr. Staples, the 62 agent for both the Union Telegraph Company and the Delaware and Lackawanna road, was very civil to us, and put himself to much trouble in his effort to help us out of the scrape; in fact, he repeated the telegram for us at his own expense. After several days the trunk arrived, and we were now comfortably situated in the Lenape House, kept by Mr. Burrill, who manages a private hotel very well, and professes to write a little poetry occasionally; but of whom it could not be said, "You *kaunt* keep a hotel," for he turned out to be a capital provider as well as caterer for us on a subsequent occasion, where he served as an able pilot for us over the rapids at the Delaware Water Gap; concerning which we will treat further on, while we proceed in our wanderings through this State.

"Can I not take mine ease in mine inn?"

John Falstaff

Mr.—" Swallows on the Wing,"

To. A. B. Burrill, Dr.

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To Three Day' Board, at \$275 \$8 25

“ Ale 0 50

\$8 75

Water Gap, Aug. 24, '66. Rec'd Payment,

A. B. BURRILL.

A distinguished counsellor once said to a friend in law, “I had rather at any time see *prompt* than *cheap* on a lawyer's sign.” Our landlord was an exception to this, and with the further advantage which he obtained by residing near to the telegraph and railroad station, both of which were in the charge of a very staple person, for he not only kept this post under his care, but was baggage-master, and *Hope's* Express agent at this point. Thus he became very much like the Quadrilateral on the Mincio, in Italy, about which we have all heard from a 63 certain editorial reporter of those times, who had stated while holding two quills in one hand, while writing a midnight article as a leader, that it was possible for a man to see stars double, without meaning that the public should look upon this feat in the light of a double entendre. Our landlord also had a surprising degree of energy, as well as capacity in his keeping; for he not only ran his hotel, but kept a shop at the foot of the hill on the heights of which his mansion was located, was a getter-up of very nice pic-nics, and rowed a boat which was always kept at the disposition of any of the guests who desired to seek that pleasure on the waters of the Gap. The Delaware Water Gap is certainly one of the most charming and delightful summer resorts in the United States, north of Mason and Dixon's line; which exception we must be forgiven for noting at the present time, for that indefatigable boundary never had any certain determination that was clear to our mind, particularly since that awful Breck-in (the) ridge, where, a certain gentleman was attempting to ride two horses at a time, and fell from either, like the unfortunate classic adventurer Pegasus, aspirant for the sun against Phœbus, whose wings fell off, because,

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we suppose, he had forgotten to fasten them with sealing-wax. It has delightful drives to distant waterfalls, pleasant trips to minor cascades in the neighborhood. There are the shady retreats beyond the "Binnacles," as that part of the Delaware is named, where the islands gather up the streams into separate arms, and form a picture very much like those curvatures of the Mohawk or upper branch of the Hudson, or on the Connecticut, near Mount Holyoke, which are usually designated as "The Ox-bows." There are delightful walks in the woods by the river side, with the stream always in sight; but we cannot say much for the rough rocky roads that we had to tread upon, which seemed as if they were making hard mouths at the 64 Water Gap across the way, which was furiously and noisily bursting through the narrows, where we were satisfied to limit one of our foot excursions by the stump of an oak tree, stretching its bare arms aloft to the sky, just in sight of a deep cave, which was much resorted to by the visitors here from the Kittanniny Hotel, which marked the proper and natural boundaries of the two chains of mountains which lock up the Delaware into its narrow channel, where we supposed the waters of the Deluge had forced themselves through, and burst these primeval walls in twain.

What between rain and water—for it poured one entire day while we were at the Gap—and had it not been that a gentleman from South America, who had resided in Peru, some three miles back from the coast, where he had been for a number of years engaged as a merchant and wool-gatherer, we should have passed a sorry day; in spite of which, one plucky young lady insisted on going out to botanize in the lulls of the showers, and entered into the pursuit with a spirit that showed us she was determined to make the most of the short time she was permitting herself to remain during her vacation from school. She was a normal school teacher at the academy at Minersville, Pennsylvania. The clouds broke away from the west about sundown, and parting, poured a flood of bright promise for the morrow.

"The darkest day e'er shone upon,
Was lighted by to-morrow's sun."

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So on the next morning, learning there was to be a fair at Shawneetown, held by the ladies attached to the little brick Presbyterian edifice just outside the main road from that humble village, we started, after finding the direction from the post-master, who kept a country store across the bridge which 65 spanned the creek; we hastened on for about a mile, then crossed over a long covered wooden bridge over the Shawnee branch of the Delaware. We were not long in finding some men who were at work in a marble quarry, and from them learned that we had to go straight forward, following the track of other vehicles which were bound for the festival. We had not walked more than three miles before we discovered the flags which denoted the exact localities where the ladies had established their tables. It turned out to be a regular country gathering, and all the people from the neighboring villages had been drawn there, both to attend the party and watch the game of base ball which was actively engaged in by the Collinstown Ball Club, who were dressed in their gala costumes, with blue caps on their heads. The venerable pastor of the flock was there to keep up the respect due to such occasions, and we remained there only temporarily, to look at the spot where their booths had been erected amid a grove of noble elms, overhanging one of the branches of a lively stream, upon whose waters were several of the visitors, who were enjoying the prospect from their pleasure-boats, alongside of whom was the brass band of Collinstown, with their instruments of wild music. Shortly afterwards we sought a guide to take us up to Mozier's Nob, the greatest feature of attraction as to the magnificent view which is to be had from its top. Taking a youth who was spared by his father, one of the selectmen of the place, whose name was Joseph Wilson, we tolled him along with the bait of a large water-melon, which it seemed had been brought there by some of the people of the backwoods, or the "Pines," but who had been obliged by the directors to keep off from the grounds, because they had charged too much for their fruit. Joe proved to be a very bright boy; and although you scarcely need a guide for such an ascent, which may be overcome in the 66 space of about three hours at the farthest, by a smart walker, it was just as well for us to have had his company. At the base of one of the mountains we met the man whose name has preceded us from the bottom of the hill. He was in the pit, digging a well, in order that he might find a spring, for the

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establishment of a watering-place at this point. We were directed by him over his grounds to a second elevation, not apparently so from the first upon which we had mounted, but was in reality the highest nob in this region of country; and his name, which was Mosier, might just as well have been sounded as Moses, for when we arrived at its summit, the view which was seen from all parts of the circumference embraced a circuit of ninety miles, and could be hardly surpassed by the ancient Mount Pisgah. Away far off in the distant horizon was the Water-Gap, with its "Binnacles," which now appeared like ribbons of silver, and the whole range of the Pocono, and farthest of all, Pike county, and all the little lakes and villages in the adjacent territory and counties of Pennsylvania.

After our return from the Nob, we were occupied in being introduced to several of the ladies, who were in waiting for customers before the several tables; our usual experience in regard to these charitable feasts proved the wisdom of the proverb that

"The liberal man shall be made fat,"

for we were waited upon by several of the belles of the village, one of whom, a Miss De-barrè, reminded us very much of a similar beauty of French extraction, with whom we had been acquainted some time previously in the State of Jersey.

On examining some of their names, it was curious to trace the migratory character of a few of the inhabitants of this locality; many of the farmers about here were very comfortably 67 off, and had grown rich from boating timber as lumbermen, and as raftsmen on the river. This hardy race of people, with thrifty and strong bodies, form a good basis for a sound and healthy progeny. Their successors are such as are needed to make us all patriots, and perfect Americans.

Roughing it upon the water, continual exercise in the open air, and all muscular development bring beauty to the form, and enlarge the powers of the soul. Many of these persons had formerly been residents of Pennsylvania's remoter counties, and some had crossed over from New York and New Jersey; thus imitating the habits of their ancestors,

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the aborigines, whose names, under the titles of the Shawnees, the Delawares, Lenapes, and Kittanninnies, still linger among the hills and streams in the vicinity of the Delaware Water-Gap.

It was towards nightfall before we quitted this gay scene, and were delighted that we had been enabled thus to become acquainted with the country-people; we could not but regret that we should not be present at the celebration of another pleasant gathering at the house of the aged priest with white locks, who, with his cheerful wife, was made so happy at the receipt of their donation, amounting to five hundred dollars, at the time of its presentation at their house. This was the heartfelt and cordial oblation and fruit-offering of the flock; we know

“Alms are the wings which bear our prayers to heaven.”

It only shows that when the ladies take a thing in hand, the matter will soon be accomplished.

We were compelled to take to a boat for our return home that evening; and had it not been that our landlord, Mr. B—, was compelled to get home by the same conveyance, we might have had to roost all that night on one of the branches of a neighboring elm, or a sour apple-tree. Thus it happened that in going down the stream, the boat got aground, and had to be poled off; for the river was very low at this season, and could be waded across in many places; finally, after getting her off, we succeeded in getting into the raft channel, then passed on our way very safely until we rounded the base of a bold, rocky bluff, where the current began to rush along very swiftly; then we had to back our bark, and by letting her drift down stern-first, till we thus slipped adroitly over the rapids which beat in swells abreast the precipice much like the Rip-Raps at a flood-tide on the ocean's inlets. We were not home yet, however; so we had to land on a narrow strip of beach, where we all got out, except a lad; the boat was held by its painter in the hand of Mr. B—, the boy with us remaining in the stern, and after she was floated out into deeper water where the current

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bore her round the point of the island, and was swung round by sheer force of the tide, to a point below, where we were again taken in, and in a short time landed at the harbor on a wharf. Thus our landlord proved his skill, not only as an excellent host, but a capital pilot; for he had handled this vessel as well as any old salt-water skipper could have done.

Once in the hotel, with some of the spoils of the fair in our possession, we were next morning occupied in talking about the scenery, while among other things, Miss C. Scott, the young schoolmistress, engaged our attention by some perfect specimens of the pitcher flower and Turk's head, which had been presented to her by some of her friends who appreciated her exceeding fondness for botany; in fact, she was so possessed with this taste herself, that she would not stop for the weather, but went out after flowers while the rain poured down in bucketfuls. Not to be outdone by the ladies, a gentleman present 69 at that sight produced a beautiful wreath made from the scales of fishes taken from the waters of Brazil. This had been presented to one of the lady managers of the fair that had been held the day before, at the Shawnee Creek encampment, and had been sent her, for her use on that occasion, by one of her relatives in New York. The gentleman, who took it at a lottery, need not disclose how much it cost; for it was not bought with a price, nor purchased with gold. The one who drew it has many pure reminiscences in acknowledgment of her sweet influence still resting on his heart, from that bright day of sunny light,

“Bridal of the earth and sky,”

and has no cause to regret that she induced him to open his purse-strings liberally, for he will remember that occasion as one of the brightest memories of a lifetime, whereof the recollection beams up now, as vividly as a green oasis doth in a wilderness, shaded by the softening plumage of towering palm-trees overhead. Adieu, sweet girl, and if forever, fare thee well.

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“Old friends, old scenes, familiar grow, As more of heaven in each we see; Some softening gleams of love and prayer, Shall dawn on every cross and care.”

Keble.

To those who like to go to concerts in the parlors of a hotel, we leave for their entertainment a little exhibition of operatic singing, which was very cleverly executed in an overture conducted by Mr. Thomas, who was well sustained by some of those nightingales who not only wing their flights to the gaps of the mountains, but sing out their clear and melodious 70 notes with natural trills, such as those warblers of the forest can only surpass.

The private theatricals in the parlor of the Kittanninny Hotel, on the evening before we left, would have been creditable to any of our city Thespians.

The curtain, of course, did not fall or roll up with the light graceful depictions of the scenery of waterfalls, such as are painted with a large whitewash brush, and portray very irregular-looking towers and columns, with pretty Swiss peasants in bloomers, besides other views of sheep and shepherdesses in the distance, dancing on the village green, before curious little churches and convents, with nuns running all round the corridors to the chapel and imaginary confessionals, where vespers chanted in the dark are heard as the evening bells toll the people to prayers; but there was an arrangement of damask cloth sent up from the city for the present occasion; and artificial waterfalls were supplied by the ladies, and cataracts were included in the very name of the Kittanninnies; you may be sure, of course, that there were caterwaulings enough around the house and in the woods; while sometimes a few catastrophes would necessarily happen to such as were caught riotously gambolling and skylarking about the terraces running down to the river and over the banks. The whole affair was considered a success.

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It is always very fashionable to make an object of yourself when you are away from town in summer; for some people are like the prophets, who are not without honor, except at their own homes.

“How much a fool that has been sent to Rome Excels a fool that has been kept at home,”

Is a well-known and greatly appreciated adage, for which I think we are indebted to Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

71

We took the notice, that this affair was of itself a complete success and a splendid thing, for granted, but never thought it worth our while to dispute other people's opinions of or about such trifles as these; for these views are mere matters of taste, and

“De gustibus non est disputandum.”

It is not everybody that likes turkey, and to *Beattie*, we think, we are indebted for it; to Dugald Stewart, who says that—

“Opinion paints with varying rays The golden dreams which beautify our days.”

It was well enough, and so we thought; it afforded us a fine opportunity for the expression of our determination to leave, the Delaware Water-Gap on the morrow after. It is always a good thing to leave after you have made a good impression in a visit, *par exemple*; don't stay a minute after, but take up your hat and walk; and having let off a rocket of fine words something like the following, to wit:

“Blessings brighten as they take their flight,”

Go—for prestidigitateur, like the inimitable Blitz:

“Welcome coming, bids them smiling in, While farewell shuts the door.”

Publicans, we all know, are much like civil corporations, who have no souls. "You pay your money and you get your price;" and an innkeeper is not only described, but found to be a person who covers you with his board, but who often takes you in, in the bargain.

72

It was told of us a long time ago, that we had remarked as to various persons who frequent the summer watering-places, "That all the men were ducks, and all the women decoys." Saxe has somewhat better expressed it, in the differences between Newport and Saratoga, viz. "In the one they go into the waters, in the other the water goes into them." We will not vouch for the truth of that allegation, but can swear to the certainty of the result we arrived at after long experience in travel, that all travellers are considered as geese by the hotel-keepers throughout the world, and so treated as only fit subjects to be plucked. But for greater consolation we offer the sage counsel of Solomon:

Always keep your temper under any circumstances that may happen; and if you find that their bills are somewhat higher than you might have fancied they would have been when you entered their premises, pay them with a good grace and with a smile on your face; remark, within the secret cabinet of your inmost feelings to yourself, "The next time you catch us in the same scrape, you will probably know it;" then get into their coach, and be off by the next train.

Chapter 10.

The whole party that had stayed at the Lenape House disappeared by the up-train towards Easton. We had all concluded to go from the Delaware River Gap over the Pocono Mountain, by a path which enabled us to pass through one of the finest lumber and farming regions in Pennsylvania.

The view from that mountain, as it appeared to us whilst we looked back on its scenery from the back seat near the platform of the rear car of the train, afforded probably the

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grandest and most extensive view of wild mountain scenery in the United States; taking in as it did, as far as the human eye could reach, hills, valleys, and rivers of Pennsylvania, and the fertile fields of Central New Jersey; and that gaze occupied our strictest attention until we arrived to within a few miles of Scranton, which was approached after we had delighted our vision with this last prospect along this route. Then standing and looking before us, we had a sight of some remarkable and peculiarly-formed cliffs, or high, overreaching, basaltic-like bluffs, which stood in bold advance in front of the place itself; so as to warrant us in believing that nature had here marked by some noted feature the presence of an entirely new formation of soil and rock, totally different, and in strong contrast with the timber-lands and wild forests and farming regions which we had passed.

A romantic approach indeed is that which forms the boundary line of the Coal Region; while a furious little cascade, bursting through the crevices of a huge boulder of rock, was a fit gateway to that go-a-head city of Scranton, the head and the heart of the Lackawanna Coal Region.

At this point our party separated, each body going off in different directions. The South American, with his bright-eyed daughter of Peruvian descent, black olive eyes, dreamy looks, and raven hair, took the Western Pennsylvania on the Erie route, through the long tunnel, after passing the bridge at Easton, on towards Elmira and the lake, for a look at Niagara Falls. The young schoolteacher went on her return to her home at Minersville, and we were left alone to make our way as well as we could, after diligent inquiry along the road, as we walked the streets with a very *nonchalant* and care-for-nothing air; we started for, and trudged along towards the Railroad Station in order to purchase a ride to Carbondale. But, on arrival near the depot, we found it rather hard to make much headway westward; for we trusted that a kind Providence would open a path for us, and disclose whether the friend whom we intended to visit, at Honesdale was at home or not at his *present* domicile in that place. After our several attempts had been foiled, and we were about ordering our baggage off the coach, and ourselves taken back to a hotel, we were

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suddenly introduced to Mr. Gerry, the former sheriff of Wayne county, who informed us that our acquaintance was yet at his home, and that he was of his neighbors. Here was an answer to my prayerful seeking; and we blessed these words of the sage: "The lot is cast in the lap, but the whole disposal thereof is of the Lord." Who could be a better 75 guide for an inquiring lawyer than the sheriff of a county? We did not hesitate after this, and taking the steam-car for about ten miles, we were transferred after an hour's ride from the cars to the tramway omnibus at Providence; and forwarded thence, rushing along the gradual ascent by force of gravity. At about six o'clock in the afternoon, we were landed at the Harrison House, in Carbondale, which by the way was a capital hotel, although kept by one of our countrymen from the Alabama when south. Before retiring that night it was our good fortune to aid a portly Southern lady, with a very interesting young lady, her daughter, to a seat in a conveyance which was to take her that evening to her Northern friends in Weymouth, a place about ten miles distant. She was lately from Georgia, where she had managed to keep a little of her property from the ravages committed during Sherman's raid through a portion of that State. We will say a portion of that region; for we always imagined thus: that illustrious General in his sweeping raid bore more of the nature of the Boa-Constrictor, which swings his tail in a coil of lengthy proportions, assimilated somewhat to what is known as a bee-line; and like Pope's Alexandrine verse of serpentine measure, drags its slow length along, leaving a thick slime over the course which it pursues, but not necessarily swallowing all the whole hogs, or all the cattle or chattels of so large and wealthy a as that of Georgia, which has, to our knowledge, gold mines rich enough in its bowels to pay one-half of our national debt. It is "all in my eye, Betty Martin," we say to some of these croakers who are always prophesying famine and destruction; and you cannot make us believe that any such people like those of the South were not smart enough, when they had due notice that there were robbers and brigands around, to have laid aside a little *buono mano*, or a 76 *leetle* something "pour boire," for the highwayman, but certes did not hand over all the ready cash they had in their lockers, for,

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“Cantabit vacuus coram latronem viator,”

“The empty traveller doth whistle Before the robber and his pistol.”

Translation of an Old Play.

We have no doubt that this good lady, who was in all points *embonpoint*, and the pink of Southern chivalry, that is, “*fair, fat, and forty*,” bad laid by a penny for a wet day; at least we thought so, and stop here with this declaration as a motto, standing on our signet ring as a shield, “*fortis et fidelis*.” “Strong and faithful,” we hope to be, to the last drop of our American blood, with its red, white, and blue, in our veins and body. We will always strive to be a *preux chevalier* to a lady, be the same from the North or South; for our type of a Bayard glows with a fortitude of faith in good breeding; and we shall stand up for this truth, as firmly and as boldly supporting it as old Luther did, who swore,

“That lie would go to Worms If all the devils in hell were on the roof.”

So we lifted this excellent damsel into the wagon which was then standing waiting for these ladies at the door, having, in due consideration for her weight, provided a chair from the hotel to assist her in mounting into the vehicle. We do not forget to remember that they thanked us for our politeness, which is not the usual consideration paid us at the North, for yielding our seat in an omnibus or street-car; *our* ladies, we 77 fear, are so taken up with their love for dress or themselves, that they forget they were taken only from the ribs of the men, and that those spare ribs were not intended by nature to be worn upside down, so as to preclude them from a proper address to a gentleman. Having slept a night at this charming little town of Carbondale, so called from the valley of the coal formation cropping out in the dales behind the place, where the Delaware and Hudson Canal and Coal Company have located some of their offices, sunk their pits or adits for their works, and the employment of a corps of active engineers, we strolled about the village, to inspect its modern aspect. It was with a feeling of melancholy that we regarded the evidences

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which showed signs of decay and dissolution. The cause was accounted for by various reasons; chiefly from the fact, that the speculative, projects have long since died out from want of support, and that they who had formerly grown wealthy from the products of these mines had gone elsewhere to reside, where they could better enjoy the fruits of their labors. Civilization, like water, will pursue its natural course; you cannot make it run up hill unless you force it back by a hydraulic ram; and it is then about as difficult to keep the machine running as it is to pull a horse to water. The ice sometimes closes one in the winter, and as it takes more than one swallow to make a summer, so it takes a large body of cheerful, pleasant people to form an agreeable and permanent society. We have little hopes for the future welfare of Carbondale until the Episcopal Church, located on the other side of the bridge over the Lackawanna, is raised up out of its damp position; for as we entered the basement to enjoy the vesper services the last evening we remained there, in the presence of a few devout worshippers, we could not but reflect that however beautiful may be your edifice, even if built with all the perfection of the grace and symmetry which the Gothic form admits, a house situated over a damp cellar is always sure to breed consumption; and when communicants get to coughing all through the service, the Church is more apt to become a manufactory of coffins; and that even a candlestick situated on a hill without a light at its head will not shine, nor the dry bones of Elisha be raised up by any spirit of a resurrectionary Assyrian passing, unless the live body of a Church's members be lifted up out of the present dead state of our Protestant worshippers, who shut up their temples, only to open them on Sundays; surely, we are still in the dark, or rather, looking through a glass darkly.

The next afternoon we telegraphed to Honesdale, that we should be at the Allen House at 5 P.M. precisely.

What a delightful drive over, was that we had on top of the stage-coach with our clever driver, with spectacles on his nose; and with a team of noble bays, we soon passed along the sixteen miles that lie between us and that city; and the best part of it was that over the Moosick range of mountains, which formed a barrier that separated the county of Lucerne

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from that of Wayne; the former, all coal; the latter, agricultural, with farms in a splendid condition.

We rather thank the Dutchman in the hotel at Carbondale, who told us that the roads were horrible and the stage-ride awful. We never believe such evidences as those; the man was a foreigner, and not used to our institutions or manners, or modes of travel. They are so used to dog-carts, dreyschutz, canal boats, and droskies abroad, and flat plains and various other little peculiarities, that they cannot fully appreciate our rough, hilly, and rocky roads. Surprise was always one of the charms of life to us; and we concluded it not strange that this man had found the Allen House very poor, and the stage-coach 79 dreadful; for the truth was, he had eaten ham at supper, the last evening he spent at the inn.

The staging was the very best we had enjoyed for a long time; but be sure that you ride on the top, alongside of the driver. We found that all his accounts were exaggerated, and that he must have had a very bad case of dyspepsia to begin with, from having swallowed a hard-boiled egg for his breakfast. We were delighted with the passage over the Moosick. The range of hills, seen from the distance, was glorious; the sunlight was just litting up the smoky atmosphere of mist which had been gathering during the forenoon, and the golden light of the sun burst out in full splendor to illuminate the landscape, while a blue veil was spread over the entire panorama of the scene, which was glowing with the purple colors of the mountain range; at our feet, and far off in the perspective, the little village of Carbondale with all its churches and glittering steeples: and, all along the line of an ascent, this picture was varied with its ever-changing moods of light and shade. This scene reminded us somewhat of the landscape in Lower Austria, near Styria, and in the vicinity of the range of the hills near Rerkstergarten. In fact, the dip of all the mountains in the world seems to bear the same relative positions as to their inclinations towards the north-easterly and south-westerly directions. There is a harmony in all the forms of nature. What a beautiful mosaic is continually displayed in the gray of the stones, the organic toning purple of the hills and rich bronze of the valleys! The rich golden skies are

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fused with the gushing violet and blue cerulean, and the rosy tints of sunset mingling all the gush of varied tints, from the triple primes of color which issued to adorn all creation with vanishing splendor, to illuminate the pages of a revelation which sounded in sweet accord upon the key-board of a divine instrumentation 80 these attributes of beauty and honor and grace, which gushed out in notes of praise to the great Creator of heaven and earth, the seas and the skies. All God's works are but emblems of His beneficence and benefaction; all were made to glorify Him; and flower and field, garden and hill, mountain and vale, with the rivers and oceans, springs and fountains, are but retroflections of that primeval garden in Paradise, where man was formed in the image of his Maker; and if he keeps his heart in sweet communion and happy consort with that source of Light, his days on earth may yet be blessed with holy aspirations and his voice be tuned to God's eternal glory and praise.

But after we had crossed over the mountain, and could look back on the sweeping lines of the entire range of the Moosick, extending its graceful curves like an outstretched bow, so beautifully arched, that no neck of an Arabian blood could surpass, nor that magic line which Apelles left as his card when he called one morning in Athens at the study of Praxiteles, whose keen perception recognized the spirit of that genius, in that maginal line which lingers now on the marble form of the Venus de Medici at Florence, on the Long Arno. It was a divinity in truth that touched the elements with those soft, light fingers of light, which bathed creation in a flood of beautiful perfection; and these mountains burst out in all the harmony of the spirit breathed upon the elements, as these wellsprings sang out in praise from the baptismal waters of the Flood. There were no mountains before the Deluge; man lived happy enough in Paradise before the apple fell from that fatal tree of disobedience. The garden was well watered by Jehovah's hand, from the four fountains which gushed out from the wellspring of Eternal Love, and bounded into the cardinal points of the magnetic dial; since which day we, sad mortals, 81 stript of immortal bloom, have been chasing after the receding golden apples of Hesperides. Fortunately, in that flight, we have not lost sight of Heaven, which is not so far from every one of us as we imagine; for

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from the tops of these Pisgahs Moses held his sight of the land of Canaan; from another mount, Calvary, we shall regain a perfect immortality in that heavenly paradise, where the Tree of Life is bearing and the springs of glory rise, and Gethsemane become the prize which Christ has opened to our eyes; a sight of that golden crown which, from the victory he has won as God's only holy Son, we shall bear our sins no more; and there in white, we will walk with Jesus; and from His ascension, mounting with the angels' choral band, yet still rising, mount with cherubim and seraphim, adore Him with the saints who have gone before us; ever, evermore, on the hallowed sylvan shore; and when all hearts united, shall, with the innumerable choirs of the heavenly hosts, join in one banded hymn of praise, to glorify Him who, as Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, shall be the theme forever; and to Him that lived and died for us, will be sung Hallelujahs loud. Amen!

Such thoughts as these are the natural reflections which arise from the ascent and sight of elevated mountains; and such was the continual outburst of our expressions of thought, as we passed on by the side of the babbling little branches of the Lackawaxen, which warbled bubbling its wells of praise over the rippled rocks into the bed of its trickling streams. It seemed to move like a bright and laughing child, with soft light sparkling in its eye; and it happily skipped along as the little lambs skip and jump along the hills. Just before reaching Prompton, and a little while after we had passed Weymouth, where we had to drop a way mail-bag, we saw many of the locomotive horses of the Delaware Company puffing out 4* 82 their heavy clouds of white steam from their shining mouths; and along the rails and over the tramways and bridges, a number of the loaded cars were passing down, while the empty ones were being hauled up by an endless chain attached by a hook from the engine-house, by which the cars were either connected or detached.

About half-way of our trip, we landed a very pretty and bright little maiden, who would not wait for the driver even to lift her down, or drop the steps for her to dismount, but with the leap from the floor, she jumped out upon the gravel road, and with a hearty laugh at the passengers, ran in haste over the hillside, to meet the farmer at whose house she was going to visit. Just before this, we had passed a very pretty lake, where the folks in these

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parts go to enjoy their picnics. It was a very romantically situated sheet of water, with a pretty island in its centre covered with shrub trees, and on the borders were several baiting and fishing parties. Here in the winter many of the neighbors go to sport and skate, when there is plenty of ice. Beyond Prompton the scenery grows wilder, and the hills approach somewhat nearer to the roadside. These were mostly all running along, and in sight of the Lackawaxen; and at a point about a mile Honesdale, at a sudden turn in the path, we rapidly reached the lively little village of Seelyville, one of the smartest and most thrifty places which we had seen in this vicinity.

There were several manufactories with water-power, and others ran by steam. Tanneries, woollen-factories, foundries, machine-shops, and various other occupations were engaged in at this point, which hardly contained more than fifteen hundred inhabitants; but there was an abundance of capital, and the sight of the buildings indicated that there was a busy little beehive of stirring industry at work there. At this point, we 83 were very much enlivened in the course of our journey, for our friend, the sheriff, was of rather a taciturn disposition, considering he had been a sheriff, and somewhat accustomed to deal with lawyers; it was his ordinary habit to remain silent; you know that "a still tongue marketh a wise head." So we could not complain, for he was very civil to us, and to him we felt indebted for putting us straight on our way, from which we might have wandered if we had not met him. In fact, I think he was rather melancholy at the thought of having to remove from his old place of resort; he had a very nice place on the hill a little way back from the town, and had purchased a farm and saw-mill at some spot in the vicinity of Scranton in some other county, whence he had just returned from visiting, and feeling the character and the customs of the people among whom he was about to reside. It is pretty hard to break up your old associations, and form new ones. A man may be a stranger between two towns in Pennsylvania; there are a great many Germans in the State. In some counties they predominate; he was very prudent, therefore, in "looking before he leapt," as Dr. Franklin used to say, or you may strike your head against a beam. You all know that in all such changes the women have to be consulted as to how they will like it,

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for if they are not pleased, “there will be the devil to pay.” He had got this question out of the way, we judge, for we had his wife and one daughter in the stage with us.

“Women rather like a change we all know, but constancy is not for me,” say the men; “so, ladies, now take warning.”— *Old Song*.

While we were discussing this matter to ourselves, we looked out, and there, at the bend of the river, was a graveyard, then a church, then a large, high, four-hundred-feet-long barrack-looking 84 looking building, where the coal belonging to the Delaware and Hudson Canal Coal Company was dumped from the discharging cars, and housed for preservation during the winter. This they called a “pocket” for anthracite coal. They get their pay from the product derived out of the Big Log Cabin on the hill, by the sale of their coal in New York, where they have a much larger pocket to draw from, to wit: *the People's*, called consumers, who use a great deal of this coal, for manufacturing purposes and for private use; it is considered very excellent to prevent the gentlefolks from getting a consumption from coughs, to which we are all liable during the cold weather. By the way, for a proper remedy for this malady—we recommend it, from having tried it—use McKinley's Cough Powders.

Then a sight of the Methodist Church steeple met our view—a very clever sort of frontispiece for a town, but a woodcut at that, somewhat of a relief after the tombstones—by which, although it was quite distant from, and out of sight of the city, we considered that it must have been a very *methodical* idea, that had seized the minds of the original settlers of the place, to put their highest and best building foremost, the best foot in front, in order to make a good impression upon strangers, which is very important under all circumstances.

It had that effect upon us, as we were driven round this edifice, and had to go round several other corners, before we arrived at the beautiful, neat, and well conducted, and handsome town of Honesdale, the county-seat of Wayne.

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There was some policy in this, as we found out afterwards; had the driver brought us into this city by any other way, we would have first had our eyes thrown upon a huge blackboard fence, which served the Coal Company as a screen to shut 85 off the dirty, and dark effects which their works might have had upon purchasers before a sale.

Much as any one might have come near these parts at first, however white and clean might have been his garments or his visage, we are rather inclined to think he would have turned black in the face, and as dark as any dealer in charcoal as he sits on the front of his waggon.

“Alway ye speculators and operators, in mining schemes, or other ingenious projects for making your fortune in a hurry, put your best foot foremost.” For “that is a foul bird, which fouls his own nest.”

Plutarch's Lives.

Chapter 11.

“Blessed, for his sake, be any person Who comes at last, though late, in season.”

Alma, Canto 1.

This may have been the case, at the time of the visit to this section of our country, for it was rather late in the fall, and the September gales had already begun to tell on the coast. Here we were at about 1,200 feet above tide-water, and the maples had already felt the influence of an early frost; which by the way, is not strictly true as far as Jack Frost is concerned, for the latter revelations of botany declare, that our autumnal changes are not produced by any nipping cold, but by the ripening of the leaves; thus becoming a sign of our immortality, and thus assuring us that our blessings brighten as they take their flight. This view may somewhat lighten the sad reflections which the autumn is apt to cast on the minds of those whose thoughts about death are tinged with a melancholy hue,

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for which we should all be ready and prepared by keeping alive and fresh that beautiful hope which faith has strengthened since the advent of our blessed Saviour, who has opened a way to all those who believe in his resurrection⁸⁷ and ascension; who, having passed through the valley of the dark shadow of the grave, died that we might live in the comforting assurance, that those who believe in Him shall never die, but shall be for ever with Him when he sends his angels to gather up his jewels which shall be in the crown which all the saints shall wear; and they shall shine as the stars in heaven in brightness.

We were in season, therefore, to enjoy the society of Honesdale. I remember the day when I was requested to come up to this place on a visit to one of my former acquaintances in New York; and had it been in the moon I was as much at a loss to know anything about it, as the people of a place called Bloomingdale know anything as to what the Commissioners for the Boulevard are about to do with the railroad on the Eighth Avenue, until they have fathomed the mind of George Law, or sounded the mysteries of those cabalistic titles which are printed under the insignificant ciphers of the Sachems of Tammany Hall. There is no mystery about that supposititious partisan character yclept Democrat; for they are as dead as a ducat. So, as Virgil once said of Mantua, we thought that this Mantua, founded by one Philip of New York, might have been what it proved not to be, a village; and when we promised our friend that we would drop down upon that region as a June-bug doth light upon a rose, it was in a sort of dreamy state of mind that we promised him in this wise: "Honesdale it is? Yes. We probably may want to sharpen our razors one of these days on a hone cut of one of your rocks in Pennsylvania." There was a stone dropped into the lake of my memory, and it never occurred to me afterwards, until on that day when I was dropped by the driver down from the stage-coach of my Landlord Allen's servant, right at the door of our friend William J. F., whose descent from the Welsh on one side of⁸⁸ his house, and from the worthy old Fuller of the English on the other, was the same to him and ourselves, as if we had both been let down from the clouds into his parlor.

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“Sic transit gloria mundi.”

We arrived there Saturday night; as the Irishman would say, “We got there before we went,” or the Dutchman might say, “Did it rain to-morrow?” Yes, it was.

In some of the New England States, people—i. e. country folks—always go in at the back door of their dwellings, and never open the front, except on Sunday, or whenever the Parson comes to make his annual visit, or for a funeral. We always had a way of our own of getting at things; and it has been said of a distinguished counsellor of our time, that if you would only let him have his own way, it would be better for you in the end; for he would pay all the fees himself, and never presume or condescend to ask you for his pay for his services, so confident was he of the value of his counsel. This characteristic is not altogether rare nor singular; for in Spain, the Spanish waiters at Madrid always waited for us to thank them for the honor they had done in serving us, like the Irishman who modestly has been known to ask you, “if you were the man who wanted a *gentleman* to take care of your horse.” So it goes all through life; we row one way and we look another; and thus be careful for nothing, is about as good as to trouble yourself too much over spilt milk; for “faith is only the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;” and the dog that was looking very intently at the reflection of his own shadow in the stream, lost the meat he was taking home for his own repast.

This was not our case, however; we went out rather lean and empty from our reeking and overheated town, but came back fuller than before, and have cause to be very grateful for a renewal of our energy, and for a safe passage over another period in the ninth cycle of our mortal being.

By an irregular course, occasioned by a necessity which brooks no custom to the contrary, the stage was conducted by a zigzag swing, up and down every other street in the town, and our driver deposited each passenger at his own door; his was called “the accommodation line;” and this ride round about town made him a very popular man with

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the ladies, according to a law then in vogue, which compelled every person who booked his name for a seat inside to be landed at home after his arrival; also to be called for, when he had registered his intention to depart, at the office of the Allen House. The Sheriff was the last one to be dropped at his country cottage, which was situated a short distance out of town, on a high bluff on the hills in the rear of the village.

This civility of our Jehu reminded us of a captain on one of the Western steamboats on the Mississippi with whom we were once a passenger, who was so polite to an elderly housekeeper who lived on the banks of that river, that he actually waited half an hour at the landing, at her call for him to stop his boat until her old hen had laid the last egg out of a dozen which would complete her basketful. We presume the captain kept whistling off the steam pretty hard, while his boiler came nigh blowing him up near the wood-pile on shore. So, good-by, Sheriff, till we meet again.

We were received by our host at the front stoop of the hotel, at five o'clock P.M., precisely (for certainty, you all know, is, next to order, the first point in heaven, but the *second* in law), just as we had anticipated by our telegram which had been sent from Carbondale.

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We were then seized by the hand of our clever friend, and taken immediately into his house, which, to our surprise, was situated right in front of the public square, in the very heart of the town, and our reception inside was as cordial as if we had been an ambassador from Cochin China.

Why not? We were one of the sovereign people, and had a trinity of interest on hand, and were now to fall into clover. We had come here for one object; which was, to make a visit to a country cousin, and a dozen more than we had expected tumbled within the scope of our observations. First, there was a completely built-up place, with coal, gas, and water. Second, the society of cultivated and intellectual friends, not to neglect mentioning the fact, that the memory of such names as those of Philip Hone and Washington Irving:—

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"He, who drew the inspiring breath of ancient arts— —and trod the sacred walks Where at each step the imagination burns!"

rose up here like the ghosts of departed spirits, which had left their mementoes on the hills and valleys around it, and still lingered there under the name of Irving's Cliff;—and in the name of its founder, as Honesdale, now the county-seat of Wayne. May the like illustrious projectors of man's habitation never cease to be handed down among their traditions, to honor the memory of such benefactors of mankind as these!

Here was also the bar and the church and the clergy; lastly, and not least to be reckoned, those great workers in the world's bee-hive, the so-called "Third class of society," very respectfully represented by their fabrics;—and greatest and most powerful of all were the splendid operations and head-centre of that mastodon of coal developments and human labor, "The Delaware and Hudson Canal and Coal Company." What a grand spot was found there, whence to inspect the theory of the anthracite coal region, and to prepare ourselves for a thorough investigation of the entire range of the coal formations, and various workings of a benign Providence, for the use and benefit of mankind, as exhibited here, in the very frontispiece of the Pennsylvania and Lackawanna anthracite coal region. Ten days were delightfully, and we may add profitably, spent at this point in our journey; and after a pleasant Saturday night's slumber, we awoke upon one of the most beautiful Sundays yet enjoyed during our travels. Just opposite our window was the green verdure of their neat and properly laid out "Park." At the north-west corner of it stood the graceful form of a Gothic Protestant Episcopal Church. Their architect must have copied it from the plan of the Roman Catholic Brothers at Manhattanville, which stands upon an elevated boulder of rocks, overlooking the whole district of the Harlem Heights, and commanding the views of the Harlem, Hudson, and East Rivers; while nearer, fronting in keeping with it, rises the Convent of the Sacred Heart, on another high promontory just opposite, under the care of Madame Hardy.

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The Catholics have rather got ahead of us (as they often very shrewdly do), while we are gazing up at the sky, looking at them from a plain of infinitesimal surprise. Never mind, my brothers; "there is a good time coming for us," if we never live to see it. There is an expected end to all these tribulations, to bring about His second coming, at the judgment, which was foretold by Isaiah. If you do not know the secret of the Roman Church's success, we can tell you what it is. "We buy, sometimes, but we never sell."—Ignatius Loyola, that prince of the Jesuits,—“whose means justify the ends.”

Why should the churches of any parish in Christendom be closed on Sunday, as we found that of Honesdale, on the first 92 Sabbath we were there; for our liturgy has appointed a form of Common Prayer-book service to be read by a layman, and to be responded to with reverence by her worshippers, in case of any vacancy that may happen in their pulpits. Our Church has no occasion to shut out her daily sacrifice of prayer and praise, with thanksgiving and song. The Jewish priests were at their tabernacles morning and evening, the light at their altars was never extinguished, while two paschal lambs were offered up in their temples on the Sabbath; for their lamps never lacked for oil; and if we mistake not, such is the practice of the Romish Church in every part of the world to this day. It might almost be said of this omission on the part of the wardens of this one church (for the other meeting-houses were open), "What! have my people forgotten their resting-place?" Jeremiah of old.

"Where the sound of the church-going bell, Those rocks and those valleys ne'er heard;
Never sighed at the sound of a knell, Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared,"

for this flock's had been shut up nearly all summer, without any settled pastor, and had not the Sabbath-school been opened in the basement, there would have been a day of solitude and silence in this deserted temple. It is because they were like the foolish virgins, who had no oil in their lamps when the bridegroom came. Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists, had opened their doors that day and evening, and we were privileged to enter,

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but not to commune with the latter, for we were not hard-shelled, and had never been immersed.

“The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.”

Sanscrit.

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No sounder truth was ever written, than that which was penned by Solomon: “It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.” So we interpreted it literally, by going to the cemetery in the afternoon, but not until we had first visited the Sabbath-school, to hear the children sing that sweet carol—

“I want to be an angel, And with the angels stand,” etc.,

and then thought of the scene which we once witnessed outside of Madrid, when we observed a band of little children dancing with joy, and hymning their little notes of praise, which they sang after their return from the burial of one of their young friends. We deemed this rather strange, but it is the custom with the Castilians, and they thought the child was happy, and had gone to heaven to add another beautiful flower to the garden which the Lord has planted, to brighten that crown which He had prepared in Paradise to furnish the gate of heaven, for which He had gathered his brilliant jewels of diamonds, and shining pearls, and velvety emeralds, among the innumerable company of the angels which were surrounding His throne.

After this interlude of pleasant reminiscences had run in musing meditation of thought through our minds, we walked the paths of the *immortelles*, and passed through the gateway, hopefully raised before the monuments of the cemetery within.

That was *God's-acre*, as the Germans call it, situated on the banks of the Glendeyberry, one of the smaller branches of the rippling Lackawaxen. It is a pretty spot for a burying-

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ground, hidden from the vulgar gaze of men by a thick grove of native forest trees, sheltered by the cliffs that hedged it in, and cosily nestled under the shadow of the hills in the war, while it was 94 so far removed from the common road of travel that ran from the outskirts of the town westward as far as the little villages of Bethany and Mount Pleasant, in the distance. It was so quiet and secluded, so neat in its aspect and so well appointed, and it looked so sacred and so holy, that we were delighted and pleased that the dead were so beautifully cared for under the sod; and mused in imagination, as we lifted a prayer for our own departed ones which lie in the tomb of Trinity, under the greensward of that hallowed, dedicated spot, amid the solemn woods of Manhattan Island. "Requiescat in pace." And then left the yard in peace with ourselves.

We took a walk alongside of a branch of the Lackawaxen, that is near the stone jail, behind the court-house, and crossing over the narrow pathway leading to an ascent, and up a little crooked way which was to lead us up to Irving's "Cliff," to which it was rather hard to climb. We had to rest on the stone wall every few moments to take breath. Thence we could look down upon the entire form of the village lying at our feet, over all the trees in front of the plain on which the borough was built; it embraces the whole line of the Company's works, with the view of two bridges, a branch of the lively Lackawaxen, all the steeples of its churches, the narrow basin of the canal, as it slacked along the upper end of the path towards Hawleysville, a slight glimpse of the factories at Seeleyville beyond the line of the heavy barracks, with its pile of culm looking like a heavy mass of coal-dust and rubbish, all of which was gathered within the arms of two elevated hills, which hemmed in the valley through which the tram-way cars were constantly running, with heavy freights of produce, on their way to the largest basin, which was filled with a number of empty boats, ready to be laden from the warehouse, after the coal had been thoroughly washed and cleaned by the water 95 process of screening through the bars of numerous revolving iron pipes, that separated the different grades of the coal into its variety of egg, nut, and grate, for the use of the consumers.

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Then the view greatly increased as we went up higher in our walk, until we reached the end of the declivity and landed on the top of the cliff, to which Irving himself gave its present designation. The last move was to seat ourselves at the foot of a large and tall pine tree, which raised its slim proportion at the extreme end of the heights, and thence the whole range of the mountains was exhibited, until it covered a sight of the remote Catskill mountains.

Just as we were descending, the branch of a sapling broke, and a sharp crackling of the limbs startled us, as two large grey squirrels sprang from limb to limb, and darted away from us, with their mouths full of nuts which they had stolen for their evening meal. Lucky for them that we did not have our guns with us. You think it would have been cruel thus to have fired a shot, to disturb the romance of our trip, but fortunate for them to have slipped the snares of the hunter; so we had to listen to their merry chirp as they passed away, and seemed to whistle, almost to laugh, at our starting at all, as we thought how

Those who scamper and run away, Would live to be frightened some other day."

So we let them alone, because we could not help it, and then clambered up the hill, to pass over the planks of a new-laid platform, which had been built on the level of the plain, for the use of a gay party from the village, who were going to come up there in the evening to have a dance, with music, by moonlight, provided the moon shone out that night—which it did not, for the rain fell until the latter part of that afternoon. So the frolic was postponed.

"'Tis ever thus from childhood's hour, We've seen our fondest hopes decay, We never loved a tree or flower, But 'twas the first to fade away."

Tom Moore.

So we lingered no longer at that scene, but started on our descent by another path which led us on to the highway back of the cliffs; and were soon brought within reach of the

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German quarters, thence hurried along the road, and in about the space of an hour came upon a new settlement, where the buildings were somewhat smaller and more thickly inhabited.

We there found ourselves near the brink of a granite quarry, out of which a part of the stone was taken for the erection of the Episcopal Church; had there been more of it to spare, it is likely that the new Presbyterian church, which we saw in its first stages of erection near the square, would have been completed with the same beautiful material, instead of being finished with brick upon granite foundation walls. There we found ourselves at a stand; and had no means by which to rectify our mistake, save to slide down the crevices in the rock, to jump off and land on the charming little bridle-path which ran along its base. Here the ladies and gentlemen were formerly wont to walk in the evening for a promenade; but now *Love's Lane* has been stripped of its romance and fascinating scenes or moonlight meetings, for Erin's children have taken up their abode alongside of the overhanging cliffs, and under the shades of the tapering elms that line its banks. Here the sons and daughters of the Emerald Green Isle, as well as the daughters of the allgemeine Deutschland, talk over their 97 traditionary legends about snakes and ghouls, while their lovers and spalpeens play at shillelahs; these women smile to think that the *people's* rights are in the foremost ranks of a civilization, which claims for them superior privileges to those enjoyed at home; whereas we, who are to the manner born, "must yield to the march of a better progress of ideas," and giving up all our thoughts for our native homes to the mercenary emigrants who have built our railroads, dug our canals, and planted our vineyards, must submit to it all with the best possible grace, and grin and bear it, for we cannot help it.

Glad to escape from the unsavory gales which were wafting the perfumes of the boiling cabbages and sharp-scented sauerkraut of the cabins, from whose roofs the smoke of the evening incense of these emigrants' suppers was pouring out of several chimneys into the air, we rushed over the causeway, and arriving in safety at our host's mansion, we were about ready to sit down and have our rest before taking tea, when we were summoned to

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depart by the receipt of a message from the sexton of Glendeyberry cemetery. The note was of too solemn a nature to be passed unheeded. A buggy was immediately ordered to the door, and in half an hour we were again at the foot of one of the prettiest lots in the burialground. In order to explain our hurry at this interruption from the tea-table, we will have to return to the forenoon of the very day which caused the necessity of our being out at this late hour of the day. We were out in the forenoon as far as the little town of Bethany, a pretty little deserted village, situated on the top of a hill about four miles from Honesdale; it presents one of the most attractive frontispieces to the whole range of a group of mountainous chains which extend as far as the hills on the borders of the Mohawk River, whose spurs may be seen from the ridges of this elevated point. While resting at the mansion of an old friend whom we had lost sight of for over twenty years (we are aware that it is not fashionable to remember so long a time back), we tied our horse at the barn-door of Mr. Seton, before we proceeded to the business which was first on our minds; then went over to the old grave-yard that was the burial-place of the first wife of my host, Mr. F—'s father. Our object was to disinter a body that had been deposited there about thirty years previous to this visit, and to have it removed to the Glendeyberry's acres. The old sexton was there before us, and we found the grave had been opened, and every preparation made for its removal. The party consisting of three, including our newly restored acquaintance, occupied a short space of time by looking over some of the ancient tombstones in the cemetery, which indicated that some of the monuments were of a very ancient date—on others of which were the names of some of the first settlers of this county-seat, many of whom had been the pioneers in the wilderness; and bore evidence of a people of those old times when the inhabitants were so far removed from the habitations of this region that they had to ride ninety miles on horseback through the forest, in order to get their mails from the post-office. Those were the times of our forefathers; and many Indians were about, prowling through the woods, and not unfrequently there was great risk of being murdered and robbed by the highwayman; besides this, told again of the age of the town itself, which had once, been the residence of a county judge, but now no longer exhibited any sign of a court-house, for

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the county-seat of Wayne had been transferred to Honesdale, and a Mr. Barrett was then presiding over the new court, as judge of the Court of Common Pleas at the present term in bank. The village was now in a forlorn and deserted state, somewhat in the condition of that described 99 by the poet Goldsmith, and with the exception of our friend's residence, who had gone to a great expense in fitting up an old mansion, and thus made it a desirable dwelling for a retired gentleman from the city. His house was delightfully situated between the churches; and we are sure, that we cannot say of him, "Nearer the churches, nearer the devil," for the farm which he has improved by cultivation in the middle of a five acre lot, has been so thickly planted with every variety of native forest-trees, that it shuts out every possible view of any other building. This work had been done entirely by himself; and thus situated we found him after our return from the resurrectionary process in which we had all of us been engaged. After we had been taken through his library, we were invited to walk over his grounds, and were led across the orchard to the end of a plot of well arranged gardens and grafted fruit-trees, whence we enjoyed a view of that beautiful scenery which had induced him to take up his permanent abode here for the future of his mortal life. Of course, a home without a wife would have been no paradise at all; he had that also, and three fine children besides, to bless him with the joyous and cheerful sunshine, and of her it may be said with the poet, she had

"A countenance in which did meet Sweet records, promises as sweet, With household motions light and free, And steps of graceful dignity."

Here we stopped with our friend, who seated us on the edge of a stone-wall for a prospect of more than one thousand feet in height above the level of tide-water, and then listened from his own lips to his expressions of his thanks for his happy conclusion of a roving and wandering life. He had long been leading a sort of Bohemian existence, and settled here contented to remain amid his flowers and trees and books, with the surroundings of a lovely family. He narrated to us how he happened to get up here in the northern part of the State; while we concurred with him in his opinion, that what had pleased us in the mountain scenery of Bavaria, or in the neighborhood of the lower part of Austria, had

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brought him, to remain where he had found a parallel in the beauty of its charming vales and picturesque aspects, and in the delights of a home.

“The loved retreat of peace and plenty; where Supporting and supported, polished friends,
And dear relatives meet and mingle into bliss.”

With which we all agreed, even at cost of our separation from a distant fireside in a city,
where

“Our gayness and our guilt are all besmirched, —For all may have, If they dare choose, a
glorious life or grave.”

Surely we build we know not what! And when we asked him how he came to make up his mind to rest here, he answered us: “About fifteen years ago, after having returned from abroad, it was my habit to rove about the country with no fixed purpose as to business, for my education had been that of a gentleman of leisure; and not knowing particularly what to do, I went to sea with a friend of mine who was then a Commodore in the navy of the United States; after the cruise in this ship was ended, we were placed ashore and adrift, for another period of reflection and inactivity; our resolution determined us to visit an old acquaintance who, after various adventures in the world, had stolen a march on civilization by 101 eloping with a fine virgin whom he had met at a watering-place in the East. Then tempted to find relief in the society of such an agreeable and somewhat gay deceiver, he started forthwith to visit him in a pleasant valley in the northern part of this State. And having found him, was so well pleased to remain there among the hills, that they rode together over the whole region of that and the adjoining counties. Among his rambles, he stopped at the present spot, where he became acquainted with several of the citizens; with some of the judges of the court, which was there located, before the removal of the county-seat; and taken by the beautiful appearance of nature, and by a special

“Providence which shapes our ends, Rough-hew them as we will—”.

These, with the society of the neighbors, so attracted him, that in due time an acquaintance sprang up between him and his foster-father the village blacksmith. There he soon found that it was not good for man to be alone in this country, and how to find, a proper and good helpmate became necessary to his permanent happiness. The fair Isabel was selected for his spouse, and in due time the marriage was duly celebrated. Thus was a fine spark struck from the anvil of the stalwart smith's shop; and there is a legend about it which lends a feature of romance to the hero of our story.

—“For nature never did betray The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege, Through all the years of this our life, to lead From joy to joy.”

“For what a tangled net we weave, When we do practise to deceive.”

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Thus far, all his speculations as to the future had failed, as to the one he would be consorted with for life; but he never muttered nor maddened, nor varied more with despair, nor walked he out wool-gathering as his old bachelor friends grieved and waited for the flying gold, and baskets of returned bouquets fled through their ruined airs; for that

“There has fallen a splendid tear From the passion-flower at the gate; *And the red rose cries*, ‘She is near! she is near!’ *And the white rose weeps*, ‘*She is late!*’ *The larkspur listens*, ‘*I hear!*’ *I hear!*’ And the lily whispers, ‘I wait!’”

And he who had ever been a wayward, bold, and wild self-willed child of his grandfather, may now cherish his tulips, prune his vines, and freely twine his woodbines under his own-built pavilions on the rocky crest of lovely Bethany, and his groves which have been planted there from the old woodlands, and will bloom there until thou goest to that bourne of the spirit-land from which no one traveller returns. After which we bade adieu to our friends and returned to our evening repast at Honesdale; and that brings us back to the point where we had been interrupted by a messenger sent to us, while at tea.

Chapter 12.

“Who to the verge have followed those they love, And on the insuperable threshold stand With cherished name, its speechless calm reprove, And stretch in the abyss their ungrasped hand.”

Will appreciate the solemn feelings which gathered round the last scene which was presented to us, at the sight of the coffin which the sexton had summoned us to inspect as it lay beside the open grave, before depositing it in the cold obstruction of the narrow tomb which was to receive the relics of the departed first wife of our friend's deceased father. The case had been constructed of cedar and chestnut, and was as sound as when it had been first made by the undertaker, although it had lain under the green sod of the upper cemetery at Bethany for over thirty years. We were permitted to look at the remains of the deceased, and found that the skull was only a little fractured. The last shovelful of earth was then thrown into the depth of the pit; and the twilight closed on the last act of this mournful undertaking. We moved away deeply affected by the movements of that hour, and turning to the grave-digger, who was as much touched by the sight which he had witnessed as well as ourselves, we offered silent prayer over the ashes of the three bodies buried together beneath; “ashes to ashes,” broke 104 on the associated “dust to dust,” that sent forth their hollow soundings as the tomb was sealed by a stone placed on top of the cavern of this sacred interment.

Requiescat in pace until the morning of the resurrection, and ejaculations from the Spirit's voice breathed forth the words: “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their works do follow them.”

His father was a worthy Christian gentleman, and a pious lawyer, highly esteemed and loved of his fellow-men. “An honest man is the noblest work of God!” We passed from the completion of this reëntombment.

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On our return through the lines of the Glendeyberry evergreens, thinking how beautiful this passage through one of the valleys, the dark shadows of death had been illuminated by the bright flowers of memory which strew all our pathway to the grave. Here was another sweet Auburn, loveliest glen in the plain, prettily ensconced behind the ridges which bordered along in front of those high cliffs on which Irving had stepped during his lifetime, and quite hidden from the public gaze; it could not be intruded upon, except by those who went there to honor their dead. Fair Glendeyberry, how glorious the repose in God's sweet acre of rest; here waiting the grand consummation of all things, when we shall appear before the judgment-seat, and love tempered with mercy shall wipe all tears from human eyes.

"For what if earth Be but a shadow of heaven and things therein, Each to the other like, more than on earth is thought."

"Then welcome fortitude and patient cheer, And frequent sight of what is to be borne."

"For silence and sorrow is strong, and patient Endurance is God-like."

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"For they struggle vainly, To endure a part, who have not courage to contend For all; and be the day weary, be the day long, At length it ringeth to even song."

"So sang the Saints and martyrs in the days of the Reformation— Then endure,"

"The trivial round, the common task; They will furnish all we have to ask, to bring Us daily nearer God."

"For earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

Thus, while we were reflecting over the sinking day, which was filling more and more with the crystal light, of meditations over the transactions of this day, and pensive evening

deepening into night, we paced over the remaining rods of the greenwood sward, until we were conducted out of the groves of the ornamental shade-trees alongside of which Glendeyberry's rills ran on their way to their tributary branches of the Lackawaxen. And having passed through the gateway that stood at the entrance of the cemetery, pursued our way back to our mansion at Honesdale to scan over the sad epic of this mournful past.

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Chapter 13.

We were awakened the next day by new objects which claimed our special notice, as the Court had opened, according to the regular appointment, on the first Monday of September, and were much interested in watching the mode of legal proceedings adopted by the lawyers at this Term. There seemed to be, first, a process of calling all the several constables of these different counties within the jurisdiction of this tribunal before his honor, Justice Barrett, to an accounting by their returns during the vacation which had passed by; which duty having been satisfactorily gone through, their reports were duly filed and recorded. A jury was then empanelled, composed of a very respectable body of farmers and citizens from the vicinage, and this tally having been strictly attended to, and all invalid jurors excused for various causes, the Judge ordered the staff-officers to take their long poles, which somewhat resembled those of an English beadle; for they were as long as beanpoles, and well mounted with gilt headpieces. These singular emblems of authority, the relies of an ancient custom 107 of this State, having been seized, the Court ordered an adjournment, because the lawyers were not ready to bring any case on for trial, as they never yet were for any calendar on Monday.

The court was properly dismissed, and all the people left, with the request that the jurors should attend precisely at ten o'clock the next morning, and “ *sic transit gloria mundi.* ” It is not worth while to specify any particular number of a very clever bar, who practise at this centre of county sessions; for all the gentlemen of this profession are well known to be adequate to fill the respective duties assigned them. We found several very sharp

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and intelligent practitioners among them, and while the court was in session, became acquainted with many of them; and during the remainder of our stay visited many of them at their offices on the street. The suit of assault and battery seemed to predominate, as is usually the case among a mining people.

But it is worthy of mention, that at one house we were forced to become informed, that in the former days of the lawcourts of this place, His Honor Justice Gibson had been an eminent Judge in his time, a fact well exhibited by the reports of the State of Pennsylvania, in which his name figures very largely. He was a giant in intellect, with a mind as clear as a bell; and who would sit up all night playing poker, and drink whiskey-punch all the game through, and be none the worse for it the next morning. His opinion, as Captain Cuttle would say, "was an opinion as is an opinion," still at this day; and when he came to die, the whole bar attended his funeral in a body (we don't mean his body in this figure of speech, for nobody goes to a funeral if he don't choose); and one member induced me to read a eulogy which told that the subject of its praise was preëminently worthy of being carried down in history, as a man whose fame might be placed alongside of Lord 108 Mansfield, Chief Justice Marshall, or our own Chancellor Kent.

Having finished all the account we can of the bar, we will turn to a case in point, which bore upon the construction of a new bridge over the centre of the Lackawaxen River, which had wanted repairs. It was a point made by counsel, whether it was the Town Commissioners' business to make it with a plank side-walk for the ladies to walk over without soiling their dresses, or whether it was not possible for the County Court to compel them to foot the bills, if the Contractors had not mentioned the subject of the ladies' wants, in the agreement to rebuild the bridge, which had been executed between them and the Trustees. This was an afterthought, which had been omitted either by an oversight or malice; they had not included an additional expense of some three hundred dollars; but it was a feature not to be sneezed at, or bolted from. On motion made by another eminent counsellor—in which it was opposed as a matter of course, a mere matter of form, or a question of courtesy—the papers were submitted to the learned Judge; and after due

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deliberation, it was decided that there was some equity in the case; that it would not do to leave the ladies out in the mud, as old Deacon Giles once said to Boston Common Council, whom he had often urged to clean Brattle street before his door; and when he subsequently saw them, as he looked at them from his window, in a hackney-coach, stuck in the mud, in the middle of the street, up to the hub, "I am very glad to see you, gentlemen, stirring at length in the matter; you will probably find it very dry at the bottom." So, if you want anything done hereafter, you had better not consult the ladies at second-hand, but try to get at their opinion first; that once obtained to your advantage, in favor of anything that they fancy, you will be all 109 right. We confess, as far as we have any right to say anything about it, that we would ever like to see the ladies walk off with clean skirts tilting in white before us as we move along the street, for it always reminds us of the white caps of a ship's wake which dashes the foam in the rear as she moves forward like a thing of grace and life, and churns our thoughts into such a flutter of delight, by producing an emotion of transport and happiness, as well as rhapsodies such as angels might have felt and sung when they intoned unto the Virgin Mary;

"Blessed art thou among women."

The whole matter resulted as you might have anticipated, from the assembled wisdom of that bench and bar. The ladies carried their point, and it was ordered that the best man pay the expenses of the needed and contemplated amendment of side-walk for their benefit; and that the contractors pay the cost of this action, for their neglect of the equities in this case and their non-consideration of the rights of the sex.

On the whole, it was rather pleasanter to turn from the habits of the courts, to hear of the material difference between theory and practice in a case which occurred in the nature of an ecclesiastical assault and battery. It is that the Roman priest, Father Dougherty, was of those good round bodies, fair, fat, and forty, and portly as well—not unlike the Justice of Shakespeare's Comedy, whose fat round belly was with good capon lined—such was this excellent priest. But he was eloquent, belonged to the church militant, and on one

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occasion he took occasion to reprove certain of his congregation in pretty sharp language, which so shocked the son of an honest Irishman, who was of the same faith, that he jumped to his feet— 110 because he chafed under smart of this chastening lecture which had been aimed at his father—and said boldly to the parish priest, Father Dongherty, “You lie.” Thereupon there was a conflict of arms, and a tussle; the people became excited in the interior of the church; all rose, some shrieked, others screamed; and a scene ensued bearing rather the aspect of a fight at Donnybrook Fair, in their old home in “Erin-go-bragh.” The result was, that Father Dougherty bled at the nose, and was not seen for several days afterwards, when he appeared at his balcony with a pipe in his mouth and a bandage round his face. This father in the church was no bigot, and was very popular with the townsfolks—could talk, more than one or two languages, and was a gentleman and a scholar. The affair blew over in a few days, and he was never the less beloved by his flock, from this recent little exhibition of his, sparring and fighting qualities.

With the enumeration of several very pleasant chats that we had with several of the citizens, and the attendance at the house of one of the oldest inhabitants of the place, who invited us to a tea-drinking, at his elegant mansion, near the Flour mills which he owned, and from which he manufactured an excellent brand of flour; we were entertained very socially, and we were made to feel quite at home in the society of the ladies at his house.

He was one of the pioneers of the place, one of the men who had met with Indians in their time, and was still in the prime of life, active, energetic, and strong. Every enterprise was under his charge, and he still took a lively interest in all that would contribute to the increase and prosperity of this city. We have lingered much at this point of our sojourn, for we remained a longer time here than we had anticipated. It was our chief delight, however, to come back 111 in the pleasant parlors of my host, and there to enjoy the fire-side comforts and agreeable repose, and rests of a house held and kept by a gentleman in the midst of his family and friends.

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But we cannot depart without our tribute of meet praise and thanks to her who was the partner of his bliss and love, and shared his company, of whom it may be said, as

“Even the light hare-bell raised its head Elastic from her airy tread;”

who, when she had pledged her troth, and united in marriage, acted out her part in keeping it.

“For lo! thy law is passed That this my love should manifestly be To serve and honor thee: And so I do; and my delight is full Accepted for the servant of thy rule. Without all, I am all, Since this my will was set.”

With such women as these, the society of Honesdale was complete; and with its location rendered beautiful by its snug position, at an elevation of one thousand feet above the sea, containing a Park. Two or three lively rapid streams in the embrace of the surrounding hills, and mountains and cliffs; it presented to our sojourn a continual state of refreshment and surprise. We cannot leave it, without again referring to the little angel in the house, the lovely little Lucy; the only child, and of that it might be said with the poet:

“Two years she grew in sun and shower. Then Nature said, a lovelier flower 112 On earth was never sown. This child, I to myself will take; She shall be mine, and I will make A lady of my own.”

Thus parting with such a family, it was like that sweet sorrow by which we might say good-by until to-morrow. So we had to leave, and on Tuesday morning at early day, we took the same stage which had conducted us here, with the same driver, but with another team of four black horses, and one of which was one of the very deuce of a plunging and kicking animal, in its unsubdued nature; but we did not forget to take this receipt for the Hanover Pudding, which we leave for the benefit of cooks.

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One cup of sweet milk; one cup of molasses; three cups of flour; one teaspoonful of soda; one cup of raisins; one cup of suet, chopped very fine; one teaspoonful of salt.

Boil three hours, to be served with wine sauce.

Which from our experience from tasting it several times, will be sure to be pleasant to your palates,

“For the elements are composed of seven, And it only requires the addition of leaven To make it very superior and fine; But be sure you boil it three hours, and serve up sweetly with wine.”

Chapter 11.

“Lamp of life, thy lips are burning Through the veil that seems to hide them, As the radiant lines of morning Through thin clouds, ere they divide them.”

Shelley.

“Of all *God's* works, which doth this world adorn, There is no one more faire, and excellent, Than is man's body both for power and forme While it is kept in sober government. But none that is more foul and indecent Distempered through misrule and passion base.”

The grey mist left the mountain side, and the torrents of rain which had fallen on the night before, closed in their glittering pride on the morning that we left the hospitable mansion of our friend, while bright hues of the morning sunlight shot up towards the crown of the blue firmament, ere we were conscious of the change made by the multitude of clouds which were scattered through the circle of the sky. As we passed along the highways and byways of the town on our departure from the city, the driver had to repeat his usual accommodating round of civilities. After he had proceeded through the routine of his calls for the passengers who were waiting, besides ourselves, at their various homesteads, we

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returned again to the inn, in order to take up an unfortunate man, who was the last 114 to be lifted into the stage by his father-in-law, who had brought him to that point in a country wagon.

There was no further incident after we had left, nor until we were on our way to the town of Seeleyville, when we were called upon to notice the lifting up of the sky, and that there was a promise of a fair day before we should arrive at the base of the Moosick *mountains*. To insure these signs of this change of weather that we had prognosticated—for we have always flattered ourselves that we were weather-wise enough to read the indications that had impressed us rather favorably before we had made up our minds to leave—we fostered this hope, and watched the course of the clouds with marked attention, while their slow movement, so beautifully touched by Shelley, reminded us of these lines:

“Underneath the young grey dawn, A multitude of dense, white fleecy clouds Were wandering in thick flakes along the mountains, *Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind*,”—

which, if you will closely watch for the next sunset, you will see the perpetual shiftings which then occurred in the varied gradation and peculiar beauty of the colors as you ride along the sides of any mountain-pass in the world, and observe the peculiar arrangement of those fleeting and mystical kaleidoscopic effects in the heavens above your head.

But a sad state of feeling and sympathy for the crazy man whom we were carrying along inside the coach, rather pained us, and might have provoked to a state of melancholy, had not the approach to the bustling and busy little manufacturing village of Seeleyville produced a pleasanter mood in our disposition. Here

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“All was the gift of Industry; whate'er Exalts, embellishes, and renders life Delightful.”

Thomsen's Autumn.

Verily, "what shades we are, what shadows we pursue." Here was a *chiaroscuro* in reality, depicting a shadow of human life. It has been falsely said, "that ever there was intercourse between the living and the dead." Here the dead calm of a once noble breast, heaved with but the deep heavings of a constant ejaculation of the sound of the words, "It *hurts!* It *hurts!*" continually breathed forth, with only one change upon the same key-note of despair, "Oh! It hurts! It hurts!" It seems that he had been formerly an active farmer in the neighborhood; and this shock in the condition of his mind had been produced by a severe congestion of the lungs, brought by exposure to the rough elements to which this class of laborers are subjected in their out-of-door occupations during the heavy rains and storms of the winters and springs, and that this disease subsequently terminated in the softening of his brain. He was now under the charge of this relative by marriage, who was taking him to the asylum of Harrisburg.

The coach was full, and among the passengers were several ladies. We doubt the expediency (to say nothing of the want of consideration for the feelings of others) exhibited by this gentleman. Such scenes as these are, to say the least, very unpleasant for ladies to witness; and the effects of his treatment during the ride to Carbondale, and even as far as Scranton, were such as can only be better imagined than described. We all deemed it a piece of brutality throughout; and it would have been far more reasonable and discreet towards all parties concerned, to have borne him to the retreat of the insane 116 in a private carriage, and thus have placed him out of the way of the reproaches which were frequently thrown in his teeth. He was rather dragged than led along into the halls of the hotel by one, while another pushed him hastily up-stairs into a room, and kept him there confined without fire or food. Truly, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn;" and we add, save us from our fathers-in-law, and also from our mothers-in-law, and all other like friends as these, who are but poor Job's comforters at the best. We had him afterwards in the tram-way-railroad and in the cars; but were finally relieved of him at Scranton. Poor fellow, how we pitied him!

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“There he was, as a presence or a motion—one Among the many there—while the mists
Flying, and rainy vapors, called out shapes And phantoms from the crags and solid earth,
As fast as a musician scatters sounds Out of an instrument.”

The whole burden of his cry that “It hurts” was occasioned by the fact, that those who had him in keeping had placed a pair of new shoes upon his feet to cover his stockings, when he was being prepared for his journey to the Asylum; and, although they were removed, and he sat without any shoes on, but very comfortably hosed and clad, he still imagined they were on; and we were obliged to listen to the cries, which he continued to heave forth for the space of twelve hours. Verily, were it not that the words were hallowed and sanctified by our Divine Lord, this man suffered as we never before heard from the sound of human lips, as if he had almost, if not altogether, been abandoned to his fate, and left alone in the world, with 117 none to pity him. “Eloi! Eloi! lama Sabachthani. My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?”

“When we in our viciousness grow hard, Oh! misery on't, the wise gods seal our eyes In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us Adore our errors, laugh at us, while we strut To our confusion! And thus while moving Onward, hope and fear alternately swayed his breast, Like light and shade upon the waving field Coursing each other, when the flying clouds Now hide, and then reveal the sun.”

Home's Tragedies.

What more sad than the picture set forth in the man whose intellect is darkened, and the light is out in the human mind; but more pitiable still are the influences which have been brought to bear on many of those impotent creatures, whose friends often find it more convenient to put them out of the way of any kinder treatment, finding it easier to use them more as our inhuman people deal with an old family horse—by putting them out to grass, like Nebuchadnezzar, to pasture among the beasts of the field, because they are of no further use to them in this world, and they serve their own purposes as well under a

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committee appointed for the guardianship of lunatics, while the subservient janitors, lynx-eyed, who wait upon and watch the patients, are more interested in the prolongation of their imprisonment, so long as they are sure of getting their pay from the trustees, while they are held in such a chancery of hopeful suspense and enduring disappointment. How true it happens in some conditions of such cases of incompetency,

“That where ignorance is bliss 'Tis folly to be too wise, as to those who are 118 Kept in these dark chambers for diseased brains, Canst thou pluck out the rooted sorrow? Therein the patient must minister to himself.”

Let us dwell no longer on such a disagreeable topic, and turn our attention to subjects of a more genial nature, and look at the pleasant time we had after we had passed over the mountains, leaving the Moosick range in the rear; and at that holding in our memories, the grand views we obtained from the summit over the plains of the agricultural lands behind us, and in its range embracing a retrospect as far as the Catskill Mountains in the remote distance.

Such prospects open the mind to the grandest panoramas of landscape, and give delight and refreshment to the soul. The laughing, rippling rock trickling over Lackawaxen, is now bounding on its way to the ocean by its swift transport through the Mohawk river, and the steeds are breasting over the crown of the last ridge which has separated us from a new sight of the beautiful valley of Lucerne.

Wayne County is passed, and the rocky roadstead becomes flinty and slaty, and hard for the team of the reeking four-in-hand, which are steaming from sweat, and chafing at their bits; they are now breathing and foaming at the mouth; they feel the fatigues of the journey. Beyond, held within the blue marginal of the West Mountains, lie the charming groupings of scenery, spreading in graceful curvatures of strength before the outlines of Carbondale and the coal ranges, beyond the wooded hills that are purpling with the changes of autumn, where the anthracite is held up in the deep basins which are bubbling

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over from the outlets of the Lackawanna river. Here is the fountain of its springs, and its course is rapidly running its race, until it is found again behind 119 the far-off valleys of glorious splendor, where the grandest development of the slate, and the croppings out of the coals through the plateaus of the carbonic lodes beneath, appear. The descent to the valley was gentle and slow, for the driver held the reins over the fiery mettle of spirited steed; one of which was a blooded mare, which he had been trying his hand to break in for a friend on trial, with a view to her purchase by the stage company. She had kicked hard, and plunged and reared in the stable in the morning before starting out, she balked, struggling to lie down in the stall; and was very ugly all along the road; but he managed the beast very handsomely, and the creature knew it well, for she had found her master, and her mate beside her pulled her along as well as any skilful pilot on the Lachine rapids in Canada; but from the traces she tried her best to kick for the first ten miles of the ride; she succumbed at last, and was so subdued at the latter six miles' station from the goal to which we were bound, that she kept quiet as a lamb; smoothing along down the hill as we were descending, as meekly as if she had been tackled into a brake-waggon from the time of her birth. She thus had proved a Kate in the morning, but a Petruchio had broken her in before noon. It is no wonder, therefore, that the French people, as Sanders said, called their mothers "Mères," and how often are they broken down by their fillies in the days when these become old enough to "feel their oats."

While we were descending the last hill, before our arrival at Carbondale, the driver was narrating to us his experiences along this part of the road in winter when the ice binds the whole surface of the passage downward, with its tight and smooth embrace making it fearfully dangerous and hazardous by the sharp fall of its declination. He told us that the only way in which he could surmount this difficulty, was to let the 120 horses out with a free rein, while he pushed down the brake or iron drag-shoe by his foot, to check the headway which was bearing us down with a rushing speed, thus guiding it surely until he could strike the dry dirt of the level below, at the base of the mountain. He had driven over

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this road for several years, and was as safe in taking the risk, as any old pilot who had guided a bark over the Lachine rapids in Canada.

We had arrived at the hotel just in time to dine; and after getting our beard shaved off under the hand of a barber who had just returned from a cruise in the Navy, during the late war, we were entertained by this amiable disciple of St. Crispin, who had as handsome a face as any Italian that we ever saw, who meekly, performed the operation of lathering our chin; his hard life thus showing, that on his return to the civil pursuits of daily labor, he could lay down his arms and turn his attention to the mild arts of peace, under whose benign influence he was contented to remain, be the business only that of a barber; it was his line of duty, “not less honored in the breach than in the observance,” and therein, like the barber of Seville in the opera, he could cut hair as well as capers; and so followed up the rule;—that,

“A servant with this clause Makes drudgery divine; Who sweeps a room as for thy laws, Makes that and the action fine.”

Thus he proved lord of himself—that heritage of woe! After dinner at the “Harrison House,” we sauntered out about town, to discover the lodging-place of our friend Henry T—, he who had taken us to the small settlement of the “Indian Orchard,” where he had invited us to visit a small Sabbath School, to which several children had been gathered 121 from the neighborhood, to be taught under the instruction of a pious uncle; it was his duty on this occasion to open the school, and keep up the usual Sabbath exercises and services which had been established there by him; but on account of his absence, we took it in charge; and while we were there, enjoyed the opportunity of testifying our belief that those Christians who lack the privilege of becoming ministers of the gospel by ordination, may still have a peculiar duty to perform in such a post of honor as this. For as laymen they may take the lead, and be examples to others instead of followers. Even those who have gone forth alone, need not be afraid to come forward boldly on the Lord's side. They will have strength and power given them from above to help their weakness.

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The purity and might of their motives will be the means of prevailing upon others; after a while they will have no longer to go alone to the cross of Christ, the throne of grace, to the house of God,—but in company of those who once stood aloof, or before even opposed, and in the communion of the innumerable body of the angels in heaven looking down upon them while they pray together, he who came into the church to scoff, may leave to pray! Here was one instance in a very useful youth, who was converted through the instrumentality of the senior Mr. K—. He was now in charge of the school library, and “he who converts a sinner the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins.”

This bright and faithful follower of his uncle, was another proof of the fact that the deeds of pious relatives do follow them; for we found him here in charge of the Engineering Department, which had been established at this point by the Delaware and Hudson Coal and Canal Company; and he was 6 122 very polite and kind to us while we remained; and after having introduced us to his cousin, who was at the books in an adjoining room, we were shown by him into the office of the engineers, which was located, with the books and plans, with their safes, in an upper story, where he traced out for our observation their mode of establishing what are called the *property lines* for the regular workings of the shafts, thereby showing the courses and directions of the drifts, which had been very exactly and accurately plotted out, so as to facilitate the action of the miners who should be at work under ground, with their picks at the lodes of coal. These were so neatly drawn, that in their cellular construction they reminded us of those little octagonal chambers which the bees build for the deposit of their honied stores.

Our longer stay was shortly after interrupted from any more extended examination of the operations under his charge for the stage which was to carry us off, was now stopping at the door, to hasten us away to the upper tramway by which we were to be gravitated towards Scranton; so we left him very suddenly, wishing him “god-speed,” and that his body might prosper even as his soul did; for he was a pious gentleman, and a true

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Christian in heart and deed; for our proper definition of piety is, true religion in action; thus he exhibited by his life, that they who follow the words of the wise shall enjoy the rewards of wisdom with all her gifts and blessings in this world; and showed how favorably he had carried out the example set him by his devout uncle Josiah.

“He who maintained always in his bearing soul; That awful independent on to-morrow,
Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile.”

While his nephew, from his own keen observation of all 123 the members of the spiritual family of the same ancestral name and stock as himself, was well worthy of earning that tribute of immortal praise for any man's endeavors, whose heart shines in his face with all the charms of grace and sweetness, as he comes forth into the world, that we may enjoy his influence and fellowship, which is so impressive that it may be felt; for he cannot but do good, even without pretension—without effort.

“When such a man, familiar with the skies, Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us nearer things, ‘Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings—
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide, Which tells us whence his treasures are supplied.’

Chapter 15. SCRANTON.

Enraptured and delighted with all that we had seen and heard since we left Honesdale, excepting the sad epic of the lunatic, which still sicklied us over with a pale cast of thought, we hurried along the course of our rapid railway descent until we stopped outside the lines of New Providence, and left the cars near the depôt, which just lands you alongside of the wooden walls which fence in the large Model Casting Foundry and Machine works of Mr. Davis, the Iron Manufacturer at this, the very outskirts of the bustling and dusty and busy city of Scranton; with its head and front of iron, and bowels of coal, which lie under your feet as you walk over them.

The founder of this place is now no longer among the living; but the place is still called after his name, and his memory will survive him. for ages, until all the clay, and iron, and slate, with the beds of coal, shall have become smelted together in that everlasting furnace of fire, when the heavens shall be rolled up as a scroll, and the new heavens and the new earth shall arise out of the ashes, like the Phoenix, for the foundation of the New Jerusalem, and Paradise shall be established on earth, under the title of the City of Zion.

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“There are in this loud stunning tide Of human care and crime With whom the melodies abide Of the everlasting chime; Who carry music in their heart, Through dusky lane and wrangling mart; Plying their tread with busier feet, Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.”

Those who may have seen the Coliseum at Rome, and viewed the circuit of its broken walls, may conceive somewhat of the splendor of that Capital of the Roman Empire in the days of their Cæsars. The Augustus, Caligula, or Nero, when Christians were sacrificed at the lighted stake as in the times of Juvenal, or during the scene exhibited when the dying gladiator was butchered on the sands of the circus, to make a Roman holiday, may look with pleasure at the contrast which shines out in that more eloquent offering of praise and gratitude in these days, when the arts of peace have contributed their tribute of holier sacrifice; when we allow the beauties of nature to raise our hearts in sweet and loving homage to the will of our good and heavenly Father, and turn them into a more acceptable sacrifice, together with all the offerings which the several tasks and spheres of labor become, when seasoned with the salt, they present a fit oblation from the honest services of the laborers in this earthly vineyard, to be placed by them in meek submission on the altar of *His* glory, who first created, disposed, and preserved them all for our use, and for His praise and glory.

No one who has ever opened his eyes while wandering over the seas and floods, waters and springs, mountains and hills, valleys or dells, glens or cascades, waterfalls or wastes,

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can have failed to observe, that everything is in a preparatory 126 state for some grand coming event; and there is a vast design moving out in the gathering of the storms, the belching forth of the volcanoes, the rich beauties of the fertile fields, the glorious thoughts which *God* had when he made the mountains, the upheaving of the water-spouts, the vast expanses of the arid deserts, kept in reserve for the blossoming roses in the wilderness, and all sending forth one triple union of strength and power, majesty and grace, as if held in the embraces of His outstretched and everlasting arms, who planted them on the seas and founded them in the flood; for ever singing and ever praising, as they shine forth in their works, before the universal man, for whom they were created, "The hand that made them was divine."

Such was the influence on our minds when we passed over the Great Circle of the Lackawanna Railroad Company's works, where they had erected a great establishment, built solely for the housing of all the sixty locomotive engines which were necessary for the perfect carrying out of the incorporators' needs—the ramification of whose lines of travel now reach through the valleys of the Delaware, the Lehigh, and the chain of the Northumberland Hills, and far beyond the region of the Catawissa and Reading Railroads. While looking from this stand-point, in our view from this round-house, when we were inside the circle, we could not but regard it as a palatial structure, for the accommodation of those leviathans for embodied steam, which, in one form or other, will some day thresh the mountains, like the worm of Jacob, into fine dust, and control the world—whether associated with galvanic or electric currents, or alone, as the mysterious ways of Providence shall determine—convert it into a more perfect habitation for the various uses of mankind. We beheld in each monster machine a vision of beauty and power, of superhuman strength 127 and might, such as Ezekiel had imagined when he viewed under an inspired rapture, the fire unfolding itself, and the brassy brightness about them, and out of the midst thereof as of the color of amber, when by day they ran with their four-winged wheels on their many side-faces, in the likeness of living creatures, breathing out flames of fire with brilliant sparks, shot out from their burning coals; and as at night, when the

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appearance of their lamps at their foreheads, while they were moving up and down the earth, flashing with terrible reflections from their Drummond crystals, glowing with a glory like the sharpest emission of the fierce lightnings while they moved along, and returned with a rushing noise, like the voice of many waters, when they stopped at rest and let down their wings with a silence, as still as the soft breathings of an infant sleeping.

How perfect, then, was the picture as it appeared to the holy Saint, who beheld in it the brightness of an archangel's revelation! and no wonder, when he saw it, that the prophet fell upon his face in his adoration, for he had recognized therein the *Holy Spirit of God!*

We were soon passed out from our observation of this splendid building into the adjoining wings, where the repairs of their engines were carried on in all the branches of fitting up old machines, and in mending such as required only parts to complete them or to restore them for their use on the roads.

Most of the heavy locomotives were made elsewhere, either at Philadelphia or at Newark, and were named after several of the directors of this company. We took occasion, therefore, to leave the details of the repairs to the workmen and superintendent inside, and stepping outside, enjoyed a view of the panorama which was presented from the exterior of both these buildings. The whole aspect of the surrounding country was quite fully appreciated, from the fact that the city of Scranton is so admirably located, that you can look at its whole extent as you turn your eyes in every direction round about the basin in which it lies.

Thus, at every point of the compass, you can see each particular feature of the landscape. At one side, on the declivity of the hills in front, the residences of the many laborers present a very cheerful appearance from a thousand little, neatly-appointed, and moderate-sized cottages, which were mostly whitewashed, so that at this distance they dotted the hill-side with an effect that seemed as if they had been built of porcelain.

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You may be sure that it was a very pretty sight, and cheered the eyes with its gladsome evidences of comfort and heartfelt welcome home, which we could imagine was awaiting the return of the workmen, who were soon about to centre around the tea-tables on that evening, and then many of them to resume their tasks, which they had to continue all night.

Thence looked we outward to the graceful, crown-crest forms of the western hills, behind whose purpling shadows of changeable outlines sank the rosy light of the vanishing sunset, while far remote, the eye could trace the barriers that fronted the passage of the river Lackawanna, which was gathering its waters to meet the Susquehanna, at the beautiful bridge before Pottsville, where the first coal mines of the valley are to be met with, at which point these two rivers unite, and thence flow along in one current into the valley of Wyoming, while in front of us rose the entire limits and buildings of the city of Scranton, which stood out in bold relief against the sky, which was fringed with golden tints, behind the edges of which, at its northern extremity, the former stream was threshing out its troubled waters under the breastworks of the superb 129 railroad tunnel, through whose dark ways the course of travel is carried along to the lines of the Pennsylvania and Erie Road. Thus, the whole circumference of the coal basin was embraced, and the prospect sank away from further observation while night closed upon the scene. And we could not but remark that the ridges of these hills, which formed a girdle around the coal ranges at this point, had a lower grade of elevation than that which was observed by us while passing over higher mountains, in the vicinity of the Moosick, and here determined the full panorama of our preconceived notion, that this valley had been rounded out in the proper form of a cul-de-sac, such as nature only could have marked out, under the eye of *Him* who surveys all the downward tracks of time, and ordained the whole administration of creation, also ordered the lines of this deposit, amidst the whirlpools of the diluvian torrents: that he also so regulated the casting disposition of the lot of this formation: that it appeared to us as if it had fallen in the lap of an extinct volcano, and left here in this forehead of the beautiful valley, beyond, a crater of coal, which was after all but a bridal of

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that pre-existent Deluge, and as some of the results of the storms which had been planted by the whirlwinds. We shall never forget the opportunities afforded us during this tour, which had been started for recreation and the benefit of our health, but resulted in bringing us to a nearer view of the intimate connexion existing between things of the earth and heaven. What was intended for our delight, was turned into an exhibition of His praise and glory.

“Why should the wonders He has wrought Be lost in silence and forgot?”

All the woods yield their homage, in the shape of floating logs passing down the magnetic current of the streams, when 6* 130 changed to rafters and beams for the building of our temples, wherein are lifted up the songs of joy and sounding hymns of praise in harmony to heaven: and by the infusion of the forest leaves through the fissures of the coal beds, as the blood runs through the veins, stamping the beautiful impression of the flowers, as well as the ferns, often with prismatic colors of painted glory—which are but percolations of the carbonic acids which instilling silvery nitrates, washed with oxygen, beam forth from the uplifted carbonate of salts their fertile products, to gratify our sight and furnish imagery for the inspired themes of the poet, that being who was chartered to hallow the sacred toils of the laborer, who earns his bread by the oozing sweat of his brow. Take the pattern of the drains on the hills of an impervious subsoil, and you have a plan to get at the drifts from the shafts, which are sunken for the miners working underneath the ground. The undulations which are discovered in the circumvallation of the lodes of coal around the base of the eminences, which vary in alternate depths of slate and coal from three to five or seven feet in depth, are but the tricklings of carbonated springs, or outpourings of the arterial discharges from their impregnation of yeasting oxygen, which are forced by the *vis inertæ* of nature to form a parallel of an harmonious design which runs throughout the universe, in order to testify to the goodness of the Divine Master, who will yet compel man to declare His praise, and acknowledge that all science ultimately returns to its first edict in the Genesis of Creation, that they perfectly illustrate this truth, that all religion was

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intended solely for one purpose: the requirements and the exigencies of mankind, who were first made in His image.

With these ideas paramount in our mind, we were accompanied by our friend, to inspect the great furnaces which had 131 been established here, for the rolling of railroad iron into rails. We entered this pandemonium of fire at about eight o'clock in the evening, and were shown over the whole extent of a building, which was covered at the roof for about four hundred feet. The first objects which struck our attention, were a number of pockets of melting brightness, that were filled with a mass of ore that was kept in suspension in a range of ovens which were placed under the eaves, and thence the melted iron, in rivers of flame, was poured into a great furnace, where the metal was fused into a white heat, the doors of which were continually opened by the stokers, who poked up the red-hot matter, and kept constantly stirring it up, so as to distribute the heat equally at all points of the furnace. We looked into one of these and were astonished at the intense brilliancy with which the blocks of heated iron glowed, and with a furious roaring while smelting, it blazed up and flooded out, whitened, and then bursted in its madness; and when the tremendous trip-hammer fell down, with a heavy thump like artillery, it exploded with a violent noise, louder than that of gunpowder at a cannon's discharge.

Then we were taken to see the process of rolling out the rails. The large, square blocks of metal, heated at white heat, were taken across the floor on wheelbarrows, and passed through the several ruts of the crushing stamps and over the grooves of the cogs, where they were brought out and run through the gauges at the proper sizes for use. As they hastily thrust it through, a myriad of shooting sparks flew out throughout the whole building and scattered widely in all directions over the floor; and a more brilliant constellation of light can scarcely be imagined than that scattering of flying fire-flies, sparkling as they shot over our heads. It was as if all the rockets from castle St. Angelo had been thrown into 132 the sky, at the celebration of the festival of Easter, in Rome, (when ten thousand sky-rockets fly into the air). From this ebullition of heat, we could readily conceive how the constellations in the heavens were formed, and how the firmament might melt with

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a fervent heat. It is doubtless true that the same result occurred, as when by rudely rubbing two sticks together the huntsman, or the Indian before him, obtained fire to light his pipe; and if you consider with what velocity this earth is moving around the sun, and all the planets are whirling about the firmament, you may easily conceive how the sun and the stars, the bright nebulæ and all the gorgeous constellations of the galaxy in the heavens, were created by centripetal and centrifugal motion, producing heat from a rapidity of motion which is incomprehensible to man, because he is finite; and He who produced lightning, and flashed its fires across the seas, can alone account for this and other evidences of His immediate presence: who gives no other signs of His mightiness than these and other instances exhibited by His instrumentalities, such as the light, the lightning, the telegraph, and other approximation of the nigh approach and influences which are some of the gifts of His Holy Spirit. Now, *His* thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are *His* ways our ways; for *His* are, "Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;" and as to our ideas, says Pope:—

"'Tis with our judgments, as our watches; none Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

After this striking exhibition of pyrotechnics on one of the grandest scales we had ever witnessed, from this magazine of sparks and brilliant scintillations, we were conducted out of the building into the dark; there was nothing to guide us; the stars, those jewels of the sky above, were glimmering with a 133 faint light as we stumbled over a pile of rubbish and heaps of sand that lay under an archway, before the large smelting foundry. We were introduced into a wide frame-shed, and then led to examine the crater of a large caldron, the open doors of which exposed the process by which two kinds of iron ore were being fused from different materials, which had been brought here from the mines of Chemung County and elsewhere, in order to cast a more excellent iron than any that could be found in this vicinity. The two mixed together made the best puddling for use. But we were more amazed by a sight that we had of the huge fans through which the air was forced, to make a proper fusion of the ores that were to be smelted. These were blown into action by a permanent current of wind thrown through two long iron pipes or tubes, as large almost

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as one of our largest steamboat funnels; and these constant currents were generated by means of two immense engines, which were kept under the shelter of an adjoining brick edifice, the power of each varying from twenty to twenty-two hundred horse power; these were real personifications of old Boreas himself; and were made capable of blowing out a force equal to that of a great hurricane in the West Indies, or a tornado of such strength as that which old Caliban himself could not stop, in the “Tempest” of its mightiness. The fire in the furnaces was constantly kept up, and never suffered to go out, like those in Hades—which are everlastingly burning.

After this, there was nothing further to be seen that night. We thought that we had already seen enough for one day, which included in this short period of our probation a sad episode in the broken intellect of a maniac, and two monsters of leviathans under full blast.

Satisfied with the burden of such a picture of contrasts, and 134 delighted with all that we had seen, we parted with our guide at the gate of the Wyoming Hotel, which is situated just under the reach of the bell tower of Christ Church; and after taking a candle from its porter, left our boots outside of room No. 41, on the first floor of the inn, then gave a last look at the lights on the street of the town, and slept quietly in a bed of down in a blissful state of mind.

Chapter 16. TO WILKESBARRE.

“Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep— He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles.”

“ Arise, for it is high time for you to awake out of your sleep,” said the porter, who knocked at my door the next morning, after this ingenious dreamer had passed through the second nap in his slumbers, in whose reveries visions of secret fiction and sweet truth had alike prevailed through the night, “if you wish to start by the ten o'clock morning train for Wilkesbarre.”

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We had, however, some time to spare after breakfast, which was profitably improved by a review of the ground over which we had passed the night before we left. The travellers were now going further towards the west. The sun was now painting the gay sky with his rays of gold, having risen with a brighter array of beauty, and we were getting somewhat nearer the end of our journey. But we lingered awhile to renew our visit to the great steam-engines which were at work under a full head of steam.

When these were thoroughly overlooked, we passed out to refresh our sight over the whole realms of the nature of this 136 peculiar region, which was to complete our last retrospect over its formation, its development, and its impression on our minds. Here was presented a panorama of beautiful landscape, held in a rotunda of lucrative and fruitful result, where the coal seemed to have been gathered up in a deposit which served the double purpose of having tripled the capital of a large and enterprising company during the war, and to have rounded out the features of this county of Lucerne into a centre of usefulness and harmonious action, that furnished to our imagination the shape of a magnificent organ, or accordeon of a divine instrumentality, wherein the fingers of an Almighty Master were playing upon the key-board an everlasting symphony of praise and harmonious sound. Hence were songs full of joy, and cords on which the elements were striking out notes of melodious issues oozing out with a delicacy and brilliancy of touch, although handled by human instruments, where the flowing streams were the string which were impressed into a voice of sweet melodies, to measure these forces of the air, which breathed through the currents of the magnetic rivers which, impregnated with smooth channels of grace, struck into a movement from their very centres, until with the associate concert of the vitrifying and living waters, they burst out into an anthem of beatitude and glory, with strains of heavenly music, singing out until eventide, the never-ceasing, never-ending themes that, in all the universe of the Creator, they were made to display a unity of design.

Such were the songs of the angels when the morning stars sang together in chorus, before the light appeared. That light was from the beginning, and the end and design of all things was from God, while the incarnation of the universe is but the revelation of the Son of God to man; to the hidden ones, who are the initiated, there are no mysteries.

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The miracles reveal the conversion of earthly into heavenly things, and we who believe here shall know all things, if we follow on to know, and the saints shall judge the angels.

Let us now take another illustration from the human body, and regard the formation of the coal in the bowels of our common mother earth, as the great centre of its deposit, and the action of the blood through the arteries and conduits of the canals, and its coursings through the veins, ebbing and flowing over the locks of the valves, as in a pump, from the aorta and carotid arteries; while the arms and the feet represent the spurs and ridges of the adjacent and outstretched mountains, and we have another parallel likeness of similar beauty.

Man himself is but a compendium of nature, and of that all the movements of his being bear not only evidence of the divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will, but of the fact that all his witty inventions are the types from which he copies some part or portion of the action of the limbs, as witness, in the rotary movement of the supple joints, the swinging of the arms, those pendulums, the feet, and the locomotion of the legs, so that the whole creature becomes a walking steam-engine, holding a boiler in his stomach, a galvanic battery in his head, electricity in his nerves, and lightning flashes out of his eyes when he is mad, or as in poetry, "with fine frenzy rolling." There is a miracle of wonder in his movement through the dense air; he carries a thousand weight upon his shoulders, so poised, as he silently and swiftly moves along through space, as though he were a beautiful lark sailing in the sky; and when at ease she drops on her wings at an equipoise of repose.

Verily,

“They struggle vainly to preserve a part Who have not courage to contend for all.”

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Then blessed be the Lord, O thou my soul, who teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight, which words have no less been strikingly improved by Shakespeare, where it is written,

“Heaven does with us as we with torches do: Not light them for ourselves; for if our virtues Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched But for fine issues, nor nature never lends The smallest scruple of her excellence, But like a thrifty goddess, she determines Herself the glory of a creditor, Both thanks and use.”

“The world is my oyster, Which I will open with my sword.”

Shakespeare's Plays.

Chapter 17. VALLEY OF WYOMING.

“Strange! that where nature loved to trace, As if for gods, a dwelling-place, And every charm and grace had mixed Within the Paradise she fixed, There man, enamored of distress, Should war it into wilderness.”

The next morning we were on our way, and shortly after ten o'clock entered a beautiful valley through the gap in the Western mountains, called the Lackawanna Gap. Following the Susquehanna, we made our first stop at the depot, near Pittston, where the two streams join, and thenceforth mingle their waters at the long bridge, just this side of the Lucerne House, which was built some time since for the accommodation of a Philadelphia Coal Company; and thence the latter river continues its serpentine course about twenty miles, until it leaves the valley through another opening in the same mountain, called

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the "Nauticoke Gap." The high, perpendicular bluffs of rocks that face these openings, which are only wide enough to admit the passage of the river, which runs on, varying in width of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, with a depth of four to twenty are covered with a thick growth of pine and laurel, that present a very fine appearance when viewed from the road, as you are passing along their bases, or from the railroad, by the side of which it flows, with a very gentle current, except at the rapids, or when swollen with rains or melting snows.

On the front of the engineer's seat, with a good look-out at the views now obtained, as we were hurrying along, overlooking the beautiful scenery of the long plain, we enjoyed the prospects of its mountains, and the charms of this matchless valley of America, whose praises have been sounded in that exquisite and imaginative poem, by the poet Campbell, who had never seen it; although, what he has written in "Gertrude of Wyoming" is so delicately true to nature, that it appeals directly to the best feelings of the human heart: for imagination lends to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name." And our own poet Halleck, dreaming over this happy realm of blissful imagery, in his fine, phrensyed, rolling eye, has depicted this fine landscape, on which he has hung this fine poetic garland, when he one day awakened into sudden song, declaring as he gazed upon it: "Nature hath made thee lovelier than the power—even of Campbell's pen had pictured." To which Leigh Hunt has added: "Oh, happy privilege of genius" (in speaking of Priam before Achilles), "that can reach out his hand from a thousand years back, and touch our eyelids with tears!" And it has been well expressed by another writer, that this valley has even superior charms to those inscribed in Dr. Johnson's ideal of the happy valley of Alhamra, which he describes as the perfection of an earthly abode. We join our own tribute of praise and admiration for its unparalleled effects on our minds, as we moved over the long plains of this delightful region; for we have seen the valley of the enchanted halls that hold the marble fountain of the sculptured 141 lions, which, resting on the sharp edges of the mountains, overlooking the sweet vales of Granada in old Spain. Wyoming, once supposed to mean "a field of blood," but really found to mean "the large plains,"—Wyoming

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is the name now given to what was once yclept Maugharauwama, in the dialect of the Delaware Indians; Maugwau meaning *large* , and wama signifying *plains*. This beautiful valley is situated along the river Susquehanna, in the north-eastern part of the State of Pennsylvania. It is about three miles wide and twenty-five long, and is embraced between two ranges of mountains nearly parallel to each other, extending from the north-east to the south-west. "Wyoming! who has not heard the name of this beautiful valley, through which the Susquehanna glides, fair Wyoming," with her mountain walls, her story-telling glens, her fruits and brooks, and maids as dewdrops pure and fair, which the soul with grandeur fill and melody and love? Who has not heard too of her sad story? Wyoming, thine was indeed the fatal gift of beauty, that dowry which is so often fraught with woe to its inheritors. For its possession and enjoyment contending tribes of the redmen fought, and when wrenched from their grasp with force, or fraud or treachery, and white men bearing the casket of a better civilization had come within her borders (to the fate of all the poor Indians ever since that devil of fire-water, bad whiskey and glass beads): for he or she, Indian or squaw, is *pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw* , and she had received the baptism of blood as a seal; even then followed contentions and tumults and bloody wars between factions of the palefaces. The issue was to decide which should have her to hold and enjoy. It is not to be wondered at that the poor Indian, untaught, selfish by intuition, and believing in the law of might ("do ye not believe in it," John Morrissey and John C. Heenan?) should have fought long and well to retain possession of that which to him was a terrestrial paradise? But why, after its possession by the white man had been secured, brothers with brothers should contend, it is not designed by this humble historian to explain, or account for by any other reason than that which is stated by Gail Hamilton, that man is naturally a savage by nature, and that blood is thicker than *water* in the *natural* man, and can only be converted by the grace of God, through the mediatory channels of both, issuing from *His* cross.

We were riding on a rail, as we have before hinted, and in order that we may yet get cleverly away from our digression, in which we were interrupted casually, for we had

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been permitted by the conductor of this train of cars to take a cushioned seat in the rear sheltered box screen of the fireman, where we could see the large woodpiles of soft pine-knots behind us, and prospect from an advanced position the scenery along the plain of this blooming vale, while the steam-engine was plunging deeply and snortingly on towards the end of our ride to Wilkesbarre. We shall never forget the last words spoken to us when we had parted with our friends at Honesdale,—“Be sure to get on the front of the engine when you are passing over the Valley of Wyoming.”

We had never performed this feat before, except on a former occasion when we rode alongside of the engineer, while we were returning from the western part of New York, and were coming home by way of the Erie road from a detour at Geneva, after having left Elmira, and by a path through Binghampton. Quick as a flash we were driven along; but the bird's-eye view not altogether unsatisfactory, although the flight was rather rapid. We enjoyed the whole trip exceedingly. The view became really a land-skip, with a hop 143 and a skip and a jump, just as when, in old, in King David's times, the mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs, for joy; but now seen from a jumping car, rattling over the rough railroad, which so stirred up our emotions, steaming ahead with a rush, as it came rolling along, that it kept us from going to sleep. We never could or would read a newspaper in the cars, because we thought too much of the value of our eyes; and, although we are getting older every day, still we flatter ourselves that nearsighted people have the better of long-sighted ones; for, the older we grow, the less *need* we find for the use of spectacles. Our old grandmother could thread her needle at ninety-four, and we enjoy an hereditary weakness of the same kind, only we hope we may live to see it so long as she did. Now it seems, as if we were getting off the track a second time, and must return to say, that we were delighted with the back views, as well as with the foreground of the delightful pictures in this perspective, as our frontispiece. For, while we were thus slidden along, we saw the beautiful purple lines of the plains as they were skirting aslant the spurs of the western mountains, and the extended length of the long valleys, all the while lessening in the distance, in the rear; when at one point we were called by one of

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the firemen to observe the form of the monument which has been erected on the banks of the rolling and gentle river, over the dead, who had been slain during the Butler and Indian warfare. We observed that the people on the cars were going to the races, and that there was plenty of horsetalk, and some chances for betting on the favorite nags that were entered for the races on that day; and away in the dim distance, in the limits of the shady enclosure, we could trace the white fences which had been built round the circle of the race-course. Thus, with a sketchy outline of the promised 144 harvest of enjoyment which we were going to reap from our trip, as a pastime, during the vacations, in the valley, we bundled up, for our anticipated gleanings, all the mountains and rivers, waterfalls and plains, within all the groupings of our excited and glowing fancy, and, mixing them together in the rapid evolutions of an enraptured vision, we drew a conclusion from what we had seen, that there was a great deal more to be observed before we were to be dropped on the platform of the last station, and landed at the depot near Kingston, where, hastily, we collected all we had heard about the coal-beds to form a farrago of rich medley to be bound up within one promiscuous medley, with all that we had read about the ancient fortifications, "the Flats," the Indian wars, the monuments, legends, and tragedies, and rhapsodies of song, and to be gathered into one great summary of delightful entertainment for our future happiness, clasped all into our portfolios, and then stopped short at the threshold of this paradise of beautiful imagery, with this happy conclusion for our rest and repose; breathing out an expression of bright thoughts, glowing in that joyous glee of delight that has ever buoyed up the hopes of many an eager and enthusiastic youth before us, in the word, "Eureka!" "We have found it,"—and our eyes were fully satisfied when we had reached this spot, while your imagination must complete the picture, which far exceeded all the reports we had ever heard about this favored land, where there was found by us—

"Many a shade that love might share, And many a grotto meant for rest,"

where pure streams of water come leaping from the mountains, imparting health and pleasure in their course; all of 145 them abounding in delicious trout. Along the brooks

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and in the vales, scattered through the upland, grew the wild plum and the butternut, and the native grape may be gathered in profusion, and the hazel-nut ripens in its rounded kernel. Game is everywhere abundant. The quail whistles in the meadow; the pheasant rustles her wings aloud as she drums *reveille* out on the bogs, in the hoary coverts; the wild duck bears her brood and bends the reed in every inlet; the red deer feeds amid the thick copses, hidden on the distant, wooded hills, while not many years ago the stately elk ranged for pasture over the mountains; and the rivers still yield their supply of fish,—perch, pike, the cat-fish, and the roach in the lakes and ponds,—while myriads of shad are caught in the spring season, with nets and weirs that have been staked out across the current of the streams.

The Susquehanna rolls her rippling waters under shadows of the long, covered, wooden bridge, which bears its stream over the shallows under the archway of the massive granite piers that hold up the double plank-ways, over whose wooden gangways all the travelling, busy public, and heavily-laden wagons are constantly crossing across under the shelter of its wooden roof. These bridges, which are strongly built, are requisite for the spring freshets, which are raging through the spring and fall, and are fearfully disastrous, from their damages; and so destructive have been the overflows at some seasons of the year, that the town has been almost under the water, or so far up as to reach the second-story floor of the stores, on the streets, when the inhabitants have been obliged to move about the streets in boats. We have only to say, as for ourselves, give us a city built on a rock like that of Bethany, or a lodging on the sandy desert, with some boundless contiguity of shade, even under the shelter of a wide-spreading palm-tree in 7 146 the wilderness, rather than have ourselves changed into waterfowls, to be carried about in all ark, with all the cattle and horses floating down the river, overwhelmed by the sad effects of these mountain torrents. But such are some of the trials of this life, which the flesh is heir to; and since “stern necessity knows no law,” then, “to be or not to be” in the waters of such a deluge, or out of the waters, is only a mere question of time, wherein all have to bear alone

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our heavy burdens of mishaps, vulgarly expressed by, "Every tub has to stand on its own bottom;" for there is not much difference in the various conditions of mankind, because,—

"If thou art rich, thou art poor; For like an ass whose back with ingots bows, Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey, And Death unloads thee."

So that in life we are all of us in the midst of death.

Some say let us live while we live, and drink and be merry, adds the fool; but the sage Seneca more wisely writes, thus: "Vita si scias uti longa est. The end of life is to do good, so long as it lasts.

Chapter 18. TO WILKESBARRE.

By one of those so-called improvements of the age, called horse-railroads, we were dragged over the lines of the iron ruts from the depot at Kingston; and while passing over we were considering whether the changes that have been wrought in this valley by the wit and industry of man had not waned mankind more than they had benefited them. What an obstruction of the rights of travel and all other civil privileges they have already proved in our cities! We pray that a more advanced privilege in civilization will lead to their entire displacement, and the proper substitution of pneumatic railways, with dummy engines, under ground; for as all the terrestrial objects are somewhat subterranean in their nature, from the time of their birth, which certainly is in the dark, until the day, as if when the "candle was blown out," says Dr. Stern, to the day of our passage out of this world into the next, when we are planted at our burials in the graveyard under ground, which is but another instance of the truth of proverbs, that "extremes meet" in a parenthesis, and under brackets in both cases. We might further prove this lack of amelioration in the wanton violation of the rights of nature by those barbarians, 148 who stripping the hillsides and mountains of the growth and groves of trees, where they once were offering thick shade for quiet, and refreshing shelter under the heavy branches for rest, now present only a barren and neglected surface; but the crime, which is a species of vandalism,

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has met its recompense of reward, for the floods came, and utterly obliterated broad acres, and leaving an arid waste in their stead, which might have yielded under proper cultivation an increase of prolific products in fruits and flowers, had the trees been allowed to remain to protect the soil from relentless floods. Besides, the washing away of the banks or by the levelling of it to improve the same for this railroad drawn by horses, had led to the disturbing of the remains of the Indian relics, and to the breaking of some perfect specimens of their pottery, by the naughty boys who were playing at foot-ball with them. To save which desecration, the agents of the New York Historical Society for the preservation of mummies and other antiquities should have been round in these parts; and, instead of being very carefully kept by them, they have been widely scattered to the winds, and are now hopelessly lost. Oh! pudor! vires sapientissimi et doctissimi! why are you not more wide awake? It is not for this reason, that what is everybody's business becomes really nobody's business.

When we had arrived at the Wyoming Valley Hotel, we found the parlor occupied by a number of distinguished guests, and in the possession of some of those most respectable birds of passage, who were collected together here, from all parts of the country, to enjoy their summer retreat at this charming town of Wyoming, which has established a new watering-place, under the hospitable care of a Mr. Ward, one of those guardians and clever bonifaces so well fitted for the proper management in every similar castle of luxurious indolence; for 149 such ever prove themselves to be, “a prodigal's favorite worse lot, a miser's pensioner, as all publicans generally do, who catel to the follies of all the gay worthies of the world, their fashions, fopperies, and frivolities, or graciously bow in obsequious grimace to the fickle phantasies and caprices of all skimmers over the light waves of dreamy delight, not like ourselves engaged as we were, but in strong constrast with those,” in active search of views and scenery, during the short weeks of our stay, for we sought the society of the parlors as seldom as possible; fortunately *for us* we were well known, and had some acquaintances in the city, so that we could enjoy the society of

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a few of the residents, far better than that of the company of those who were wandering about the country in summer, as were pleasure-seekers.

With a word in favor of the hotel, which has been newly built, nearly reconstructed from an old house, and so enlarged as to be fitted up with liberal and palatial proportions for the comfort and accommodation of the guests (although for the first time opened during the last spring, it is admirably kept), we pass on to recount how we came to receive our personal experiences from the dormitory windows on the third floor of this building, to which we had been promoted, or changed, at our urgent request, from a lower floor, where there was a lively fountain planted to be overlooked, which had been seen through our *lorgnette*, with a fine bed of Savoy cabbages, a garden prospect with its little fount in full play as a relief.

This might have suited the taste of the hogs, if one likes that kind of *pig* turesque, in a pen full of nice, little, lemon-in-mouth, roasting-to-be-baked creatures, whose squeal savors somewhat of the barnyard, and of the odor of the stable. This new and more acceptable lofty look-out gave us a beautiful picture of our first sunrise in the valley and over the mountains, as the 150 sun was just flushing the faint, roseate tinges of the morning, which were beaming, with faint blushes, over the soft liquid waves of the dull, slow-moving stream, that was far less attractive and enchanting, so that we have to take a finer and more faithful description of the clouds than that which then engrossed our attention, at our peep at the break of day, and much better adapted to the truthful description of its charming effects by Wordsworth in the "Excursion."

"But rays of light, Now suddenly diverging from the orb, Retired behind the mountain-tops, or, veiled By the dense air, shot upward to the crown Of the blue firmament, aloft and wide; And multitudes of little floating clouds, Ere we, who saw, of change were conscious, pierced Through their ethereal texture, had become Vivid as fire; clouds separately poised, Innumerable multitude of forms Scattered through the half-circle of the sky; And giving back, and shedding each on each, With prodigal communion, the bright hues Which from

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the unapparent fount of glory They had imbibed, and ceased not to receive That which the heavens displayed, the liquid deep Repeated, but with unity sublime."

Such were the effects produced at the first blushes of the morning's light over all the horizon of pearly splendor, while, at the peep of day, the light-winged vapors rose from off the bosom of the stream, casting sweet, coy reflection on the mirrored surface, and then gently moving off in light ascension, with its gauzy veils of a delicate azure color, infused with the roseate presence of the approaching dawn, "a moment seen, then gone for ever;" then passed upward, rolling towards the upper end of the valley, bearing its light freight of misty clouds over the hillsides and across the blue-fringed outlines of the blue western mountains, to sink away in quiet dissolution, when the sun's bright rays burst out with orient flames, glorious introduction into the treasures of this valley, and we could not account for the effect produced by this sunrise, by any other way than this, that the toning of the whole range of these western hills was occasioned by the body of coal which formed their basis in their foundation, and might thus be the natural and fixed appointment, thus intermingling the gray-colored slate and darker coal with which their centre was impregnated, in the alternate and variable strata of their formation. However induced, we were content to take the picture of its kaleidoscopic effects for our happy conclusions, and rested in the belief that there was a great deal more in all the other parts of the valley to fill our souls with its joyous mete of grateful praise, refreshment, and to gratify our expectations, which had been raised from such a prosperous beginning.

From about two or three miles from the centre of their Dutch City Hall, or State-house, which presents a somewhat ancient aspect on the public square of Wilkesbarre, you can see the Prospect House, one of the well-known objects which are held forth for the visit of a tourist, who must enter it before he leaves the valley, for it stands boldly out on the side of the second range of the hills, which are well wooded to the extent of the remotest ridges at Laurel Run, and confronts your vision, for you behold it all the way, while you ascend the mountain, staring at you with its long, white, bald face, from its cold marble cliffs a long way off, which extend along the ledges of the bold rock over one hundred yards; there it

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stands, a prominent feature at every view of the landscape; and, 152 whether you want to see it or not, you must look at it, or you had better not have come into the valley at all for any reasonable purpose whatsoever; and right under this rock is the place where Mr. Williams, who was formerly a raftsman on the river, has built a very suitable mansion-house for the boarding of such summer guests as please to visit him during the season. The Inn is properly kept, and you will surely be well attended to, for he has located himself down here for life, and intends to settle on this spot for his homestead, where he is both the proprietor and the landlord. While we were there every civility was paid to us by our host; and having the good-will of our friends at heart, after we had registered our names, we took a good taste of his old rye whiskey, which smacked as much of the old Lake of Killarney as if it had been distilled near Dublin. Busily engaged on the floor of the gallery was a guest at the hotel, who was building a small babyhouse for the amusement of one of his children. Here was a gentleman from New York, we suppose, for his name was Mr. *Martin* , and now one of the summer swallows on the wing, up there, but in this case the little wooden habitation was for one of his boys, and not to put one of these nice little birds away up in this lofty mountain, nor as a dwelling-place for any of our American eagles, as its eyrie.

While we were seated, settling our meal and repast on the front stoop, a ferocious-looking fellow sat on a bench just opposite us, and we began by asking him (as all genuine Yankees are in the habit of doing), what he was about in these parts, and how he came to get here; for whose account he was following this lumbering wagon, which was laden with a load of horse-feed and barrels of flour, and was bound for the gristmills at Bear's Creek, where there were good trout in the valley's brooks beyond.

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We must confess we did not like the looks of the man. He had a very ugly expression in the eye; and when he told us he had been in the army and was a returned volunteer, who had his discharge in his pocket, and was now out of money and out of work, but wanted employment, we thought that, between the owner of the team and this soldier, they

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might have made mince-meat of us, when we had been walking up through the woods of these wild mountain-paths, a little way ahead of them while we were on our ascent to the Prospect Rocks in the forenoon. However, we soon put a stop to all our fears of any danger; for they shortly started away from the Inn, after they had fed their horses, and took the direction of the highway over the top of this range of sharp hills, and in about an hour from noon, having left our respects for the ladies who then were staying at this house, where we had eaten a far better dinner than any we could get at the hotel in the city of coal-banks, down below in the valley of Wilkesbarre, we were taken in the carriage to the station of Laurel Run by Mr. W—in company with Mr. M—who went there for newspapers, and in a few hours were circumscribing the ridges of the valley, along the course of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Railroad.

During the morning, we had occupied the hour we had before dinner in looking over the valley from the top of one of the ledges of Prospect Rock, where we enjoyed one of the finest views, if not the most extensive, over the whole range of the valley. This embraced the whole sweep, over twenty miles in length, and reached as far as the point of Campbell's Ledge in the easterly direction, and to the south-west as far as the termination of the range of this line of spurs in these west mountains up to the end of the Nanticoke Gap, far more beautiful than any yet visited by us, and probably unsurpassed, except only by the valley of the abounding Shenandoah, It 7* 154 is so difficult to describe the feelings which are engendered by such grand views in nature, that after having lingered an hour climbing from ledge to ledge, and from rock to rock, we tried to picture forth the whole of the valleys that we had travelled through, and at the present retrospect of our memory, cannot recall any one which is superior to this, nor any ride on the numerous railways we have ever ridden so continuously enjoyable and delightful, as that which passed along the side of this mountain's ridges, while you are driven from Laurel Run, by the side of streams running in a zigzag and tortuous course alongside of the forests, over the intermediate heights, until you are landed at Wilkesbarre, half way down the mountain, where you there perceive the rails on the tracks of the Lehigh Valley and Allentown and New York Railroad

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passes, which runs from this point along the circuit of the winding course towards the line of this transept by way of the Allentown Road to the depot in New York, after passing through Mauch Chunk, and by the northern side of the river in sight of the quiet Moravian settlement at Bethlehem, and with a look at the beautiful wire bridge across the Lehigh and Delaware rivers which form a junction at the city of Easton.

Chapter 19. ANTHRACITE COAL.

“The thin blue flame Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not: Only that film which fluttered on the grate Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing. Methinks its motion in this hush of nature Gives it dim sympathies with me, who live, Making it a companionable form, Whose puny flaps and freaks the Idling spirit By its own moods interprets; everywhere Echo or mirror seeking of itself And making a toy of thought.”

Coleridge.

We had stopped on our way up to Prospect Rock to examine the works of the Empire Coal and Canal Company, which owned a large property in this vicinity. We were taken when we had been passing on up the former heights while walking along by Mr. Broderick, who was superintending the mines, for their benefit. To him we are much indebted for a drive in his wagon, along the whole extent of their coal-works, where he exhibited to us a nicely drawn plan of the chasm or basins in which the coal is deposited through the different layers of this product in alternate layers of slate and anthracite coal. If you can imagine a section of an onion cut in half, 156 through the centre, interspersed at intervals of black lignite and slaty stone, which is found in alternate proportions of this material of the carboniferous strata, and into divisions varying from three or four to several feet, and sometimes reversing this measure, until it is found to extend in the largest body of the coal to a depth of eighteen feet in the valley; and then observe that the whole dip of the range of this mine passes out below the entire central circuit in the form of an arched bow until it is discovered again as it rises out on to the travelled road, you will get an idea of the

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natural construction of the peculiar charges and croppings out of this useful product, as it is held between the foundation walls, and appears to disappear entirely under the bed of the Susquehanna River, where you discover it again on the other side of the valley, when it reappears at the foot of the hills, which are passed by you, as you drive along the road that runs from Kingston on your visit to the famous Lake Harvey, which will repay a day's ride, or a journey, whenever you have exhausted all the sights which can be obtained from the Valley of Wyoming.

"It is worthy of your notice," said Mr. Broderick to us, before we had travelled thus far, "that the formations of the mines, which are to be looked into when you cross the stream, will have an outshoot in an entirely contrary direction to that of the dip on this side, which I have shown you, for your inspection to-day, at the Empire works." So, a few days after, we went into one pit which had been regularly formed at about two miles from the bank of the river, and on looking in at the opening, which was properly shored up with its wooden supports of thick, heavy timber, we found that these observations were true, and that the direction of the dips of its inclination was exactly the reverse of those exhibited in the former mine; and that the other end of the arc of the circle 157 of the circumvallation was walled from the foundation, so as with the other to complete a figure somewhat in the shape of an ox-bow.

" *Quod erat demonstrandum.* " That was what was to be proved; and this is but a certain demonstration of the truth of both geology and science in that problem of old Euclid,—that the square of the circle is equal to the square of the other two sides; also that the longest way round a mountain is the shortest way over; and, if you prefer another illustration, take that of the square of the hypotenuse, called the "*pons asinorum*," (known to all college-boys who have ever ponied in geometry, but not applicable to ourselves, for we were driven to discover this *lusus naturæ* in coal, this queer freak of Dame Nature, and found it out on a very rainy day from the side of our horse and buggy, which we had hired from Mr.

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Persell in town, for “where ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be too wise”), or you may have to carry a jackass on your shoulders.

Now, speaking so much as we had about coal, reminded of those same college boys who were wont to sing an old song at commons, about

“Old King Cole was a jolly old soul, And a jolly old soul was he; So he called for his pipe And he called for his bowl, Then called for his fiddlers three,” etc., etc.

Harvard Days.

There is no doubt in *our* mind that he called for his coal also, for how could he light his pipe without a coal of fire! This brings us back to our mutton, as the Frenchman says, —“ *Revenons à nos moutons*, ”—which 158 is best cooked before the grate-bars of your range, with a charcoal fire, or red-hot coke for a beefsteak, if you are in a dreadful hurry for your breakfast.

Throughout the whole range of the valley, and in the side of the mountains, mineral coal of very superior quality is found in great abundance. It is of a species called anthracite, which burns without smoke, with very little flame, and constitutes the principal fuel of the inhabitants, as well as an article of export.

The head of the enterprise which has led to the development of this excellent substitute for the woods of the forest, which are fast disappearing, was that venerable old pioneer of the wilderness, Mr. Hollenbeck, whose family now reside at Wilkesbarre, and constitute the clement of that social *coterie* which has rendered our country towns so celebrated for their intelligent, brilliant, and beautiful women; for so much do the habits of the people depend upon the characteristics of the inhabitants of their villages and towns, that it would be strange indeed if the effects of agreeable manners should not produce a parallel with the kindlier influences of our mountain scenery, where cool gales fan the glades, where the winds waft their breezes through whispering forest, and the birds sing praises through

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the woodland groves, and the rivers and running streams, dashing with delight, listen to the trickling music of the headlong, leaping cascades. Where there is a nature that is kind in woman's breast, and reason holds her sway among the wise and good in men. Where God's simple children join in harmony and constant love together, to praise the universal Father in sweet communion of mutual pity and forgiveness, to erect temples for *His* glory, in which they faithfully join in building up a triumphant victory, which shall proclaim His 159 fame, transcend all the false and fickle lights of those dark creations of perverted intellects, whose shadows are as variable as those purple women and scarlet sisters of despair, whose motley garments are in as mournful dresses clad as the tattered raiments which they wear.

We ought to enumerate the bar and bench, and some of their very rich men, who are, like the Dives or Cræsus's of this golden abode, many of whose fortunes were made from the coal-beds of these regions; but pass on from such obscurities of the perfect light and sad perversion of men's true talents, from these mere worshippers of gold, who are all too much alike in their love of money, as to bow down to

“Mammon, the least-erected spirit that fell From heaven, for even in heaven his looks and thoughts Were alway downward bent.”

John Milton.

“Woe unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation.”

Luke vi. 24.

We pause here to describe a pleasant walk which bore its course alongside of the valley towards Pittston, about ten miles distant from the city; while on this path we fell in with one of the contractors of coal-mines in this region, and were driven by Mr. Stillman to the spot in which his own interests lie. Here we saw the donkeys moving out of the dark chambers of the mine, drawing their loads to the canal-boats, which were ready to remove them after

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they had been dumped into the boats ready to bear them away. This came directly out of the side of the hill, and required no machinery to work it, only by a simple transportation from the interior shaft, after it had been dug out of the mines by the laborers, with their picks, to 160 place it on tramway cars, which were drawn by the little, humble, patient creatures which are vulgarly called Jackasses.

Such a mine is easily worked, and sheds its fruits for the contractors to use; and after paying a little toll to their lessors furnished a little pocket-money for some of our friends in the village, for the snug increase of the incomes of many others who derive their revenues from this source, and also contributed much towards the comfort of many of the town's folks in Wilkesbarre. After passing this establishment we saw other pits just thrusting their openings out by the side of the highway, into one of which we descended, and saw the gangways and the drift of the inclination of the lodes, by the direction in which they were shooting from a north-easterly to a south-easterly bearing; that is really the same in all the formations of the coal in the range of these low hills. Now beyond this point of the road were many other driving shafts at work, with the engines puffing under a full head of steam, which were used for drawing the coal up from the pits to the top in buckets, and hauled up by a windlass rope to the surface, and these passed them when full, into the screens after the large clumps had been first broken, then separated, so as to be cleansed from the dirt and dust, by means of a stream of water constantly running through, so as to adapt the lumps, according to the proper sizes, for market use.

All along the route we were occupied in talking with the miners, and reviewing all the courses of the veins, as we hurried along in the direction of the ferry at Troy, whence we could see the form of the monument on the opposite banks of the river. That town of Pittston (for the day was getting on, and the clouds showed some signs of rain) appeared to be a great way off. No wonder, for we were strangers in a strange country, and on our first visit; but, shortly after this state of 161 bewilderment, we found a farmer at work on his farm, and from him inquired about matters and things in general; and, observing that he hesitated somewhat in his answers to our inquiries, which were quite to the point, while

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his remarks were rather addressed to us in his curiosity to ascertain some news about the Great Convention which was then in session at Philadelphia; we paused at the moment of his uncertainty, for by this time we were getting quite tired; and were about making up our minds, that we should scarcely get to Troy that afternoon, when a stranger overtook us, who was on his way to town, who had compassion on us, after saying, that as the boys at Pittston had not furnished him any other company, and for want of any other we suppose, he was polite enough to ask us to take a seat in his buggy; and from him we gathered some information and facts about the people of these regions, and concerning the character of the country folks and miners. We thought we had struck a vein of good luck, when he told us that his name was Mr. Shelley, but soon learned from him that he was in no way related to the poet, for he was a miller by trade, and he was going to get some bolting-cloth for his own use in the milling of his flour. This reminded us of the old college-song about the good old colony times, which ran as follows, viz.:

I.

In good old colony times When we lived under the King, Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps Because they could not sing. Chorus.

Rye too, rye noo, rye too, rye nay, Rye too dee, rye too dee, rye nay.

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II.

The first, he was a miller, The second, he was a weaver, The third, he was a little tailor, Three roguish chaps together. Chorus, etc., etc.

III.

The miller, lie stole corn, The weaver, he stole yarn, And the little tailor stole broadcloth for To keep those three rogues warm. Chorus, etc., etc.

IV.

The miller was drowned in his dam, The weaver was hung in his yarn; But the Devil chapped his claw on the little tailor With the broadcloth under his arm. Chorus.

Rye too, rye noo, rye nay, Rye too dee, rye too dee, rye nay!

Chapter 20.

We don't vouch for the honesty of our friend, but as a good countenance is ever the best letter of recommendation, we were sure he was an honest miller, for it had been threatening rain during the whole day, on which we were taken up by this man, and carried to his stopping-place at the Steele House, where he placed his horse to be fed and taken care of, until his return home after dinner.

During the time we were resting at noon, for our repose, it commenced to rain very heavily, and so continued at varying intervals, until late in the afternoon. It had been understood between us, while we were riding together in the forenoon, if it should be agreeable, we would return home with him in the afternoon, as far as Pittston. Notwithstanding the shower which was pouring in heavy sheets of water he stopped for us at the hotel, where we were waiting for him, and then started away across the bridge over the Susquehanna on to the highway which runs along in a very broad road, a hundred feet in width, through the middle of the valley.

We dashed along through the mud a few rods just this side of Kingston, and in front of the Wyoming Academy, where both young men and women are properly educated, under the superintendence and instruction of a body of able professors; among whom was the Reverend Mr. Sturtevant, a preacher in the Methodist Meeting-house, near the town of Kingston. It continued to rain all the while we were riding over this centre of the long plains, but that did not prevent us from viewing the old homestead of the old burgomaster, Schumacher, after having passed beyond the old family graveyard, which was placed

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behind the church, not far from the circle of the race-ground, with its high, white palings to protect it, and which had been neatly fenced in about half way between the villages of Wyoming and Troy. We stopped awhile on the edge of Fort Hill to look up the celebrated monument which speaks for itself.

THE MONUMENT.

Near this spot was fought On the afternoon of Friday, the third of July, 1778, THE BATTLE OF WYOMING, In which a small band of patriotic Americans, chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful and the aged, spared by inefficiency from the distant ranks of the Republic, led by Col. Zebulon Butler and Col. Nathan Denison,

With a courage that deserved success, Boldly met and bravely fought A combined British, Tory, and Indian force, Of thrice their number.

Numerical superiority alone gave success to the invader, And widespread havoc, desolation, and ruin Marked his savage and bloody footsteps through the valley.

THIS MONUMENT, Commemorative of these events And the actors in them, has been erected Over the bones of the slain By their descendants, and those who gratefully appreciated the services and sacrifices of their patriot ancestors.

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Although measures were instituted to erect a suitable monument on the spot, it was not until the *women* of Wyoming carried out the pious determination, by taking the design in hand, that the work, in their labor of love, was completed; and the result of their willing and industrious hands secured the Wyoming monument, an obelisk about sixty feet in height, bearing the above inscription.

With a passing sigh, wafted over the mournful reminiscences of the dreadful massacres which were suggested, while we were looking over the letters which had been sculptured

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here in the marble, we resumed our seats in the carriage, and in a short time were enabled to reach the outskirts of the village of Pittston before the sun had set, and after the rain had spent his force; and having crossed the Susquehanna again, over the bridge which marks the union of the Lackawanna and the former at this point, we concluded to rest from that day's ride, and stopped for dinner at the Eagle Hotel. While we were there we had abundant time to hear of many things connected with the foundries, the collieries, and the inhabitants of this mining district. While we were sitting down at dinner, the native physician came in the room; he sat opposite us at the table, and reported the sudden death of two of the miners, from a break in the wall of one of the drifts. In fact these workmen are so accustomed to the bearing of the coal lodes that they become reckless, and quite too careless about their own safety, and hazard their lives very often, because they fail to take the necessary precautions for their proper safety. Here also large rolling-mills were established, and several foundries; and you may judge of the excavations under ground for their exploration of the coal veins at this point, from the fact that you can walk from this place all the way underneath the soil to Wilkesbarre, and not reappear for some 166 time, to the top of the outlet, where you crawl out by the shaft, which will bear you to the surface after a time, for it will be several hours before you turn up to daylight again. Such subterranean ways and views of life, like dark visitations, often produce very sad influences on the character and habits of some of the working classes; but of the morals of some of the foreign citizens, Welsh and Irish, who have emigrated from their own countries to labor under these mines, and who live behind the town, in the vicinity of Bushville, "the least said the sooner mended." However, it is not to the discredit of some of the residents that we except many of the private, quiet people who are domiciled here; for we heard of one gifted nightingale who dwelt on the hillside, near which we had been taken on top of the omnibus, and alongside one of the largest shafts, whose fame was widely celebrated, as possessing a voice of sweetest melody, and whose claims to beauty, although she was the daughter of a house-carpenter, are not to be left unsung by us. Doubtless, there is no impropriety in declaring that one of the holy saints who was stoned, while Saul was looking on while it was done, bore a similar name to that of this charming Christian lady; always

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to be remembered and cherished in all the calendars of the saints in Christendom, as the holy martyr St. Stephen, who shouted his last notes of glory while bright rays of light shone upon his uplifted countenance, as he looked up into heaven with a sweet smile on his face. So was our lively imagination flushed with soft lines of painted imagery, and dove-winged fancy lent to her inspired notes a voice of thrilling harmony, which still whispers in our ears, and guides the pen while it lingers on the heart, to yield a tribute of meet praise in memory to her merits, whilst songs of melodious birth invoked within our breast grateful reminiscences of pure delight and mingled rapture, and in such gentle 167 tones they murmured through the breeze, as to impinge the air with violet tones of flowing melody and music, breathing, and so to soothe the mind and charm the soul as pleasingly as when the light vespers move over the swelling tide of the summer waves, and the sea-shell echoes back in thrills and sounding beats to waft them to the shore in throbbing symphonies from the boundless deep; and as voices of the past will do as much to redeem all that can be whispered against this town, to wipe out the darkest muttering of reproach that can be uttered to the disfavor of this beautiful spot, while the fair Isabel will ever remain the bright belle of the place, where the rivers join in concert, and will wash away every dark stain which mars its beauty, or might asperse our reminiscences as to the virtuous and bright and happy queen of song, and we will sound her praises with the trumpet of an archangel while we live, to the ends of this earth; and if she dies before us, then, as the swan sings her last notes the sweetest, as she lingers dying among the reeds, so may we sing out our loud keynotes, pure, and as long as did that honest old poet Ben Jonson, when he truly said of

“Our own Shakespeare, Nature's child, Who warbles his native wood-notes wild.”

Then as we were on our way from the village, in hot haste to return home, we are reminded again, whilst passing it, of the old Hollenbeck mill which is erected not far from the exterior ridge of the cemetery that faces the Susquehanna and overlooks the millpond that fills the race sluice waste from the dam, and turns the round wheel; we thought here was a man who rose from nothing, and forth out of nothing brought forth light and gas,

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which is something like magic, from the bowels 168 of the earth, in a body of matter large enough, from the coal deposited, to keep alive all the fires of this world, and if this were gathered in pipes, would furnish sufficient to illuminate all the dark places of the illustrious town of Gotham, which certainly is “a world” in itself, with all the flesh and the Devil combined.

Beyond this there is nothing to relate. You have all heard of the grasshopper war, which sprang from a child taking a large grasshopper; that led to a quarrel among the Indian children to possess it, in which the mothers took a part; and how the Delaware squaws contended with the Shawnees, and the quarrel became general; how the weakened Shawnees were beaten, with the loss of half their tribe, and so were forced to fly, shortly after abandon their town, and take refuge in Ohio; and about the six nations, who were known by the general name of “Mingoes.” They consisted of the Onondagas, Senecas, Cayugas, Oneydas, Mohawks, and Tuscaroras, and were a powerful and warlike people, who claimed a jurisdiction extending from the Connecticut River to the Ohio. They are described as a “confederacy,” and as such subdued (after reducing a great number of Indian tribes) a territory more extensive than the whole Kingdom of France; and you may have read about the councils, and the Indian philippics, and the arrival of the Delawares at Wyoming, and about Count Zinderdorf, who visited this region as a missionary, in the summer of 1742, among the Indians; and how one day as he sat alone in his tent, seated on a couch of dry weeds and engaged in writing, the assassins approached to execute their bloody commission of his death, in the night, and how the heat of his small fire which he had lighted for his comfort on a cold night, had aroused a large rattlesnake which lay in the weeds not far from it; when without all was quiet, “not a 169 mouse stirring,” except the gentle murmur of the river, of the rapids below, and the Indian softly approached the door of his tent, removing slightly the curtain, watched the old man, who was too much engaged to notice either the Indian or the approach of the snake, which lay extended before him. At this sight, like the barbarians on the Island of Melita, in St. Paul's time, they were struck to their hearts, and shrank from consummating so foul a murder, and, quitting

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the spot, hastily retired to their wigwams, and informed their companions that the *Great Spirit* protected the white man, for they had found him with no door but a blanket, and had seen a large rattlesnake crawl over his legs, without attempting to injure him. And afterwards you may read of the coming of the Nanticokes, and early attempt of settlements of Wyoming by the whites, and the permanent abode of the brethren, the Moravians at Bethlehem on the Lehigh, and of the Connecticut company, and of conflicting claims of the Plymouth company, and the Dutch, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania contestants. But time has set these matters at rest, and the Indians have been ousted of their titles, and the poor aborigines' claims have been utterly extinguished, and then buried in the tomb of the Capulets, for Wyoming has got these matters under her lock, and now considers herself as the key in the arch of the Keystone State, and has thus put a stop to all other attempts at settlement, Indian treachery, stories of the great massacres, attacks, and flights of the British and Indians, or any of those fugitives who have crossed the mountains in their escape from the savages, or the flames of their burning dwellings, whose sufferings and wants were intense, for numbers perished in their journeys, and those who survived the wilderness have ever since named these cruel acts of those inhuman brutes, as the feats of devils incarnate of Satan, and left these *souvenirs* of their horrible awful passage 8 170 through the valley of despair to their descendants and posterity to call it the "Shades of Death," an appellation which it has retained ever since, and been for ever perpetuated in the lines of Drake, among the poetical tributes of Wyoming:

POETRY OF WYOMING.

"Romantic Wyoming! could none be found
Of all that rove thy Eden groves among,
To wake a *native's* harp's untutored sound,
And give thy tale the voice of song? Oh! if
description's cold and nerveless tongue,
From stranger's harp, such hallowed strains
could call, How doubly sweet the descant wild had rung
From one who, lingering round thy
ruined wall, Had plucked thy mourning flowers, and wept thy timeless fall."

Drake.

Campbell's immortal poem, "Gertrude of Wyoming," beyond any inspiration of the muse which the sad story of her early history furnishes, has spread the name and fame of the Valley of Wyoming to earth's remotest borders. The historians and travellers concur in their description, that there was one of the happiest spots of human existence, how the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, the luxuriant fertility of the soil, and the good climate. In an evil hour the joinder of European and Indian arms converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste.

Chapter 21. A RAMBLE.—CAMPBELL'S LEDGE.

In view of the necessity of reaching the most beautiful point in all the landscapes of the valley, it was our determination to pass over part of the same road, which led to the town of Pittston yesterday; from which place we would have to cross the river again, in order to reach "Campbell's Ledge," a rocky bulwark of stone bluffs, that frowns over the banks of the river, to crown the cliffs and parapets on its borders, as it leaves the western mountains to pass into the valleys after you have left Scranton behind. Whilst on the road from Wilkesbarre one day when we had footed along slowly about a mile from the town, we stopped to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of an old friend, who was a lawyer who discharged his duties honorably, and quit himself like a man, and in his gifts which were peculiar to him, which were worthily used for the good of his race for ever. Fool not your time here, says George Herbert.

"For all may have, If they dare choose, a glorious life or grave."

But having died in the city of New York, from a very sudden 172 attack of paralysis, his body was taken from his residence, and after its removal to this spot for interment, was deposited by his widow in the cemetery of Wilkesbarre. We arrived there just as the monument which was to have been erected over his grave had been placed on the side of the family vault, in the very boxes in which it had been brought by express to this place from the hall of the studio of the marble-sculptor to this city of living sepulchres,

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and walked over the grounds to view the neat plot which had been appropriated for his entombment, which had been fenced in by a proper iron railing to protect the family tomb; the cemetery bore the name of the "Hollenbeck," and was beautifully situated on an elevated ridge, which overlooked the river, and controlled a fine prospect along the whole extent of the valley of Wyoming, and from its lovely position fronting the lines of that stream, it reminded us of that cluster of white sepulchres and tombs, fit depositories, as a resting-place for the dead, similarly and beautifully laid out and planted with trees, which is to be seen from that burial-ground which fronts the Connecticut River at Brattleborough, in Vermont. After leaving this spot, where we had remained an hour, enjoying the prospects which were presented from the running lines, and the long plains along the sides of the hills, which were gathered thence from within this grouping of the stream, as it ran its course along the lengthy, rolling meadows with the views of the interior landscapes, which, bearing its sluggish waters to the south in circuitous windings among the islands that checkered its surface, breaking and mingling its blue hues with shadows of the reflected shade-trees which were bending their forms from their mirrored images, while the sun shook out its bright radiance from the clouds, in alternate glimpses of light and shade, flickering with hues of golden light through the camera of the sky, with 173 such a touch of genial glow, around, above, and here below, on mountain or in glen, we resumed our pedestrian trip, hoping all the while with Micawber, that something would turn up to give us a lift along the road in the shape of a wagon, or any other kind of vehicle, to help us on towards the end of our tour; after several vain attempts, we succeeded in hailing a pedlar who was returning home by the same road, from a "junk" expedition in the search of old scraps of iron, which were to be sold at the smelting-foundry in Pittston. Having found the old man very sociable, and willing to have our company, we were accommodated by his placing a stool on the front of the wagon, and thus moved along with him conversing about various subjects as we rode to the Troy Ferry, where we left him, for the prosecution of our journey alone, but not without taking him into the tavern near this spot, which is just opposite the monument, and kept by a Mr. Wright, who gave us drink of hard cider for our treat. Now, let us say a word more in favor of this pedlar, who told us that he was

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from Frankfort on the Main, and had travelled thus far for gain, as is the honest habit of all respectable Jews; he had wandered all over this country, and seen every part, which is also a characteristic of the wandering Jew; now, this Hebrew gentleman told us that he belonged to a musical society in the village, and was one of a pleasant band of private musicians who were in the custom of enjoying their very pleasant company while playing together at concerts for their amusement, which was an evidence of a very good state of society in that village of coal-works, and underground railroads, for their mining operations in the dark; for *similia similibus*, as a doctor's motto, is as true in morals as it is in medical homœopathy, and that dirt makes dirty people is as sure as that "evil communications corrupt good manners;" no less than that 174 "cleanliness is next to godliness." Now, we have a little pride in such things, but not that kind of pride which precludes so or prevents the happiness of many people, who try to cover it up under the cloak of dignity. Here was a frowsy-haired old pedlar digging away in the dirt and straw for the old iron, to place it on the maw of the smelting-foundry at Pittston afar off, gathering the fragments that nothing be lost, one of those lay preachers that the world sends out if we would only listen to what they say, for

"The trivial round, the common task, Will furnish all we ought to ask— Room to deny ourselves; a road To bring us daily nearer God."

Bulwer says, "All happiness dwells more in hope than the possession."

We do not regret that we stopped to pick up one of these drifts by the wayside, where the inn bore the sign of the Troy Ferry opposite, and swung out its board on hinges creaking just alongside of the canal, where the slow motion of a team of horses, which were dragging the canal-boats by a tackle attached to a long rope from their bows, as they slipped over the waters, laden with heavy produce, from the Lehigh Valley Canal, where they were kept in the docks on the banks of the basin at Wilkesbarre. Here we hired a buggy from the innkeeper; and, in a short time, his son accompanied us with a spirited horse, as we hurried on to reach the proposed end of this day's excursion, which was the

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Great Ledge beyond Pittston, over the other side of the Susquehanna; as the river was low at this season of the year, after driving through the village, we concluded to wade across the river, thereby gaining ground, and avoiding a long delay over the bridge at the junction, 175 which would have detained us too long, and caused us to lose the 5.20 P.M. train after our return. After we had crossed the stream, which was very shallow, we urged the horse up the steep bank on the farther side, and then drove at full speed in the direction of the Ledge, until we stopped under the shadow of the overhanging cliffs. Having ascertained from the woman whose dwelling was right under the edge of one of the lower hills, that it would be best to walk all the way up, and it would take fully an hour and a half to go up and return, we then took the direction she had pointed out to us by the path, which was marked by a very large grapevine, which was creeping with mistletoe dependence for support, around the trunk of a huge walnut-tree, that was standing in the direct course of our ascent, but we kept closely to the rocks in the regular mountain passes through the ravine, which had been deeply cut out, during the spring torrents. We at length climbed up to a higher point of the mountain to where the trees rather hid our aspect of the Ledge, and after dragging our wearisome steps, slowly moving upwards all the while, we began to feel much greater difficulty in surmounting the obstructions in the way as we advanced, and had often to cling to the branches of the trees for our support; when suddenly getting out of breath from our too rapid motion, we sat down a moment to look back on the scenery which could be controlled from the rook on which we rested a few seconds. There was nothing to be seen now but the thick woods all around us and above, while, beyond on the other side of the declivity, a sight of the opposite mountain that rose over the canal and seemed at this point of view somewhat higher than the one we were trying to reach. Then mounting again by the aid of a sapling which we cut by the wayside, we were enabled to get further up to the edge of the first plateau, on this mountain, 176 and under one of the side slits in the cliffs we paused awhile, again to breathe, and from this point forward the trouble of climbing began to increase, so that it made us think that we had gotten on the wrong ledge; but the further we struggled, the harder the ridges became to be overcome, and had it not been that we came across a lonely, solitary, lame, limping sheep, with a

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broken leg, which was resting from his fatigue, while wandering over the rough stones, through the waters of the glens, we should have thought ourselves in a more forlorn condition than that of this sorry little deserted animal; but, concluding to follow its tracks along the same path by which it had ascended, we took its foot-prints for our guidance, and, encouraged by this beast, kept on the way up, in order to vanquish the remaining distance which separated us from the accomplishment of this severe undertaking to arrive at the summit of the ledges. Then heartily congratulating each other on our success thus far, we settled ourselves on a wide rock which seemed to be separated from the strata of this cliff, and there remained for a few minutes, to look out at the whole surface of the ledge, which could now be seen from that advanced position. This was truly enjoyable, for it embraced the interior of the fertile territory, a full glimpse of the widespread panorama of fields and farmhouses that now embraced a perfect view of the lower peaks of the west mountains. Thence we could look down on the plains beneath us, which were cultivated in the beautiful valleys; and, from this height, we saw, away down below at the base of the road from which we had started, the animals and men, who were working on the canal, who now seemed so small in their statures and diminutive proportions, that they appeared to us like Liliputian pigmies. By a long walk, over the entire basis of this elevation on the summit, which was found to extend over a quarter of a mile, 177 we were enabled to get at the true characteristic of this *Table* of Rocky Ledges, on the top of a long range of moss-covered stone palisades. In fact, had it not been that we were very tired after our difficult ascent, we must have concluded that even then we had not truly measured its proper dimensions, nor had seen the real Campbell's Ledge which you see frowning so boldly over your head, throughout the valley of the Lackawanna, and while you are passing over the bridge in front of Pittston, at their union with the Susquehanna. But in all respects, it was worth all the toil and travel it cost us to make its ascent. The views from all the points of the Ledge, at the last promontory on which we sat down to consider them, well repaid all the burden of getting up to them. So we rested, from our severe endeavors to attempt to visit this bluff, with this mete of reward for our satisfaction, that we had well earned the price which we paid for this ride, and regretted the stern necessity which compelled Mr.

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Campbell to take his last leap from this cliff, when he was compelled to fly from those terrible wild Indian savages, who were in hot pursuit behind him. Then turning round, we took a last look at Scranton, which is seen in the rear of the mountains; and that last sight was caught by climbing up a tree, and after following the course which the sheep had shown us, when we were going up, we went down those cliffs with a rush and scampered away, for it was hardly possible to keep out of a run or trot all the way, to prevent our falling over some of the precipices which were narrowly edging out at the sudden turns in the ledges; but after an hour and a half of rapid motion, by snatching at the branches and limbs of the trees, which often broke away under our grasp, we succeeded in getting back to the horse, and were carried back to the railroad in time to get home by the train that evening. Thus closed our journey up the mountain 8* 178 ledge, and we were told by many of the inhabitants of the place, that few persons had so thoroughly chased the valley in the pursuit of pleasure, as we did during our sojourn; but it was not a butterfly chase to us, for we made one point of reflection while at the rock which shall for ever mark that ledge for our lifetime, which was this; that when we were ascending and had nearly reached the top, the wind blew with the force of a hurricane, so as to nearly lift our hats off our heads, and we had to hold on to them with both hands; it was a furious breeze, but amid all its bluster, blowing with such a violence, and whistling and howling with the ferocity of a southern tornado, as the wild winds let loose only can; yet amidst all its terrible breath of blasting fury we listened and could hear the still soft murmurings of the little insects that, uttering their clear distinct notes in the eventide, reminded us of the spirit which breathes through all creation, were whispering in the expressing of their little, clear, precise and simple voice, in silent praise to that Holy Father who is ever considerate of the least of his creatures as well as of the greatest he has made; and the musical voice of those little small ephemeral creatures was heard through the whirlwind. "For it is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers: He stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in; for it is He who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heavens with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed

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the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance; for, behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, He taketh up the isles as a very small thing." *Passim*: Isaiah, 40th chapter.

Chapter 22. HARVEY LAKE.

"The rocky summits, split and rent, Formed turrets, dome, or battlement; Or seemed fantastically set With cupola or minaret. Nor were these earth-born castles bare; For o'er the unfathomable glade, All twinkling with the dewdrop sheen, The brier-rose fell, in streamers green, And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs."

And thus it seemed to us on the day that we crossed over the Susquehanna, and after an hour's ride had found ourselves passing the Narrows, which had been formed by the separation of two thickly wooded mountains, that had been shivered apart by the forces of nature, and had nearly closed up the road through them, so as to render it difficult for two teams, which might be laden with timber from the distant hills and driving sawmills, to pass each other on their way through this narrow gorge, and left only sufficient room for our horse and buggy to pass through them, while they waited for us by the roadside. While we drove on our way to Harvey Pond, 180 about five miles from these Narrows, at the junction of two cross-roads which met at a point near the "Inn," which stands at the division of these forks in the road, near a slight bridge which spans a lively little stream, we found ourselves in a quandary as to which of these paths we should take, but upon inquiry from the hotel-keeper, who kept at the head of this branch a public tavern for the accommodation of passengers and teamsters, where they could find refreshment both for man and beast, we were put straight, by his directing us to take the first right-hand carriage-way, and to follow it on until we should get to the village of Clerksville, —why so named we were unable to learn from any man whom we met (for there was neither court, house, nor clerk to be found at that place); so moving on where the rocky highway passed, by the side of a sawmill and a tannery, we hurried away from this town,

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which contained but a few straggling tenements, and rode up a very steep hill, until we at last reached the village of Dallas, that was about four miles beyond. From this part of the country we were told to take a forward course along the new county highway, which would bring us in about two hours to the point we sought on the lake; and shortly after, having picked up the hostler who was in charge of the stables at the hotel near the pond, we had no further difficulty in arriving at that mansion; and after descending the last hill on the road to be passed over, before landing at the end of our journey, from the top of which we obtained the first view of the waters which were lighting its surface with a gleam of light, as bright to the eye as any sunshine painted on a landscape. As we had arrived within a few hours of dinner-time we improved this interval of time; and, having first ordered our horse to be watered, rubbed down, and fed with five quarts of the best oats, we walked down to the lake, or rather pond, as it is named here 181 Harvey Pond. This sheet of water, which is surrounded by woods and hills, that furnish plenty of hickory and oak for the market, is situated in the heart of the mountains, about twelve miles from Wilkesbarre, at a height of twelve hundred feet above tide-water. How in the name of things of wonder it ever got up there in the bowl of these mountain ranges, has been a puzzle to the geologists and *savans*. Common sense might have suggested, that water always seeks its own level, and that these ponds, like every other body of fresh water, must have run into these lower basins by a very natural fall, from the fountain head of those streams which had arisen or sprung out of the trickling fountains of the rocks of a higher latitude, far more elevated than this little piece of a fresh-fish pond, where you can catch a few pickerel and perch and after waiting all day patiently, at one end of a fishpole and a line, you may possibly be furnished with one speckled trout for your table. But, as a mere lake, it is not at all remarkable for its beautiful scenery, and only good as a quiet mountain retreat, from the heated terms of summer; but if turned into a proper place for speculation in timber, a few years will mar all its picturesque aspects which its fine forest now displays with its bordering garments of rich beauty to embellish its margins of graceful repose and harmonious peace. We heard, while there, that a company of Philadelphians intended to erect another hotel at this watering-place. It is sadly needed;

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for a more forlorn and shabby, crumbling, and out of repair looking building we never saw in our lives; and had it not been for the capital dinner provided us (without fish,—the very thing we supposed would be had there), we should have fared very poorly. In a short time after dinner we hurried away to make our return home that evening; but, as it usually happens to a 182 stranger, we took the wrong road back, and struck into the crooked path at Leman's Corner, which would have carried us to Huntington that night, and twenty miles in another entirely opposite direction from Wilkesbarre; for had it not been that we hailed a farmer by the roadside, who was driving two pigs home which had strayed from their pens, we should have had to lodge out at some wayside inn that night, so we thanked him for putting us right; and after passing a new sawmill we were directed by the miller to return straight back to Leman's Corner, which we had passed already in our blundering fashion. Now all this time the day was growing shorter, and there were many queer-looking stragglers peering at us from the roadside. From this point we were shown on the way to town, and shortly after dusk we found our way to Huntsville, where all the finger-boards pointed straight to the places we were seeking; by the way, in trying to keep the two cushions from slipping from under us, we actually dropped one in the rear, out of the buggy into the mud of the streets. We have always found it rather difficult to sit on two stools before, and had we not given all our small change to the hostler at the lake, we should have paid the boy, by whose attention we were called to our loss, in some better coin than that of our hearty thanks. You may be sure that we were in a great hurry to progress onward that evening, for it was almost dark, and the rain now began to pour in torrents, so we lifted the curtains over our dashboard, put up the umbrella, and holding the whip in the right hand, after discovering we had lost our hickory stick which we had cut at the Prospect House, we lashed the mare into a sweat all the way, until we had reached the White Tavern, which we had first seen at the junction near the bridge, of which we had already spoken during the morning. It was nothing now but splash and dash through 183 the mud and water; we found the light fading away and the shades of evening fast approaching; four miles seemed now to grow into six, as we passed along; it always does on a strange road, in a strange country, for did you ever know any

country folks who knew how to reckon the distance between the mile-posts, where the schoolmaster was not abroad? But we did have time to look through silvery shades of the green woods as we whipped up our horse close to the rippling sounds of the bright and rolling waters of the stream, which was bounding away over the rocky brook, with its rapid current; dashing its fretted breakers over the pebbles and stones, and murmuring with its cheerful, musical rip-raps, while we beheld its course flowing all the way along, under our constant *surveillance*, until it dashed out again into the gloomy shades of the overhanging branches of the greenwood forests, as it swiftly ran its course along the banks and cliffs up to the Narrows, whose ledges hem it in, where it was walled up on either side of the rocky bulwark underneath the crags of the precipice until we passed out through the gorges of two mountain contains, which were now shutting out the daylight from all sight of nature or of the stream. We then drove into the Plains, where we again overlooked the transverse drifts of the coal-mines, and started away by the side of the mills that were closing their dams for the night, where we took up the mill-wright who had worked there by day, to have him thank us for our kindness, and we had to thank the stars for our safe return home that night.

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Chapter 23. WALKS AND TALKS.

“Our vitals with laborious strife Bear up the crazy load, And drag the dull remains of life Along the tiresome road.”

After all the sight-seeing had been undertaken there was a retrospect of many pleasant subjects and some happy thoughts to be considered that might lack remark unless they could be summed up under a proper title peculiar to themselves. Thus it happens when we look back in a review of the past, over many scenes of delight and pleasant prospects, which have slipped our memory, it recurs to us, that our faults of omission bear a heavy burden for repentance, and that the only way to retrieve our errors is in the comforting assurance that our backslidings should make us persevere. Thus we could never have

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forgiven ourselves, if among many things which we have omitted we had left unnoticed one pleasant walk, which caused us on a beautiful morning to proceed on foot as far as the spot which is denominated from its fine prospects "Inman's Point." Thence you have a beautiful view at the bend of the River Susquehanna; looking towards the extreme end of the valley, at a distance of somewhat seven miles, you perceive 185 from a high ridge which overlooks the entire scope of the landscape; the village of Nauticoke, in front, that is bordering at the extreme limit of the coal range in this garden of beauty, and know, from your previously gathered information, that in this vicinity are the walled lines of Chickchinnery, where the last ridge of the formations of the anthracite coal is checked from any further discovery of its hoarded treasure, and forms a permanent barrier to those hills, and here determines its extreme limits and shuts it in as if by a door, from any further extension of the formation. Hence the eye embraces a stretch of view all along the graceful lines of the western mountains for over twenty miles, and extends away back to the high bluff at Campbell's Ledge.

On the other side of the river are the bright, white walls of the village of Plymouth, where the neat dwellings line the shores of the long plains which gradually recede to the border of a range of elevated and thickly wooded hills, and the whole aspect of the town is dotted with a gift of industry and well-built houses, which seem at this distance like vessels of brilliant china, so cheerfully does the sunshine lighten up the fronts of their neat dwellings, which are constructed here on both sides of the path of the Northumberland Railroad.

There for several hours we were found gazing over this scene, and it might have been prolonged until afternoon, had we not determined to leave the valley for a journey beyond it. After passing on our way back alongside of the lines of the Lehigh Valley Road, we referred to our note-book, and leave for our close the summary of our scattered notes.

One morning, we were quietly seated, with our head thrown back at rest on the back of a high tonsorial chair, undergoing the process of being shaved, while the barber plied his razor with all the skill which distinguishes every *figarc* 186 who is an adept in his

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profession. This was in the shop, which was very handy for the use of the guests of the hotel, and right in sight of the wash-basins, which were there arranged in a row of bright porcelain bowls, and lie in bas-relief for washing off after his finishing touch and handling. Now, this gentleman of color, a late offspring of civilization, since Mr. President Lincoln's decree of freedom, or emancipation, was very much given to gab, fond of gossip, as other chevaliers of the hair all the world over, and seemed a bit of a wag besides; and, when he had completed his business with us, we were highly amused by his telling us that he had been in high glee during the early morn, at some rare sport, which the boys of the village had mischievously gotten up for their own amusement, wherein the townspeople's peace of mind had been seriously disturbed, by these naughty urchins having tied a large bulldog with a tin kettle on the end of his tail.

Thus invested in the posterior, he rushed furiously along the street with the usual kie-hies of sharp yells and hideous whinings, while the tin pan was hanging behind, making such a loud racket over the paving-stones that the whole town was alarmed by the shrieks and stampede of this enraged specimen of the canine. Now Figaro was only a darkey, but of a respectable position in the society of the borough and it was very amusing to us to see how the German barkeeper rather twitted him on his newly donned privileges as a citizen and voter, since the epoch of human liberty lately established under the administration of President Lincoln. Now, these Germans have the assurance of the old boy, and have claimed themselves to be of a superior race to the Americans, since the day that Bismarck snubbed Louis Napoleon from the Rhine, and breakfasted at Dresden after the morning's route, following it up by the disastrous defeat of the Austrians at Sadowa; 187 but, if this is their special kind of pride, it results from their preposterous nationality as one of the Teutonic race it; were but reasonable for them to remember, and we suggest to them, not to be *too tonic* in their physique; that neither Schiller, Goethe, nor Jean Paul Richter, nor any of their grand poets put on such airs as these modern tipplers of lager beer, who in consequence of smoking swell out like the bullfrog in Æsop's fable, who puffed out such a tremendous belly-flounder at the ox across the pond, that it terminated his puerile

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existence as a, tadpole by the sad explosion of his boiler, which had burst his vanity into pieces, and scattered his green bowels all sprawling abroad over the land.

We note this little circumstance about the dog and the tin kettle behind more for the sake of reading a lesson to the Allemands; for, when one commences to blackguard another, it is always the pot calls the kettle black as the ace of spades. Between these ebullitions of hot strife, the dog's farcical appearance came in rather as a diversion, and had somewhat of an effect to restore peace, by calling them off from any further quarrel or wrangling between these two aliens to the higher domestic turmoil, which had aroused the whole town as the dog and the tin pan appendage was thumping over the pavement, uttering such dreadful kie-hies and yells, that one would suppose that a demon was after him riding upon two sticks. This evidently caused some excitement in the village, and the rattling of the pan over the stones sounded so hideously through the air, that it soon put a stop to the minor nuisance of these two infuriated and scandalous combatants. Had there been a large pail of water dashed or thrown in between their fight, it would have had as good an effect as when performed by a bucketful when dashed upon two pugilistic fighting canines.

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This novel kind of fun had rather excited his "risibles," and was an offset to the jeers of the barkeeper, his neighbor, in the next room, for his continual jibes at him about his color and newly assumed character as a freedman, who had just then first enjoyed the privilege of voting for Mr. Gerry as governor. Now there were some prejudices existing about the rights of these freedmen, and a prevalent indisposition on the part of the townspeople to treat such as intelligent beings; and they were just now on the eve of an election, which was then pending, and this pattern of *ebony* felt as independent as a woodsawyer's clerk. The German had assumed a superiority over him in point of race—even aye these do that over the American free-born; and there was some little feeling brewing under this condition of a house divided against itself. The darkey considered himself a respectable barber; the Dutchman twitted him for his skin, and solely on this account treated him with disdain.

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We have only alluded to this little incident of the dog and the tin pan at his tail for the sake of reading a lesson to the Dutchman, between whose antipathies to the negroes and those of the Irishman the colored gentlemen are very likely to prove the result of the proverb, that the gray horse may yet turn out to be the better mare, and it often happens that in such stupid disputations, it is always the “pot that calls the kettle black.”

However, it also reminded us of another occasion when the same trick was played in the Island of Martinique, during the French and English wars, under the reign of the great Napoleon. This game in time of war is rather more serious, for on one morning while the British troops were in garrison at the fort—for they had gotten possession of the island—some of the inhabitants smarting under their captivity got up a specimen 189 of the play of the Dog Tray, and kettle behind at the tail; and this interruption of the discipline of these martinets so alarmed the town that the reveille was sounded, the troops called to arms, the drums beat at barracks, and the peace of the whole island was seriously disturbed, and remained so until the order to quarters was resumed, when it was discovered to be only fun, to their chagrin and ultimate satisfaction, that the rattling of the tin pans which had been tied to the dogs' tails, banging over the stones, was only a piece of a joke, and not the roll of artillery wagons over the pavement. Had this been otherwise it might have been a joke to the *garçons*, but would have been death to the people.

We now pass from these two little points of our diversion to state only that at this season of the year in which we visited the valley, the autumnal changes of the leaves had just begun to move from green to red, in most of the forest trees; and this reminded us of those clever lines we adopt from Hudibras, whose comparison was in happy keeping with these changes at the present fall of the year,—

“For like a lobster boiled, the morn From green to red began to turn.”

And no less appropriate is this to the condition of the scenery about us in these regions to the flight of the birds who were winging their way south, and also to the changes which

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were causing the summer's guests who were staying their season at the hotel to leave; concerning some of whom it might be said,

"The harvest is passed, The summer is ended, And we are not saved," or mated.

And if that should not prove to be the case, we will brighten 190 your countenance, and change the east of your reflections, by the following excellent piece, for your comfort, from John G. Saxe, the poet, as in the following rhymes, viz.:

THE LOBSTER: A FABLE.

A lobster who had changed his hue From black to red, as others do, By fairy aid survived the pain, And tried to join his friends again. Now when his fellow-lobsters note The splendor of his crimson coat, They feign would know how it could be That such a dingy chap as he Had managed since he left his bed To get that brilliant suit of red. The lobster smiled, and answered, "Well, The story isn't hard to tell; I'm sure you'll say the cost was small: It was being boiled, faith; that was all."

MORAL.

This simple tale, perchance, may bear A lesson worthy of our care; Before we envy outward show, And in our folly wish to share it, Twere well, perhaps, if we could know What pains it costs the fools who wear it.

At the hotel we were favored with the company of a Presbyterian missionary, who was collecting funds for the Seamen's Society. He bore so striking a resemblance to the late President Lincoln, that he has been often stopped in the street by strangers who mistook him for that honored chief. We found other acquaintances in the hotel, and one from New Jersey, who was a farmer, who related to us an anecdote about 191 a noble dog which he owned, who had proved to him not only a watchful bulldog, but who could bully all the cows by the nose and bring them to fodder, whether they wanted to go or not, by taking

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them resolutely by the nose; in fact, as was from living in the country, this animal was of great service in the faithful discharge of his trust, so that none of those straggling soldiers who prowl around the farmhouses under the pretence of hiring themselves out to service, ever dared to approach his dwelling from fear of this ferocious dog, whose reputation was well established all about the country and the neighborhood. In short, this animal had already protected his household on two occasions, where two returned soldiers had been to his house and a neighbor's, who proved to be conspirators, and even worse; they were subsequently found to have been old jailbirds, that had escaped from the State Prison, and who, if their plans had not been foiled, would have doubtless been as ready to murder as to steal. Such are some of the risks of residing in the country. We were surprised also to hear from a boy that he had walked over twenty miles and back in one day, when he had been employed in driving cattle to Whitehaven, and we were put to the blush, not to boast any more of our feats as pedestrian; for all insurance broker, with whom we fell into a conversation while in the cars, informed us that he had trotted all that day without any success for his work, but at the age of sixty he had never gone as far as Campbell's Ledge; whilst in the contrast of these two experiences we gained one advantage for our comfort, that we had seen the one view, but had not performed an equal task as both the others on their feet for any pay. Now it is about time to come to the conclusion of these matters, after stating that we found at the town of Wilkesbarre a Mr. Ogilvie, who is a very clever photographer, and is not surpassed by any in 192 the United States. We advised him by all means to attempt out-of-door views, for with such views as were to be obtained from such a fall as that of Solomon's, near the point of the old sawmill near South Wilkesbarre and Prospect Rock, with Harvey's Pond, and many of the coy little cascades which can be reached on foot, at Laurel's Run, Bear's Creek, and among the Rapids in the Lower Valley of Wyoming, he could not do better than to obtain them, for they would furnish matter of delight for the gratification of the many people of taste and fashion who should visit the grand hotel of the Valley of Wyoming, at Wilkesbarre, on the Susquehanna.

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Things now move along very quietly in the valley; the development of her mineral wealth has brought in people from all parts of the world; while she has increased in wealth and material prosperity, her romantic history has closed. The shaft and the big tunnel have superseded stockade forts and redoubts; the puffing of the steam-engine and locomotives, as they go whirling through the valley, give out other sounds than that of the warhoop of the savage, or the shout and screams of the suffering fugitives in their flight over the mountains, from the conflagrations of their lighted burning dwellings.

“Peace be within her walls, and prosperity in her palaces.”

And a sad episode will close the Romance of the Valley of Wyoming, viz.:

THE STORY OF FRANCES SLOCUM: FOUND IN THE “HISTORY OF WYOMING. NEW YORK, 1841.”

It was in the autumn of the same year of the invasion of Butler and Gi-en-gwah-to, at midday, when the men were laboring in a distant field, that the house of Mr. Slocum was suddenly surrounded by a party of Delawares, prowling about the valley in more earnest search, as it seemed, of plunder, than of scalps or prisoners.

The inmates of the house, at the moment of the surprise, were Mrs. Slocum and four young children, the eldest of whom was a son, aged thirteen; the second a daughter, aged nine; Frances Slocum, aged five; and a little son, aged two years and a half. Near by the house, engaged in grinding a knife, was a young man named Kingsley, assisted in the occupation by a lad. The first hostile act of the Indians was to shoot down Kingsley, and take his scalp with the knife he had been sharpening.

The girl, nine years old, appeared to have had the most presence of mind, for while the mother ran into the edge of the copse of wood near by, Frances attempted to secrete herself behind a staircase, and the former seized her little brother, the youngest above mentioned, and ran off in the direction of the fort. True she could not make rapid progress,

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for she clung to the child, and not even the pursuit of the savages could induce her to drop her charge. The Indians did not pursue her far, and laughed heartily at the panic of the little girl, while they could not but admire her resolution. Allowing her to make her escape, they returned to the house, and, after helping themselves to such articles as they chose, prepared to depart.

The mother seems to have been hidden; although with yearning bosom she had so disposed of herself, that while she was screened from observation, she could notice all that occurred. But judge of her feelings, at the moment they were about to depart, as she saw little Frances taken from her hiding-place, and preparations made to carry her away into captivity with her brother, already mentioned as being thirteen years old, who, by the way, had been restrained from attempted flight by lameness in one of his feet, and also the lad who a few 9 194 minutes before had been assisting Kingsley at the grindstone. The sight was too much for maternal tenderness to bear. Rushing from her place of concealment, she threw herself upon her knees at the feet of her captors, and, with the most earnest entreaties, pleaded for their restoration. But their bosoms were made of sterner stuff than to yield even to the most eloquent and affectionate of a mother's entreaties, and with characteristic stoicism they began to move. As a last resort, the mother appealed to their selfishness, and pointing to the maimed foot of her crippled son, urged, as a reason why at least they should relinquish him, the delays and embarrassment he would occasion them on their journey. Being unable to walk they would, of course, be compelled to carry him the whole distance, or leave him by the way, or take his life. Although insensible to the feelings of humanity, these considerations had the desired effect. The lad was left behind, while, deaf alike to the cries of the mother and the shrieks of the child, Frances was slung over the shoulder of a stalwart Indian, with as much indifference as though she was a slaughtered fawn.

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The long, lingering look which the mother gave to her child, as her captors disappeared in the forest, was the last glimpse of her sweet features that she ever had. But the vision was, for many a long year, ever present to her fancy.

As the Indian threw her child over his shoulder, her hair fell over her face, and the mother could never forget how the tears streamed down her cheeks when she brushed it away, as if to catch a last sad look of the mother from whom, her little arms outstretched, she implored assistance in vain.

Nor was this the last visit of the savages to the domicil of Mr. Slocum. About a month thereafter another horde of the barbarians rushed down from the mountains, and murdered the aged grandfather of the little captives, and wounded the 195 lad, already lame, by the accidental discharge of a ball which lodged in his leg, and which he carried with him to his grave more than half a century afterwards.

The years of a generation passed, and the memory of little Frances was forgotten, save by the two brothers and a sister, who, though advanced in the vale of years, could not forget the family tradition of the lost one. Indeed, it had been the dying charge of their mother, that they must never relinquish their exertions to discover Frances. A change now comes over the spirit of the story. It happened, that in the course of the year 1835, Colonel Ewing, a gentleman connected with the Indian trade, and also with the public service of the country, in traversing a remote section of Indiana, was overtaken by the night, while at a distance from the abodes of civilized man. When it became too dark for him to pursue his way, he sought an Indian habitation, and was so fortunate as to find shelter and a welcome in one of the better sort. The proprietor of the lodge was indeed opulent for an Indian, possessing horses and skins, and other comforts in abundance. He was struck, in the course of the evening, by the appearance of the venerable mistress of the lodge, whose complexion was lighter than that of her family; and as glimpses were occasionally disclosed of her skin, beneath her blanket robe, the Colonel was impressed with the opinion that she was a white woman. Colonel Ewing could converse in the Miami

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language, to which nation his wife belonged, and after partaking of the best of their cheer, he drew the aged squaw into a conversation, which soon confirmed his suspicions, that she was only an Indian by adoption. Her narrative was substantially as follows:—

“My father's name was Slocum. He resided on the banks of the Susquehanna, but the name of the valley I do not recollect. 196 Sixty winters and summers have gone since I was taken captive by a party of Delawares, while I was playing before my father's house. I was too young to feel, for any length of time, the misery and anxiety my parents must have experienced. The kindness and affection with which I was treated by my Indian captors soon effaced my childish uneasiness, and in a short time I became one of them. The first night of my captivity was passed in a cave, near the summit of a mountain, but little distance from my father's. That night was the unhappiest of my life, and the impression which it made was the means of indelibly stamping on my memory my father's name and residence. For years we led a roving life. I became accustomed to and fond of their manner of living. They taught me the use of the bow and arrow; the beasts of the forest supplied me with food. I married a chief of our tribe, whom I had long loved for his bravery and humanity, and kindly did he treat me. I dreaded the sight of a white man; for I was taught to believe him the implacable enemy of the Indian. I thought he was determined to separate me from my husband and our tribe.

“After I had been a number of years with my husband, he died; a part of my people joined the Miamis, and I was among them. I married a Miami, who was called by the palefaces the deaf man. I lived with him a good many winters until he died. I had by him two sons and two daughters. I am now old, and have nothing to fear from the white man. My husband, and all my children but these two daughters, my brothers and sisters have all gone to the Great Spirit, and I shall go in a few moons more. Until this moment I have never revealed my name, nor told the mystery that hung over the fate of Frances Slocum.”

Such was the substance of the revelation to Colonel Ewing. 197 Still the family at Wyoming were ignorant of the discovery, nor did Colonel Ewing know anything of them.

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And it was only by reason of a peculiar providential circumstance that the tidings ever reached their ears. On Colonel Ewing's return to his own home, he related the adventure to his mother, who, with the just feelings of a woman, urged him to take some measures to make the discovery known, and at her solicitation he was induced to write a narrative of the case, which he addressed to the Postmaster at Lancaster, with a request that it might be published in some Pennsylvania newspaper. But the latter functionary having no knowledge of the writer, and supposing it might be a hoax, paid no attention to it, and the letter was suffered to remain among the worthless accumulations of the office for two years. It chanced then that the Postmaster's wife in rummaging over the old papers, while ferreting the office one day, glanced her eye upon this communication. The story excited her interest, and with the true feelings of a woman, she resolved upon giving the document publicity. With this view she sent it to the neighboring editor, and here again another providential circumstance intervened. It happened that a temperance committee had engaged a portion of the columns of the paper to which the letter of Colonel Ewing was sent, for the publication of an important document connected with that cause, and a large extra number of papers had been ordered for general distribution. The letter was sent forth with the temperance document, and it yet again happened that a copy of this letter was addressed to a clergyman, who had a brother residing at Wyoming. Having from that brother heard the story of the captivity of Frances Slocum, he had no sooner read the letter of Colonel Ewing, than he enclosed it to him, and by him it was placed in the hands of Joseph Slocum, Esq., the surviving brother.

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Any attempts to describe the sensations produced by this most welcome, most strange, and most unexpected intelligence, would necessarily be a failure. This Mr. Joseph Slocum was the child, two years and a half old, who had been rescued by his intrepid sister, nine years old. That sister also survived, as did the younger brother, living in Ohio. Arrangements were immediately made by the former two to meet the latter in Ohio, and proceed thence to the Miami country, and reclaim the long-lost and now found "I shall

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know her if she be my sister," said the elder sister, now going in pursuit, "although she may be painted and jewelled off, and dressed in her Indian blanket; for you, brother, hammered off her finger-nail one day in the blacksmith's shop, when she was four years old."

In due season they reached the designated place, and found their sister. But, alas! how changed! Instead of the fair-haired and laughing girl,—the picture yet living in their imaginations,—they found her an aged and thoroughbred squaw in everything but complexion. But there could be no mistake as to her identity. The elder sister soon discovered the finger-mark. "How came the nail of that finger gone?" "My elder brother pounded it off when I was a little girl, in the shop," she replied. This circumstance was evidence enough; but other reminiscences were awakened, and the recognition was complete. How different were the emotions of the parties! The brothers paced the lodge in agitation. The civilized sister was in tears. The other, obedient to the affected stoicism of her adopted race, was as cold, unmoved, and passionless as marble.

It was in vain that they besought their sister to return with them to her native valley, bringing her children with her, if she chose. Every offer and importunity was declined. She 199 said she was well enough off, and happy. She had, moreover, promised her husband on his death-bed never to leave the Indians. Her two daughters had been married, but one of them was a widow. The husband of the other is a half-breed, named Brouillette, who is said to be one of the noblest-looking men of his race. They all have an abundance of Indian wealth; and her daughters mount their steeds, and manage them as well as in the days of chivalry did the rather masculine spouse of Count Robert of Paris. They lived at a place called the Deaf Man's Village, nine miles from Peru, in Indiana. But notwithstanding the comparative comfort in which they lived, the utter ignorance of their sister was a subject of painful contemplation to the Slocums. She had entirely forgotten her native language, and was completely a pagan, having no knowledge even of the white man's Sabbath.

Mr. Joseph Slocum has since made a second visit to his sister, accompanied by his two daughters. Frances is said to have been delighted with the beauty and accomplishments of her white nieces, but resolutely refused to return to the abode of civilized man. She resided with her daughters in a comfortable log building; but in all her habits and manners, her ideas and thoughts, she is as thoroughly Indian as though not a drop of white blood ran in her veins. She is represented as having manifested, for an Indian, an unwonted degree of pleasure at the return of her brothers. But mother and daughters spurned every persuasive to win them back from the country and manners of their people. Indeed, as all their ideas of happiness are associated with their present mode of life, a change would be productive of very little good so far as temporal affairs are concerned; while, unless they could be won from Paganism to Christianity, their lives would drag along in irksome restraint, if not in pining sorrow.

Chapter 24. DEPARTURE FROM THE VALLEY.

“Est aliquid, quocunque loco, quocunque recessu, Unius sese dominum fecisse lacertee.”

Juvenal, Satire iii. 280.

Late in afternoon of the last day that we spent at Wilkesbarre, we crossed the river to Kingston, where we took the train for Northumberland. In the cars we seated ourselves alongside of an intelligent photographer, who was leaving for a hunting excursion among the woods in the northern part of Pennsylvania. He was telling us his troubles about a lawsuit, which was waiting, on the calendar, to be called in the fall, wherein he was prosecuting a neighbor in the town, who insisted in putting up a blank wall in front of his own premises, which would have entirely shut out his ancient lights, and destroy all the rights he had to the sky; for you well know, that when a man has any privileges at all in fee, he peremptorily holds the proprietorship of the soil in himself alone, “ab subterraneam jusque ad cœlum,” from the cellar to the top, or from the foundation up to the heavens. That his 201 windows are his sole and exclusive property, and nobody else has a right

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to overlook him, or shut out his sky-light, or to obstruct his panes of glass. For, as the old satirist Juvenal says, "it is something very desirable to the happiness of man, if he is the lordly owner but of one little acre of land." We told him that his case was one of a very grievous nature, but that he would surely beat his adversary, although he was a Jew who was his opponent. Much to our great discomfort, however, a drunken Englishman entered the car, and annoyed us with his hiccups and bluster. So that we certainly thought, from these exhibitions of this impudent fellow, that he was from the old country, and weird County of Northumberland, in England proper. However, we were soon rid of this nuisance, for we left him at Plymouth, near the raging canal, which was bordering on the stony Ledges of Chickchiny. Thence he started off to his roost, under the hillside, and left us to enjoy the rest of our ride over the road in peace and quiet, until we were obliged to be separated from our companion, the artist, at the Rupert Station. By this time it was getting quite late, and darkness had overspread our path, as we were passing from the limits of Lucerne County, into the regions of the Catawissa River. We could just see the glaring flames, which were issuing out of the fiery furnaces at Danville, where the largest ironworks among the hills are located, where the well-charged mountains are impregnated with the richest beds of this ore at one side of the river, and fill up the measures of those cliffs on the opposite ridges, that bear in adjoining lodes a great abundance of very good coal, and thick banks of the right kind of clay, in close proximity, so admirably well adapted, and ever ready at hand to form a lively fusion, at the proper casting of these metals. In this respect it is remarkably situated; and the result is a large increase in favor of the productive 9* 202 capital which is invested there, to swell the profits of the manufacturers.

The sight of a whole surface of fire gushing out of the flames of bituminous gases, that were shedding a lurid glare of brilliant light throughout the whole surface of the county for miles, was as if the plumes of a long sheet of flame were pouring out from the burning crater of a blazing volcano, and when thus viewed at night presented a flood of wild conflagration, which is not to be seen in any other section of this country, even should

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you travel further than from Danville to Beersheba, where there is supposed to be water enough in her wells, amply sufficient to put out all these rivers of melting lava scoria, and as quickly extinguish their hot fury, and in as short a time as that which was denoted by an Italian, who once said to us whilst we were bragging in our vainglory about our Big Falls at Niagara, "if he could only get you to Italy," he will show a stream of liquid fire bursting out from the mouth of our Vesuvius which would drown your old cataract in a jiffy and five seconds, "Vedi Napole poi mori." See that at Naples and then die, or shut up your braggadocio,—after you have mourned over the ruins at Pompeii, for your shame and reproach at your own vanity and pomposity.

The remainder of our trip was passed in the dark, and it was midnight before we reached the town of Northumberland, which might as well be termed North Lumberland, from the great quantities of timber which can be cut from the thick forests of the adjoining mountains, or in this vicinity, from whence the large logs which are seen straggling all over the surface of the rivers were thrown, and are now either thrust up into the sluices of the streams, where they are riding in a blocked mass of confusion, or are held in check by the sandbars to create such a formidable barricade in this arrest on 203 their progress, as to choke up the currents and form a permanent coffer-dam. These, separated from the rafts which once bound them together, have been ripped apart from their fastenings by the violent forces of nature, and after having drifted along, have been caught by the tides and driven ashore, to remain where they had been cast, or to rot away as lost, or until these waifs and strays shall have been claimed by their original owners, each of whom reclaims his particular logs by a certain proprietary mark, which is recognized whenever seized by each individual who has a right to this property. Such are some of the evidences of fury of the whirlwind which have stripped the hills, and violence of storms after they were thrust down, driven from their native forest homes, to be broken apart in their headlong plunges over the falls, and having been thrashed into a thousand splinters, are fearfully wrecked by the swollen torrents, which have shivered their masts into broken fragments, which were overwhelmed by the tornado, and recklessly heaving, now lie there under the

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wild outbursts of the spring freshets, which rend them asunder, to be floated in tottering trepidation along the waves of the current and over the rapids, which hurry them on to destruction and premature decay.

After leaving the train we were guided by a man, to be lodged in a neat little family hotel, kept by a widow, which was situated about half a mile off, just opposite the park.

While we were about to enter it, our attention was called off to the crowd which was gathered outside, next the square, attentively listening to the orator on the stump of a huge old hickory-tree, that stood before the door. He was a politician by trade, who was bawling out by the torchlight, with the usual vociferous strain, about "the corruptions of the country;" "those vile *traitors* who always were so eager after the spoils;" 204 "the contractors who had gotten rich on shoddy;" and about "the necessity of vigilance;" "that eternal price of our national safety;" "that *Gerry* was the man for the people,"—he was not a "nigger," because he had preferred to be true on the question of the blacks, nor had he the nigger on the brain; "that Curtin had been derelict in his duty, for he did certainly run away from Pennsylvania when the rebel rascals had invaded the State; and having shirked his constituents in time of their extreme need, would prove to be a bad candidate as a Governor of this Commonwealth in time of peace;" and therefore as he could not perform a 'Gerry-mander' which is only 'the German,' that is now all the rage in fashionable society, but in the strange jargon of politics is defined to be read thus—as if it were a placard on the walls for a menagerie show; "you can't turn a cameleopard into a giraffe by cutting his tail in two, or by leaving it bare of the spots." After hearing such stuff as this speech was composed of,—to be blown to the winds in a bluster, as chaff, at which the people pulled off their hats, and hurrahed for Andrew Johnson,—he who in the sorry times of Devildom, was

"Faithful found Among the faithless, faithful only he, Among innumerable false, unmov'd, Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified. His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal, Nor number, nor

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example with him wrought, To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind, Though single.

John Millon's Paradise Lost.

Who is only Old Hickory—Andrew Jackson revived on earth. So then down with the impeachment of the President, and off with the heads of the Radicals, or the masses will call 205 out for the ghost of old Samuel, as when of old, Saul held a consultation with the witch of Endor; and also just so,—as the people in mobs in London did once upon a time in England, in the rabid days of Bolingbroke,—and so frightened the witch and poor Saul that he bowed down his head with fear, and had to devour a calf, for he was scared out of his wits; so that the end of such men as those who are now disturbing our peace, will be worse in their sad fall from that wrathful mete of the judgment of this nation's displeasure, whenever it was fully waked up to cast them into the treacherous jaw of the British Lion, or in the maw of the French Frog, á la Napoleon, and little Max, in Mexico. We entered the hotel, paid our half-dollar to the landlord in advance for a night's lodging in the garret, and then went to sleep after setting our watch at precisely five o'clock, for the morrow, at which hour the shrill clarion of a crowing cock woke us up, before even the watchman had approached to announce that he was then ready to conduct us to the train of cars which would be coming up from Harrisburg at five o'clock. A. M. Since eternal vigilance is the price of every traveller's safety, we recommend all such never to go entirely to sleep when you are at one of those wayside taverns, but doze slyly, with a catnap, with only one eye kept open, and you will then be sure to wake up at the very point of time at which you have set your time-piece; for if you don't you may be left over for the next midnight train, which will put you out of humor, and cause you to hurry away from such a *sleepy hollow* of a place as this at Northumberland might then prove.

At five o'clock, having seen the first blush of the morning arise over the hills, we again started off on our way to Lock-haven. It was quite daylight before we reached the first range of those most beautiful hills that mark the uplifting of the 206 Northumberland rocky

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barriers; these stood aloof from the valleys of the rich fertile farming-lands which were bordering the plains, before we arrived at Watsontown, where the road ran alongside of the canal, and so close to the overhanging walls of an high impending bluff, that very little room was left for the passage of a single train of cars. It was here at a short turn that we met with a sudden mishap, which had very nearly put a stop to any further progress, only to show us that,

“There is many a slip Between the cup and the lip.”

For it happened early in the morning, and not one of us had breakfasted. The cars were moving very swiftly over the tracks When we experienced a very sharp rough and rattling jar, from some arrest in their motion, and from a queer shocking kind of vibration, which shook the passengers from off their seats, we were fully roused to a sense of an approaching danger, that produced a very irregular trembling through our nerves, but we were all the more surprised by the rapid flight of one of the hind wheels into the water of the canal. Whilst every head was quickly thrust out of the windows, when the splash ruffled the surface of the basin; and after a continuous rattling of the dragging carriages, which were feeling the fierce grip of the iron breaks, underneath their throbbing centres, we came to a short halt in a heap of confusion.

We all took this impending disaster very cheerfully, although our further progress was thus stopped for some time. It had been discovered that the wheels had become quite overheated. So we concluded they had gone into the water to cool off. It was ascertained at length from our examination, when some of us were compelled to leave our seats, and had been landed 207 outside upon the gravel path, that the main fault was occasioned in the breaking of an iron axle under the luggage car. This was not much to get troubled about. After all this muse was settled down,—first, having cautioned the ladies to keep their seats, and be as quiet as possible under the circumstances, those dear little darling creatures are so apt to go into hysterics well-named by some “ *his* -stir-ike,” accented with an asterisk; for they also see stars sometimes from the bottom of their deep bottomless

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wells in this Valley of Achor, which we who act only as their proxies may be permitted at times to turn into sweet hopes of joyful and sweet bliss, for their comfort while they repose on our bosoms in as quiet a state of rest or nonchalance, as stricken doves,—without even a flutter of their wings. For we never knew one of these dear angels to get frightened at a female; besides they have another consolation in that if they lose one of us they can soon get another “for the living dog is better than a dead lion.”

They did sit down after one or two small shrieks, which drew them closer together, as they clung close to the arms of their male protectors; after a little effort, we induced them to make the most of their misfortune,—and they took our persuasion very meekly; and shortly after this the whole crowd were found walking along the track towards the nearest station for breakfast. Discretion, which is the better part of valor, led many to take our advice, and leaving the engineer to uncouple his locomotive engine, until he could telegraph for aid, we, the first of this flock of sheep, led the way for a tramp, along the rails, of about two miles on foot, and soon all the other sheep who were astray followed after us, not excepting the dear little lambs the ladies. We were our ourselves helped along after a little while by two or three soldiers, who were taking a loaded wagon over the mountain, to fetch some logs, out of the river 208 near the Williamsport mills, which were located beyond this spot, and within the sight of the bold lines of the Grey Eagle Cliffs, that were now visible from the side of a bridge as it spanned the canal, into which our wheel had been tossed at the time of this accident.

Had we not paid our fare in advance, we should have been tempted to join them in this drive, which would have enabled us to get some better glimpses of the grand forest scenery which is to be viewed from the summit of these noble hills. However, we soon parted from the boys in blue near Watson-town village, at which place we arrived shortly afterwards, and seated ourselves on the porch of an inn before the remaining passengers could get into the hotel.

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We had no sooner reached it than we bolted from our seat, then rushed into the kitchen to order forward a fine breakfast for this grand party of hungry animals, who were a pack of forlorn castaways. For here was a body of starving people who had mustered into a party of forty, and these were supposed to have become rather hungry by this time. We are particular about this number, and bargained for this stock in advance at fifty cents a head; for some people pretend that they can keep themselves alive without eating. Such, no doubt, depend on the air for their support or else smell out their subsistence through their noses as they pass along the basement of other people's areas, where there are nice kitchens which are fuming hot with the odorous scents of nicely roasting meats, which, rising out of the gratings through the sidewalks on to the streets, are sucked in between the sieves of their teeth, with a smacking gusto of lip-salve for their morning or evening service, and who take this kind of quiet satisfaction for their daily support. Now as true philosophers of the Graham-bread School, we despise such miscreant 209 worshippers of the Pharisee sect; so we let them each pay their own fare, and we paid what was due, for we were not on the free list, and charity with us always begins at home.

"We have enough for all," said the landlord, Boniface, who was very much pleased at this windfall. "Ham and eggs with potatoes, and a glass of fresh milk besides, if that will suit you on a pinch." So that one man's meat, in this case, did not exactly prove to be all other men's poison; for "it is an ill wind that blows no man any good;" which was heartily repeated by us, as all the passengers who had now come up were pushing into the dining-room to devour the provisions that had been spread out on the breakfast-table in their hurry to get their first grab at the fodder, which was now found to be sufficient for the whole crowd that came in after us. Then we had a scene; while one fair lady became so faint from the fright and the fatigues of her early morning ante- *prandial* walk on an empty stomach that one of our friends in the sitting-room had to give her a dram from his pocket-pistol, which had been filled with the very best of Cognac brandy by some kind friends before he had left the "La Pierre House" in Philadelphia that day; and, upon the whole, it was an occasion of great merriment to all who were now seated in the front parlor,

congratulating ourselves on our narrow escape from the accident that had been caused by a flaw in the iron axle, and was so far hidden from the inspection of the workmen at the foundry that no blame could be attached either to the manufacturer in the city or the conductor of this train. "Therefore, as nobody was killed, nobody was hurt" but the company, who by law had been legally constituted a *corporation*, and as such have no souls the iron could enter into its body or that of any of the directors.

This affair led on to the narration by some of the gentlemen 210 of several other accidents that had happened on the line of the Pennsylvania and Erie Road, when this railroad had not been so well managed as it is at the present time, and might have occurred to any engineer from an oversight in the contraction of the iron shafts at the rolling-mills in the city of Newark, Philadelphia, or elsewhere. We stayed there four hours waiting for the completion of the mending up of this break-down, which originated in one rear wheel of the cars behind the wood-tender; having left the whole charge of all the damage which was done to the train in the hands of the skilful engineer and his body of able assistants, —considering it was their business to make the necessary repairs, surely not ours to put such matters as these to rights,—with the aid of some of the firemen, we were then enabled to start off for Williamsport before the noon of that day.

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Chapter 24. WATSONSTOWN.

"The talk Man holds with the week-day man, in the hourly walk Of the world's business."

When we had again located ourselves in one of the sleep ing-cars—for this was the night train from Baltimore we had taken—we found ourselves in the same apartment with a couple of very gentlemanly and intelligent persons for our companions, on the route beyond the town of Watson, where we had breakfasted, one of whom had been of great service to the army as a Commissioner for the supplies of the troops which had been enlisted by the late Governor Yates, of Illinois, and afterwards had been very

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serviceable to General Grant, who made him one of his staff officers on account of the efficient services which he had rendered him, by reorganizing the Quartermaster's department for the better provisionment of the demand which the government had to fulfil in their requirements, so far as regards good forage and war carriages for the Western Brigades; thereby rendering valuable aid and assistance to the United States during the late Rebellion, in their contracts for the ordnance and provisions which were promptly and abundantly provided by him.

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The other was a learned physician, from the town of Camden, in New Jersey, Both these gentlemen were going home on a visit to their wives. The former was bound for Tonawanda, in New York, the other for the place called the Jersey Shore, which was situated at a point on the hills, which was distant only a few miles, between Williamsport and Lockhaven, in Pennsylvania. We had many pleasant subjects for our mutual entertainment, by the conversation which was carried on between us, and as we passed along the various villages by the roadside our time was very agreeably beguiled by several anecdotes. We left one at the former town, and the other at the depot that was to be the stopping-place for the Doctor, who found a carriage ready awaiting to take him to the latter, which was the home of his father-in-law, who resided at this place called "the Jersey Shore."

Whilst speaking with the Commissioner on the way up we were delighted with several descriptions of fine scenery, lively warfare, as well as by an account of the healthy climate to be met with in the region about Lake Superior, and its copper-mines, and of its value in some cases of consumption, where in one instance an invalided young lady of his acquaintance had been cured of that disease, by going into the higher and cooler altitudes of this lake, in order that her exhausted lungs might be oxygenated by a fresh supply of the Simon Pure carbon, for her recuperation,—whom he had not met for several years until after his return from the wars; and she then answered him, when he had inquired about her health, "I am as you see me, healthy and robust, from taking your excellent advice;

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went to the region which you recommended, and now can not only go a sleigh-riding all through the winter, but can dance all night at the balls, and am now as sound as a nut.”

Thus occupied, we had been riding on together until we 213 caught sight of all the beautiful hills and streams which were bordering on the valley of the Susquehanna. And at a short distance beyond Watsonville, a thrifty and snug little village, where there was a female seminary, all the houses appeared to be as neatly built as any of those which are found to delight your sight in any well-ordered and whitely-painted dwellings in any of the towns in New England.

We obtained a near view of some painted rocks, which having been become impregnated with iron rust, were changed with a tone of dark bright red, burnt sienna-like color, which glared out from the ribbed clefts in the rugged walls, to furnish a rich and brilliant effect, from their summits to the base, and presented a very glowing aspect, which looked far more gay to the eye of the beholder when the bright morning sun gilded them with rays of its more gorgeous and ruby tinted phases, while the dark toning of the oozing carburetted drippings which were then stealing creepingly down the face of the moist trickling and burnished surface, united to enhance the beauty of these painted ridges.

There were fine farming lands to be inspected, all along the valley of this river, and the mountains were all very thickly wooded with heavy timber, until we reached the city of Williamsport, after passing over a long sheltered framework of its wooden bridge.

The grand hotel which has been erected at this place for the accommodation of summer boarders, and for the general travelling and business public, is not a whit smaller in its proportions than the St. Nicholas Hotel in New York.

We ascended to the top to stand on its roofs, and from the four corners of the canvassed platform of this caravansera we obtained one of the finest views in this region. One prominent nob lifted its sugar-loaf dimensions right in front of the 214 northern approach, through the ridges of two opposite hills, which seemed almost to close up the whole of

the valley, as if there would be no getting beyond this obstruction; and all round were the frame buildings of the structures, where twenty-two mills were sawing lumber into boards, for the distant markets of Pennsylvania and New York. Here was an influx of heavy capital, and most of the inhabitants had emigrated here from the East; and on all sides from South and West we observed an appearance of active industry, which showed how admirably situated was this bustling and busy and thriving city, from its eligible position amid the heavy resources of abounding wealth, which were lodged in the surrounding and luxurious hills, to fix the establishment of a vast treasure-house wherein to store products from all parts of the country, and in immense quantities that had been richly gathered at this point, where extensive wood-crowned heights contained forests of heavy timber, and noble rivers had joined in magnificent proportions, and combined with teeming minerals in rich mines, together with plains abounding in fertile agriculture, to illustrate and consecrate into one harmonious and glorious union,—social comforts and domestic happiness as the prosperous result of untiring industry and good fellowship for the peaceful habitation of these great builders of the world, who are after all but living stones, whose foundations are laid by an overruling Providence, deeper than the earth to raise up the temples, whose walls shall not extend merely to the heavens, because “in the *New Jerusalem* there were no temples there, but we shall see the Holy City coming down from God out of heaven, and the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be *His* people, and *God* shall be their *God*, and *He* shall wipe all tears from their eyes: for the *former* things are passed away; and the building of 215 that wall was of jasper, and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass, and the foundations of the wall of that city were garnished with all manner of precious stones, and the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it, for the glory of the Lord did lighten it, and the *Lamb* is the light thereof.” *Vide* Revelation, 30th Chapter.

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Chapter 25. BLACK HEATH COAL-MINES.

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“Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves, Nor to the rivulet's lonely mourning tune Your sad sad complaint! Go, seek the cheerful haunts Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd, Lay schemes for wealth or power or fame,—the wish Of nobler minds,—and push them night and day. Or join the caravans in quest of scenes New to your mind and shifting every hour Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines; Forget all softer and less manly cares.”

Where the Loyal Sock's rocky ridges front the shallower waters of the now widening Susquehanna's streams, and just in the rear of the Fallen House, you get a first strong impression of the fact of your having arrived at the city of Lockhaven It was here that we were to put a stop to our wanderings any farther north. We had left the Doctor at the last station of the “Jersey Shore,” and were landed at this inn, where we were carried by the omnibus to deposit our valise in the entry; but when we discovered that the party to whom our letter was addressed had actually started off in the train during the past week, we felt somewhat disheartened, for we had counted much on finding Major C—, who was supposed to be still at his residence in this place.

When a man goes to the play and finds that the part of Hamlet has been left out, or sees the character of Othello *minus* any Desdemona to mate him, there is a sort of fellow feeling that does not make you wondrous wise; so in this case was the effect of the loss of our Major C—as in a syllogism, wherein the minor was missing from the middle premise—in order to complete a perfect apprehension, in our judgment, about the coal mines. There we stood alone in the centre of the hall with our black valise in deposit on the floor—that once suspicious-looking piece of baggage—since the hotels were at a time tried to be set on fire at New York; a solitary stranger without a man to greet us, and not one single soul to cheer us, excepting the “boots” and the “porter.” The relief for our distress came shortly after we had registered our names at the desk, and upon showing the book-keeper our letter of introduction, he informed us “that the clerk of the mine we were seeking to visit was then in the barber's shop, and in the absence of the superintendent he might possibly

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answer our purpose quite as well." After a proper search this gentleman was found, and with his assistance the Major's horse and buggy was procured for our trip; and very soon after dinner we were on our way to examine the mysteries of the Tanga Scotac "mine."

Accompanied by Mr. T., we were soon driven along by the north fork of the Susquehanna, and passed on beside this stream, as it ran along the base of the well-wooded mountains, which were but spurs of the Grey Eagle Cliffs. We were delighted to find a sort of satisfaction (for our failure in not meeting the *President C.*) at the hospitable mansion of Mr. S—d, who was a friend of my companion in this voyage, where we 10 218 were very pleasantly entertained by the ladies of his excellent and cultivated family; and were treated with all the courtesy, which is but a meet compliment for a meek stranger, whose approach was welcomed, in that proper distribution of *apples* and grapes, with a glass of wine, which is but the kindly supplement due from the ladies to one of our sex, after the manner of that first *awful sinister* treat, which one of the fair creatures gave us, as her first gift to mankind, when fair Eve handed us the apple, at the devil's suggestion. The result of which was that we have been their much endeared toadies ever since; while they have always worn satin and frogs, and every specimen of animated nature as ornaments on their dresses. Oh! vanity of vanities! and yet, why is it that we men should almost lose our wits at the very sight of a female, or are charmed into a flutter of delight with the least glimpse or flourish of a petticoat, with its butterfly colors—as to call forth this fine sentiment from the poet, in admiration of her whenever she shows,

"Her feet beneath her petticoat, Like little mice run in and out As if they feared the light."

Or when she walks along the streets, if she should but greet us with a smile at our infirmity, which compels us to exclaim, "*sub rosa*;"

"She moves a goddess and she walks a queen."

And such homage we are bound to yield them, in spite of Miss Martineau's opinion to the contrary—that wise and virtuous old woman, in her love for the *blacks*; who wrote in

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the back of her book of travels in America, that the only poetical things 219 she saw in America, were those white-winged, swift-sailing sloops which she viewed from her window, passing up and down the Hudson, which ideas of this strong-minded female spinster, we are compelled to contradict very flatly; for all poetry has been moved from a feminine inspiration; and no poet ever gave credit to any male muse, no more than any woman ever gave a fair character to any of her own sex, but *he* ever begins his invocation to some female goddess, as in these noted and hackneyed words!—Oh! muse, etc., in his idolatrous worship of the sex, in the shape of some unknown heathen goddess whom he imagines to be sitting among the clouds on top of Olympus; surely *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, and Venus herself, fond daughter of Jupiter, rose out of the sea-shell at her birth; but when we see a woman, she is sure to give us fits. No doubt these ladies thought they had seen an extraordinary guest hovering among their household, and we left them in a state of amazement or wondrous torpidity. Then we started to drive off, after we had shot off one or two skyrockets of wit, sparkling behind us: such as “Blessings brighten as they take their flight,” or “ *Welcome bids them smiling in, while farewell shuts the door.* ” We have no vanity to display, when we add as a counterpoise for all this gammon, that “curses like chickens often come home to roost.” After crossing over a wild-looking bridge beyond the mansion-house, we reached one of the rockiest little round pebbled roads that was ever seen, excepting on the stony border of one of those little fords in a river, and this looked more like the cinders which a cook throws out of the ashes of a fireplace into the ash-barrel for the poor children to pick up on our streets, to fill their hamper, alongside of their basket cold victuals—or if the image of small round ballast-like stones in Roxbury, New England, will better suit, to describe the nature of the numerous 220 little rough stones which are scattered along the dry beds of the forks of a creek from the relapse of a previous spring freshet, when a giant has sprinkled over his bowl of soup from his pepper-box, vulgarly called pudding, stones, you may consider how difficult it was from their sharp edges for the horse to strike his hoof against these rattling boulders. After driving out of this range of ruts, with great care, so as not to injure the horse's feet, we passed on by the side of numerous snugly built farm-houses, which stood near the road, and by the side

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of one elegant stone mansion; peered curiously at this which was occupied by a family of the high Dutch descent, whose name was Hollinbeck, wherein resided at the time two certain excellent and cultivated females, concerning whom, we were told the following anecdote:—Curiosity, the bane of all women, and natural inheritance from old mother Eve, which led us all into the first fatal act of disobedience, from whose influence we men and women have suffered ever since, induced them to imagine that a visit to the Black Heath Mines would prove a very nice thing for two young ladies, who were fully bent on a spree. So on one fair day, they took a fancy to enter into one of the drifts, where a number of coalmen were at work, driving their picks through the long narrow adits of the walls of coal; after they had gotten fairly in, had looked all through and were about to return, these cunning workmen saw fit to close the door upon them, and afterwards, when they wanted to leave, they quietly insisted they should be paid for the trouble which they had been put to by such an interruption of their day's work, and they stoutly demanded fifteen dollars as *back-sheesh*, or hush-money; like the Arabs of the desert, they wanted their money. Now these fair damsels, who were very wealthy, and had probably become rich from these very mines, soon found themselves in this scrape, that “Facilis 221 Avernī descensus est, sed revocare gradum difficilior,”—which Latin we will explain to mean, “ladies, never suffer yourselves to fall into a dumb waiter, or you will find it as hard to get out as you do to walk up five pair of stairs,” which we will literally translate by this truthful reading from the proverb, “That the rich are wise in their *own* conceits, but the poor man that hath understanding searcheth them out;” so they discovered it too late to their chagrin; for these men caught these dear little creatures in their own trap, and they were forced to hand over their coin before they were let out of the snare. So they sweetly condescended to yield their respective cash, because they could not help it, and did open their portemonnaies and hand over the amount required; after which these nice little wandering birds were gracefully escorted out of this cage and fled swiftly into the air, happy to regain their freedom, having learned this lesson by heart from this excursion, that an old Cornish miner is as sly as a fox, and no silly geese should ever come round their hole, lest they may lose part of their head-gear, or some of their feathers. Fine people should not play too often

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with sharp-edged tools, and keep away from the fire, or you may burn your fingers, as we were once taught by experience, when in our infancy we found out that a burnt child is apt to dread the fire. We must confess that we rather enjoyed this joke, for it helped to lighten the rest of our way on to the first ridges in the lower valley, while we stopped at the Beech Creek Tavern. While we were on the way up we passed enormous scaffolding of a range of white-pine plank-boards, that extended over several acres of ground, which had been piled up in regular stacks all along the path of the cross-road at the turn of which we drove by the side of a running creek, near the race on the stream, where Messrs. Buckley & Taylor had established a very large saw-mill; these were driving managers, and had built up a very profitable 222 business for many years past, at this part of the country, and we should not have had occasion to speak of them again had it not been that shortly after we had ridden by the mill we caught sight of a very nicely built residence, which had been erected there, it seems, by a dishonest steward, who had been once placed there, in trust of their property. Truly, it seems that fraud is rampant everywhere, and that an honest servant is almost as hard to find in Pennsylvania or elsewhere nowadays, as it was in the times of Diogenes the Cynic, who was trying for ever to seek for truth, by the light of his tallow candle. This strange old bear of a philosopher was certainly a careful for nothing sort of man, for he once bearded the Conqueror Alexander from his seat in the bottom of his tub, when by snubbing this Cæsar, who had very civilly asked him "if he could do him any favor," he responded very curtly to the Emperor, like a snapping-turtle, and snarled out only, "Just get out of my sunshine," thus reminding him of the wisdom of a wiser man, who exclaimed: "What shades we are, what shadows we pursue." Verily, this old Simon-pure was a trump in his way, for he served as a warning to all kings, and potentates, and powers of the earth. After we had passed beyond this house, our attention was called to rather a novel sight. Boards were so cheap in this region of timber lands that we were surprised to see great heaps of chips, that had been slivered from the boards, after they had been split in parts by the cutting-knives at the saw-mill, and were then cast into a great mass of rubbish and shavings to make a bonfire. What blessings this waste of wood would prove, if this heap of shavings could have been tunnelled through an atmosphere railway,

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to the poor of New York, whose faces after the boon of such a precious gift would have caused them all to smile like a basket of chips, and would have thrown them into a more gladsome state of delight than that which was 223 expressed by one of two strangers whom we passed last week on Broadway, on our way up-town with a friend, whose face was bursting out with a broad grin, because some fair lady had been very sweet on him with a gay smirk of bright sunshine, which he had just caught blooming through her blue veil. And now, by throwing a shade of reflection over this scene of destruction by the light of the flame of this large body of kindling-wood, we will turn it into a profitable speculation for some shrewd Yankee merchant, who may steal it from our sketch-book; but we will not ask him any fee in advance for the secret, for it is a labor of love such as that of the sweet Scottish lassie, which has been spoken of in history, in her address to the queen, when she was petitioning for the pardon of her sister, Jennie Deans, for her Royal Highness was rather surprised that she had journeyed so far from Scotland to offer her prayers: "I dinna ken, but it ha' awa' been good for me to ask any favor for another, rather than myself."

Now, "To do good and communicate," forgetting not, "for by so doing God is well pleased," we send forth the receipt for the benefit of mankind, and all the people generally. Here it is—for a recipe at whatever it may be worth, viz.:—Take all the saw-dust that you can gather from a saw-mill by the *bushel* and mix it up with a muddle of clay, so as to form a meddle, and mingle the twain together with the culm which is cast off from the coal screens, after it has been thoroughly washed and cleaned, and the result will be a body of rich matter, which will prove as great a source of revenue to the merchant as that which is now derived from the great furor in the present speculation in peat—and far more honest, because nigher to our own doors—which is now inviting some of the capital of the country to establish it as a suitable article of merchandise. This new compound, which we might as well call "Stubbledec-Falderaldee.," 224 will make a cheap substance for fuel, and we guarantee it, although we hope we will not have to smart for it if we should be called upon to act as surety on any other man's bonds, that you will find as profitable as *peat*, which we have burned when we were at school in a Franklin stove, under the

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gentlemanly, because very strict discipline of old Simon Putnam at the North Andover Academy in Massachusetts. In our haste to write out this new recipe for fuel we have almost forgotten the case of the dishonest clerk who had robbed his employer in a sum of about sixty thousand dollars, while the mill was under his charge as the book-keeper and superintendent, who, having eaten the bread of his patrons, then tasted the bitter-sweet of temptation under the serpent-bite of strange women and wine, the worm of his sinning gnawed into his heart, and he was led into the wiles of old Satan, who always baits his hook with a pill of a shining coat and its lure of gold, and the end of it was, this silly foolish man, who first tasted its pleasure, was turned into the yawning grave of premature death, or into a mouldering prison, for a long term of repentance. Therefore, avoid the very beginning of evil, for it will spread like the rage of the flaming fire, and will burn until the sorry ending of an expiring candle, which has been lighted at both ends.

Our friend took us thence on the way to the Inn, which was painted in white, under its sign of the "The Beech Creek Tavern," while he settled with a tailor, for a suit of clothes which he ordered, and after talking with some of the neighbors, the landlord showed us a fine brace of partridges, which he shot in the neighboring copses in the morning, for the woods in that vicinity abound in game, where at times in the winter season plenty of venison may be obtained from the red deer, shot on the mountains adjoining the Tanga Scotac mines. After a little travel through the woods, by 225 whose side a lively little creek was running through a full grove of beech trees, we rounded the corner of a by-road, where we found that one of the carpenters from the neighborhood had built a snug little cottage for his family to reside in, and passing by a sudden turn in the line of the snake-fence which was running about his farm, passed on by the side of another cottager's domicil, who looked out from his barn-yard to salute us, eyeing us askant as we were driven along with a second detour from the house where he stood, and he continued to scan us intently until we had reached a crossroad, at the first bend of which we urged our horse on to begin our first ascent from the valley to the base of the Black Heath Hills. Here we turned round to get a glimpse of the lower valley, which was located between the ridges of the mountains,

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and from a halt at the crown of the foremost range we caught a view of the rich color of the sunset, as its last rays were sinking over the long line of the intermediate plains. This was truly beautiful, and we watched its decline until we lost its faint shadows, as they caught the outlines of this cliff. We were now approaching the last few miles of our journey, and the hill now began to be so full of rocks that we found it best to get out of the wagon, and while one of us led the horse by the bridle, the other stepped out behind to assist the animal and keep the hind wheels from running back down the mountain; so steep and so sharp was the ascent that we had to block the wheels in order to stay its fall. This kept us very busy until we managed to reach the summit, and then began the descent towards the mines of "Black Heath." In about an hour before night-fall we arrived at the farm-house and dwelling of the illustrious English John, who was the Superintendent of these mines, and having viewed the long range of the houses which had been erected for the use of the 10* 226 miners, and had ordered the horse placed in the stable, we passed into the mansion, and were formally introduced to old Mr. Reville, the capital Cornish miner, who was now here in charge, for the administration of this company's interests, and had removed his family into snug quarters under its roof.

Chapter 24. OLD UNCLE JOHN.

Now a word about this celebrated man, who was well suited for his occupation. He had been born and bred on English soil, had served an apprenticeship from his boyhood up, was completely fitted up with all the apparatus for his work, for he had shoved himself into the drift of Cornwall when he was so small that he had to crawl on his knees into the lodes, to dig out the mineral with his hands, and while holding the pick in one hand he prospected his progress along the drifts by the flames blazing out from the lighted tallow candle in the other hand, which was guided by a taper stuck in the front of his cap. So famous was he that he had caught live toads and pulled them, kicking, alive, out of the lodes, which were sunken a thousand feet beneath the surface of the sea (take a note of this in Geology, ye disputants over the Neptune and Vulcanic theory). He was, therefore, quite well adapted to follow all the instincts of a grubber under the earth, and spryer than

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a mole could poke his burrow underneath the soil. No less gifted in his trade as a miner, he became very patriotic during the late war, and when the Rebs in *grey coats* came into Pennsylvania, 228 this old man shouldered his old flint-lock musket, and went out at the head of his battalion of men, ready to combat the enemy on the front of the battle-field. Also, when serving as an engineer in the regions of coal he was no less able to survey the property lines of this territory, and was also engaged in building all the houses for the workmen, and running the railway tracks through the forests which were used by the company to carry the products of the mines down to the tramway cars, which were to forward the loaded cars, filled with bituminous coal, to the rolling steam cars, which were to transport its freight of merchandise to the market by the Pennsylvania and Catawissa or Reading Railroads. Acting as Justice of the Peace he controlled the workmen, and had the power conferred on him to arrest them when they broke out in mutiny, and could hold them to bail, so as to have them tried by the County Court of the Common Pleas at Lockhaven. Nor was the old man very much chagrined when he had at one election day, which had been in the Town Hall, failed to get an appointment as one of the county officers, in the Bureau of Supervisors, in spite of the slander of his opponent, who threw into his teeth that he was a bloody alien or an old English Johnny Bull. He was too much of a philosopher to lose his temper, and settled down his pride by the reflection that after all, "the post of honor was at best the private station," and he could do his duty just as well in his capacity as a proper Cornish miner, or by a meek soothing plaster of solace, such as this,—

"Ne sutor ultra crepidam,"

"Cobbler stick to your last," and he forbore any further remark to his enemy who was so prejudiced, as to have any respect to persons but not to principles, or by quoting another 229 Latin proverb, of one poet Horace, of Soracte, in which he declaimed as follows:—

"Ite Capelle!"

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"Go it, ye cripples!" for his comfort and consolation. You may be sure that we were very glad to sit down before his yule-log fire. It was an ancient fire-place, like one of those old-fashioned New England ones which was built in the honest days of yore, when you could draw your wood from the forest; when the woodman's axe sounded ringingly through the trees, and the uplifted shaft, under well-thrown blows, lent strength and health to the wood-cutter; from whence "digestion waited on appetite, and health on both," for there was no dyspepsia known then; when the rose blushed on the cheeks of the maidens. Here was his wife and faithful housekeeper, meek fellow-helper, and the old grey Maltese cat sitting alongside of the fire-place, an old huge pair of bellows, and the faithful watch-dog sitting beside grimalkin, who did not worry the pussy; the blue china teapot and queer little old-fashioned tea-cups and saucers, with fine English breakfast black tea on the tea-table, and nice quince preserves; cheese and home-made bread and butter, and uncommon looking forks and common knives, with wholesome food in plenty; and a good cheer, a hearty welcome, and a full glass of elderberry wine; then there were pigeons cooing on the roof, and the old tom-cat purring, and the grand big hickory back-log in the fire-place, and bright brass andirons shining to reflect the flickering fire-light, while the sparks flew up the chimney, and the procession from the exploding hickory embers snapped out on the carpet and behind the big tun of elderberry wine, which was bubbling under its heat, blowing up the cover anon with a wheezing like a porpoise, and puffing 230 out its steam like a Mississippi steamboat under high pressure, and occasionally lifting off the top board from the tub and swelling in rage, fumingly and boisterously, while the process of fermentation was going on to ripen the product within the barrel to perfection. Such a picture reminded us of our boyhood's days, when we roved singing through the woodlands of the North, and picked up the huckleberries on the hills; for we felt at home because of the heartfelt cordiality of old honest Uncle John, who was but a laborer in this vineyard, and from him we might all be taught many a sound lesson of earnest life and the blessing of toil-rewarding humble duty, to many a prouder man than his station and work would warrant as miner, or from his wife, who was a pattern of domestic sobriety and meek

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submission in woman, all which moral is better described in the following verses by a friend:—

ON AN OLD RAG-PICKER. BY ASTARTE.

There is a silent forceful law Ever busy by night and day, Taking the waste, the left, the scorned, Off to its unseen home away—

Under the ground, in solid darkness, Where the life roots grow and swell, Where its many servants waiting, Do their wonderful works so well.

For this law has servants many, Some are swift, and some are slow; Some work in fetters, some on wings, In that eternal round they go

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Wonderful forces! never a sound, Never to weary or rest, or fail Nursing eternally new creations Under the never lifted veil.

Nothing is lost, we seem to hear, Nothing is lost on land or sea; Nothing is small, or great, or far, Or useless—all is alike to me.

It is a law that works unheeded, What care we, who wasteful go, 'Mid those harmonious, sleepless forces, Keeping our life in such pleasant flow.

Gather the fragment, that nothing be lost, And nature holds this law so dear, That takes the shatters of all the world, And makes the world anew each year.

And now old lady with frowsy hair, Digging away in the dirt and straw, I know far off in your careless prime, You never heeded this fruitful law.

And now in the lowest years you come, To feel this law, and hunt what's lost; Well! many mortals are like persimmons, Good for nothing—till touched by frost.

You never will find the years you have lost, The ways and means of a younger day: The moral law brings never to man, Fruit for the seed he had thrown away.

I think as I see you standing there, In garments thin on this keen cold day, What great lay preachers the world sends out, If we would but listen to what they say.

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Shortly after tea, we took our pipes and smoked away, after sitting down in his parlor, with a game of whist, to while away the hours until bed-time; and "Uncle Johnny," as he was so termed by the people at home, seeing that we were a poor hand at this game, having rather a silent partner in the dummy, which was supposed to hold the missing hand, we now concluded that the next best thing to be done, was to send us to bed. Shortly after Mrs. R—, his amiable housekeeper, procured a tallow candle, and had it quickly lighted after we had left our boots outside the room to be brushed,—slippers were duly provided by my companion Mr. T—, who then led the way up to a comfortable high-post bedstead, which had been spread with a sufficient number of blankets, and quite a number of coverlets and bolsters were added to furnish up this guest-chamber, which had been prepared with all the modern conveniences of a well-appointed room; we secured the lock and bolted the door before retiring to rest. We then deliberately seated ourselves on the sofa, made our evening salaams to an overruling providence, who had watched over and protected us during the past day, and then jumped bravely into bed, after throwing aside the white dimity curtains, which had been shutting out the stars from our sight, and fell asleep as soundly as if we had been lodged under the most gorgeous upholstered pavilion hangings in the bed-chamber of any royal palace. And on the following day, although it was rather misty, we were guided by this fine old Cornishman to view all the openings that had been shored up at their entrance with strong chestnut posts for the proper handling and quarrying out of the lodes of bituminous coal which had been started at this establishment, concerning which and all the queer workings of this product in general, it is well to shut our mouths at this time; but leave it for a further notice and 233 comment until

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after we have inspected the first, now abandoned and neglected lode, where the mine had been closed up, the product loosely scattered, thrown aside and cast out as useless, to rust with mildew, where we observed, lie at waste, a body of coal which amounted to about four thousand tons in weight, from having been exposed a long time to the inclemency of the weather all the past winters, and left to feel the influence of the heavy rains and snows during the last year. Such a wanton and wilful neglect in not housing the whole of this excellent material was shameful in the extreme, and we are bold enough to proclaim it criminal, from the very first day of the inception of an undertaking which any honest and fair representation to the stockholders who had subscribed to its stock, would have prevented if this property had been properly handled; and it was fraudulent, because the projectors who started this miserable scheme, must have either omitted or neglected to make a clearer statement of all the facts with a presentment of those prudential and cautionary movements, due care and jealous watchfulness before investing your means in any enterprise of this kind; for they must have forgotten that every such scheme which has a motive to cheat the public out of their money, by a lure of false gain, baited with avarice, and glossed over in the guilt of covetousness, must have convinced them according to their own consciences, if at all consulted, that their programmes were wanting in a real and startling declaration of the truth, "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." So much by way of introduction, and we passed on in the rain which was then falling in heavy sheets of water, so as to make us feel the need of an umbrella, to say only at this point, that we looked into the gate-way of the old pit-hole, and saw nothing in it but solid darkness, and a dangersome look of deceit and trickery after stepping down 234 by the side of a broken trap-door, through whose sides the coal had at one time been let down with a fall into the cars which were lying in wait by the side of a tramway to receive the coal. We passed through the mud, and over the loose stones, to get to the new establishment which had been started by the company, who probably thought, that as every new broom sweeps clean, by this novel process of reconstruction, they might sweep away all the cobwebs which had been spun by the spider weavers over the old doors of the broken down hollow cavern in order to throw dust in the eyes of the stockholders, and furnish fresh sand for the

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eyes of the directors, to brighten up the Scotch glass pebbles, which eyeglasses were to perform the duty of some new pairs of spectacles, whilst behind a thick dark veil the poor deluded people, the suburbans, were to bow down to a delusion and believe their lies.

Uncle Johnny, the moving spirit about this locality, carried us to the gangway, which had recently been sprung over the abyss on parapathetic parallels of lumber, and the gulfs of mud and low marshes lying beneath them. He had done his duty faithfully; the whole fabric of this beautifully built railroad had a frame of trestle-work over the whole fabric of the railway which had been solely made under his superintendence, from the planning out of its irregular track to the cutting down of some noble forest trees, in order to furnish the heavy sleepers of timber, the stakes of which had been hewn into proper shape by his axe, and as we walked along the tramway, which had been fastened with iron cradles to hold them with their strong grip and fastenings down to the wood-work, through an extent of over two miles. While looking over the ravine our eyes became very dizzy, and we were compelled to be led along, very cautiously, by taking 235 hold of his strong arm, so as to prevent our falling into the slough beneath us, for we were rather a new hand at the bellows, and, like a green sailor, at our first attempt in climbing this new kind of rigging became rather giddy, and rather wistfully wanted to go back. However, this man's help was of great service, and we gained heart and took courage, after getting further on at the head of the road, where the course had reached the level of the common dirt road, which was the end of this route; there we saw the spot where a new pit-hole had been dug out on the hillside at the croppings out of a new strata of bituminous coal. Just as we were about to enter the drift we came across two persons who were out shooting for want of something better to do; as all the works were suspended, for all their resources by which to carry them on had failed. These hunters had stopped at this mine and were after wild pigeons and squirrels in the rain. There we rested awhile after hailing them, to enjoy a little talk about miners and mining-men in general. We all sat down together on a platform of boards, waiting for one of the party to light a candle, before we could be enabled to enter the gangway from the front to the interior of the drifts, in order to examine

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its bearings. There is, as you all know, a sort of portcullis or antechamber which frames the door of a coal-pit, whence the coal of the mine can easily be discovered coming out at the foot of the mountain, and where a neat wooden shed is built up, on each side of which, a plain board seat is erected as a rest for the workmen and visitors, before going in, or after they have come out. Here we sat awhile until the water had been inspected, and a small barrow-car had been properly placed, the light struck and ourselves seated in one of the wagons, while we were pulled along by the aid of our book-keeper, and guided by our conductor into the interior so as to inspect the 236 walls of the drifts, we were pushed along over the water, and into the solid depths of the inner lodes, until we had reached a distance from the entrance of about one hundred and fifty feet, and were careful to open the different gates which had been constructed at the intersection of the various bends in the strata. Here we were delighted to find a fine body of mineral running through the veins to an extent of four or five feet in length, and pleased to look into the well-holes, which were sunken from the surface, in order to introduce fresh air into the mine, and a little light, for the comfort and safety of the miners. We found everything about here in capital—or as it is called apple-pie order, and so in respect to the surface bearing, quantity of product, wonderfully well suggested, and devised, the chambers and gateways all neatly and strongly constructed with good box-works, together with proper chimneys from the top to the bottom of the pit, a long flume of air-holes or wind-sails, with proper doors and escapes all well boarded and admirably adapted for the safety and security of the miners. But with all these things at hand, there was *the hollow skeleton* staring you all the time in the face; the fact was as stubborn a one as that which we observed on one bright afternoon near the Bloomingdale Road, that struck forcibly from that picture as we looked at it from the Eighth Avenue car, wherein a solitary jackass stood in bas-relief against a blue sky. We could not help feeling that there was a great blunder somewhere; the truth will out; there was no money in it, none could be gotten out of it, for the Pewee-Road would not carry their product to market; the Company's men were at a stand-still, there was a flaw in the iron and a dead-lock in the contract. They had forgotten to get into favor with the grand enterprises which had been started years before this, and were paying

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handsome dividends to the stockholders, while this unfortunate concern had 237 not capital enough to shoulder their wagons through to the markets and cities' depot for the sale of their coal; because the mammoth Anacondas had swung their lines all across their tracts, which block obstacle they seemed to have forgotten, or lost sight of, like a vision that vanishes in a dream, and there were others who had carriages to help them along, and there were shrewd neighbors who had travelled over the ground with greater success, and had derived large profits from their undertaking; who had rolling cars and locomotives, railways, canals, and abundant rolling stock, and were always on hand, and on the sharp look-out for profligates and spendthrifts, and ready to swallow up these sleeve-gammon, sly-sanctimonious, picayune, amiable, adventurous, but indiscreet and sickly puling young subjects and gay deceivers, who were good only in the pocketbook game, and could play the little poker in the patent-safe trick to perfection.

What a pity that these did not look out for the breakers ahead, before they had started their poor and disreputable swine-dealing schemes. The "Tanga Scotac," or tangled skein, had run its dark, worrying and blustering Lethe waters with its ominous forebodings, to warn them off the rocks and shallows; the lighthouse had sent its glares of bright lantern and luminously shining forth with a lurid glow over the seas, where sunken wrecks were pointing to the ominous naked masts to show them, that there were breakers ahead, and roaring aloud, wild winds, and tempest raging and bellowing with fearful shrieks about bankrupt barks and stricken ships; but in spite of all "these" beautiful "castles in the air," their magnificent illustrated programmes breathed of sulphur and bituminous vapors. They had well-planned schemes and solemn contracts, but they had forgotten that men had families to support; that wives and children had hungry mouths to fill, or that,

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"The best laid schemes of mice and men, Gang aft agley."

We have nearly finished and will soon be out, and returning through the rain. It proved rather a sad morning to us; in fact, it had made us quite melancholy, as we passed

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away; it perplexed our brain as we thought for the thoughtless, who had not considered the distress they had occasioned by such a blundering mismanagement. Now all such men as these surely *come* to grief. But, we could not but pity the misfortune of the poor lonely widow who had been cast here with her disappointed family in this wilderness of Pennsylvania; of the deserted school-house, where children might have been taught to read; of the abandoned property, of the broken fortunes, and the embittered hearts of the managers, who had been taken from his fireside and cheerful hearth, to be a solitary isolated exile on these islands of roofless barrenness.

Now as far as the shrewd old miner is concerned, the guardian of this broken-down enterprise, we have only small boon of compassion. He had begun life from the beginning, with his hand and fingers; and with an humble trust in providence, who had not forgotten this honest John Bull, he understood his business, has been economical and laid up enough for a wet day. Any better designed establishment would soon employ him; he could go back to the “Tanga Scotac,” and it would not betray him who had bowed his head to its waters and bathed his face in its rippling stream, and it would be all the clearer from the bath; but of the other there is nothing further to be said, and there never was anything but presumption in those deep plannings. There was an augury of dark design in its very name; there were deeds of darkness brooding and foreboding of dark omens through its neighboring groves, there was recklessness in the daring of its wild and stragglng adventurers. 239 Theirs was a robbing, thieving, disastrous feat, and stupid when desperate, it became a dangerous speculation. Solid dark from the very Latin root of *Specus* , from which it was founded; it became black in the end, and looking into darkness, but not “looking before you leap,” has broken many a head before these buyers—short capitalists, and emptied heavier and longer purses, than any that were ever squandered in any coal field, such as that which is locked up in that deserted haven, which is nigh the far-off wilderness in the Keystone State, and not far from the Black Heath Mountain. It became us to move solitary and alone from this melancholy fragment of this life's history of failure; and after having hastily dined, the same horse and buggy bore us away by the

same route by which we had ascended. We had not stopped until we had reached the starting stable of our friend's mansion, which was located on the hill-side, just back of Lock-haven, and giving the team into the hands of the negro servants, dropped into the house, where we remained until after tea.

We were delighted to play with the children, to sit on the front stoop, to view the beautiful lines of these innocent faces, to wander thence to the last lingering flushes of the soft roseate sun-beams, which were casting their last rays over the western hills, flickering with varied light, shadowing over the reclining hills, and touching the valleys with gay pictures of beauty, until it passed away for the night and sank in the bright wilderness of its glory. A refreshing and holy meal, which was then partaken, left its softening impress on our rested limbs, and as we sat watching and waiting, the memory of another sweet face was imaged forth, as we were reminded of these choice lines of Ruskin, for our hostess was as he has described the good woman and gracious lady of whom it might be said,

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"With whom each sovereign good dwells separate, Fulfilling the perfection of thy state."

Thus ever dreaming of the past, we turn for our satisfaction to a picture of more genial bearing, where we are reminded of another charming character who is quoted by the same artist, in word-painting in the following lines:

"Lady, since I conceived Thy pleasurable aspect in my heart, My life has been apart In shining brightness and the place of truth; Which till that time good sooth, Groped among shadows in a darken'd place, Where many hours and days, It hardly ever had remembered good, But now my servitude Is thine, and I am full of joy and rest; A man from a wild beast Thou madest me, since for thy love I lived."

How eminently suited are these words, which Dante Rossete has gathered from an Italian poet to the feelings of a man, who having faithfully served and honored the friend of his bosom, should reap but a burthen of that strong sorrow of heart for his reward, after

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suffering from a violent usurpation of his privilege, through the cruel instrumentality of a dual conspiracy, which was ever well kept, when once plighted and pledged, but broken asunder by a major force, where pride, poverty, and ambition linked themselves under the cloak of Satan to disrupt what God had never designed should be sundered. When solitude rules the heart and the sacred affectionate pledge of a strong man, how mighty are the thoughts that burn as incense through his passions, and the broken and 241 contrite heart yielding in humble submission to the will of a stern providence, is the only solace and consolation afforded him, whose sufficiency is alone from God.

When, on the following morning, our friends had started on their way homeward, it was necessary to pass over the same places which had been seen on a previous occasion, and there was nothing to lighten the burthen of their journey, but one or two chance observations about the neighbors in the cars in which they had been seated. Just before us were two opposite characters to be observed, strictly from the strong contrast between these two persons. One, an old, hardened sinner, who was watched from our seat, polluted the air by his lewd conversation, and tobacco-stained breath; he was, as he himself admitted from his talk, a procurer, or pimp, and his whole aspect bore a feature of unpleasantness, which disgusted us, as we were obliged to be near him. It was no wonder that evil associations should have corrupted his morals, as well as his manners, when we heard of the low state of virtue which was prevalent in the town which he left; and, we are sorry to add, that arose mainly from foreign importations of imported irregularities into the mining districts of Pennsylvania. The other portrait was that of a clever and bright youth, who was looking at the scenery while we were passing along, who exposed the character of this indecent neighbor, and it was in him we took refuge to shield ourselves from the bad influences of the former unfortunate man, who had fallen into the snares of the devil. After which contrast of light and shade, so markedly exhibited in the faces of these two individuals, the only incident that occurred to relieve the monotony of the journey was a little diversion of distress, which claimed our attention from a forlorn old lady, dressed with a frock, and plain, hiding her sharp face under the frame of a Shaker

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bonnet. The scene which took 11 242 place, wherein this woman performed a solo part, is hard to be narrated—in fact, it begged description. Soon after she had entered the car, at the Milford station, she was bound to pop out of her seat, and would have been thrown on the track had we not seized hold of her by main force, and loudly bawled out to her to sit still. It seems that while getting into this car at this depot, with her encumbrances of pocket-handkerchief, railroad ticket, and small hand-bag, she suddenly discovered herself to be without a check for her passage; and now came a cry and nervous shriek from her deep emotion, under her present state of embarrassment, “I have lost my handkerchief, with the ticket in it! What shall I do without my pass?” Now, what a muss and a fuss she did make about it; such a rattling of her teeth, and outpouring of her tongue, of sharp words, and cries of painful sound fell from her lips, that it was as if a chicken had been dancing on a hot plate. “I have got it from my cousin, George Wells; he that, keeps the stationhouse.” We continued our shout, “Be quiet; keep still; don’t move; if you jump out you’ll be killed.” “But my pocket-handkerchief,” she yelled, “with the ticket in it. I don’t care for the handkerchief, but the ticket, with the pass in it.” And that and the same cries were repeated about a dozen times, until, finally, she sat down in peace. Then the conductor was called. The gist of her matters was easily arranged between the telegraph, the ticket master, and the keeper of the depot. But she did not get over her fright and fidget until we had reached Danville, where she found it all righted, and the pass was checked through by special order. We never saw such an agitated old lady before; so hard to be persuaded; so determined to get killed in her haste to jump off. We left her at Danville, and the passengers all told us, “Your order for her to sit down peremptorily was the saving of her 243 life.” Our advice, therefore, to all ladies, whenever they get into a scrape, is, don’t move whenever you are only a little scared, for the easiest way is always the best for you—which is to keep your seat—be still as a mouse. We know it is very hard for you to hold your little tongues. But in a row always *keep quiet*, and recollect the Italian *proverb*, which has saved us many a time, “*Quieta, non muovere*”—“*Keep quiet; don’t move.*”

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When we were about to start from Danville to get on to Catawissa road, a beautiful bride got into the front seat, and delighted our eyes with such a sweet prospect of beauty that we forgot to look much at the scenery; and, furthermore, one of the most elegant women that could be produced in any part of America very grandly sailed into the vacant seat just after we had left the bridal party at the next station, near Rupert's. This sudden apparition so entirely engaged our attention, and the eyes of all the other occupants of the car, that nothing could be very carefully considered along the way, until we had left her at the point of the *summit* of this line of railroad. We were led to believe, from looking carefully at this specimen of the human formation in Pennsylvania, that the works of Nature were eclipsed by the products of humanity, and we have no doubt that this State was called the "Keystone" from the fact that all the women are as good as this sample in the one who sat before us all the way, until there was a change of cars at the junction of the Lehigh road, where we parted from her; and we turned our attention to the lines of the construction of the Catawissa and Reading road, and at McCauley's station, which was the third station to claim any special notice, having already passed over two extended lines of trestle framework over the valley, which had been thus bridged by a perfect and graceful span of iron braces. We 244 were forced by the fine prospects seen beyond the Limerick valley to view the grand sweep of landscape, which was ranging from hill to hill, to embrace a circuit of miles from our views from out the windows of the car.

We had passed Number Four, when we were all attracted by the peculiar lines of the Sugar-Loaf Mountains; and at Freeman's the sweep-back from White's Station brought before us the form of a well-built bridge, which was raised at an elevation of one hundred and fifty feet over the ravine. There were others extending as high as two hundred feet at Number Five, which was the highest and the last which was observed by us. We reached the "Summit," by the side of which was the bare face of huge Limestone Rock, a way-station which stood opposite a small baggage car-house, and a refreshment room, at which point we awaited the arrival of the Lehigh Valley train, that was to take us on our way to the Mauch Chunk that afternoon. It was at Port Chillen where we were left off from

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the Catawissa train which was on its way down to Reading. At that point of the road we learned how a poor man was thrown off the rear of the car as it was passing on to New York. Here we remained while he was stating his grievances to us, for he was still smarting under the injury he had received from this interruption in his journey, and which occurred all through a mistake which was certainly the fault of the Company's Transfer Ticket Agent at Williamsport. He grew very boisterous at length, as such people especially do where there is no redress to be had on the spot, and commenced asking for a Justice of the Peace to sue out a writ of damage for the detention at this intermediate spot, away off from his family; he wanted them mulcted in a fine or penalty for their negligence in not granting him a proper ticket through to his home that night in New York. It was, 245 we must confess, rather a hard case, and we sympathized with him in his misfortune, but that would do him very little good or avail him naught as a remedy for his bruises; and there was no court in the vicinity nearer than the Supreme Court of some city, and what could a simple, honest Dutch Justice do for him in this vicinity of the accident, to say nothing of the lack of jurisdiction?

However, finding that all my attempts to soothe him were useless, and leaving him to cool off, he soon came to his senses, and after a while was so calmed down in an hour of mature reflection that he thanked us for our counsel, but not a cent of a fee did he proffer us for the advice we had given him.

We did our duty nevertheless, and received our pay in that unusual piece of civility that was displayed to us by the conductor of the Lehigh Valley Railroad when it took us up from this depot at the "Summit" and carried us up through the stretch of the Lehigh Valley and back. Thus we were enabled (free of cost or expense) to travel this distance, for he considered us strangers, and took a notion to favor us because we were not speculators nor prying dealers in coal project. So, in this mode, we obtained a better view of all the Company's works which had been established at Delano, and further on to McElroy City, Mount Etna, and over the entire range of the beautiful valley of the bright, sparkling Lehigh. After our return to the Junction, we continued in the same car, and moved on

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towards Mauch Chunk. We shall never forget the pleasure we enjoyed in that day's ride along the banks of the Lehigh River, where we could trace the stream from the small trickling rills and brooks over the rocks, and the little babbling waterfalls and cascades, until it rushed out in a fuller body and with more rapid and furious forces under the dark lines of the gloomy hills and mountain walls at Mauch Chunk, where we halted to remain over Sunday.

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MAUCH CHUNK.

The borough of Mauch Chunk, from its romantic location, pure mountain air, accessible from every point, presents rare attractions to pleasure-seekers and summer sojourners. It was the cradle of the coal business of the United and is now the centre of the great Anthracite coal trade of the Lehigh region; hemmed in on every side by abrupt mountains, between which glides the Lehigh with its beautiful bright waters, it presents scenes the most picturesque and grand for the pencil of the sketcher, or the inchoate inception of views for the painter to finish up in his landscapes upon the easel in his studio. Such was the vivid and glowing introduction to one of the darkest, gloomiest, and dampest of prospecting depositories for coal in this country. Truth is no doubt stranger than fiction; and casting aside all cloak of invention, without drawing too strongly on our imagination for the facts, we will barely state what were our first impressions when we entered the stone mansion of the United States Hotel. When the granite was first projected among the primaries of creation, where its blocks of greystone were intermixed with hornblende and gneiss, and whacks of white spotted its body like bloated lumps, or blotches on an old toad's back, and the white, brilliant crystals in the quartz rock impregnated its bases to the very centre of its core, and its heart of stone glistened with bright filaments of gold, it had a noble form in which it was placed to furnish this earth and strengthen its mighty foundations within the strong magnetism of a galvanic battery; but when built up in the shape of a Publican's tavern lodged as in a stone hedge, and seated in the corner of an elbow between two mountains, where a rapid river is dashing its waters furiously

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along in its way to the ocean, as if it were 247 a mettled horse, foaming and chafing at the bit, to break away from the hold of a fearless rider, ready to throw him if he could. So may we compare the position of this man's hospital, which might be termed an *Inn*, indeed, but never an *out*; for with its moist and uncomfortable body, well sprinkled by the mountain mists which are continually falling over it with heavy showers on the roof, like the trickling drops from a vapor bath, you might find it very contributive to settle the fate of a consumptive patient, and that in spite of all the victuals which might have been provided by the landlord to keep life in the body. Here was a corner deeper than any which was ever established on Wall street; where the sunlight, according to the testimony of one of the inhabitants, only visits the town a small fraction of the day, and whose aspect was so gloomy that it caused a chill as we viewed it from the upper window of the hotel; and that state of shiver soon turned to a fever and ague as hot as our chagrin, and alternated with a *chever-de-freeze* in our dumb outrage, that we had been obliged to stop short of Bethlehem, and what was worse again, that we had been prevailed upon, (from what it turned out) to land at any such place. At about five P.M., without having eaten anything since breakfast—all arising from our not having provided even a Boston hard cracker—for there was not a crumb to be found there to appease your hunger; and, in the meanwhile, when we had landed, to be told that not even a beef-steak could be cooked at that hour for the late passengers who had arrived there to wait over Sunday; and then to look into the dining-room and see some of this fellow's, cronies—who also had his *rings* or nice bosom friends—eating a hearty meal which had been provided for the particular favorites of this caterer, was, to say the least, only adding insult to injury. The result was, that we did at last obtain something 248 to eat, and as a special favor were permitted to enter the circle and assist consuming a portion of the remainder in the tail of a repast, which was flavored with a water-melon, melting, while our eyes were almost fired with indignation or filled with tears of pity for this sinner who had nearly forgotten the very first lesson in the law of hospitality, a law which is respected even among the savages and Arabs, and had in this instance fairly convinced us that he was hardly the proper man to keep an hotel; except, perchance, in one of those regions of benighted shadows, where the poor man will

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rest in the bosom of Abraham, while the rich man will long after the crumbs which he once was glad to throw to his dogs; but where the meek alone shall inherit the earth, and the smile of the Lord will be the light of their souls.

Chapter 24. A SWITCH BACK AND HOME.

“The best laid schemes o' mice and men Gang aft agley.”— *Robt. Burns*.

What a sad mistake we had made by settling ourselves down into this dark corner, which was a sort of hole in the wall, for we had not a moment of real comfort during the entire period of our stay at that chunk of a village. After a pleasant dinner, we stepped across the street to walk over the lines of a beautiful suspension bridge, which was visible from the front stoop of the hotel; and, while standing on its plankways, admired its strong frame of iron network, while it hung over in bending grace across the Lehigh's rapid current, and, looking from thence over the railroads, obtained a perfect view of the location of the town, which was so snugly lodged in the shadows of a deep mountain dell in this valley. From the stand-point of our gaze we surveyed the whole extent of the borough, with all the buildings of the city, and were delighted to observe that the most prominent edifice in the sight was the plain form of the Episcopal church, which conspicuously displayed its bright facade above all other points in this village. It lifted its square-turreted head, pointing up towards the sky, with its raised yellow limestone structure peering out from a high brick platform of wall, which had been built on top of a wide stone parapet 11* 250 which stretched its length along underneath the sharp ledges of one of the rocky cliffs that overshadowed its architecture. From thence it seemed to lighten up all the gloomy aspect of the scenery, and loomed so cheerfully up to gladden our sight, as if the light of this candlestick had been truly set on a hill, and not hidden under such a bushel as the dark aspect of the town, resting beneath its heavy shadows, foreboded. From this stern contrast of light and shade, which recalled suddenly to our memory another striking picture of a grand chiaroscuro, similar in its effects to one of those remarkable paintings by Salvator Rosa, depicted from a land scene near a wild mountain pass, which one enjoys

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in Spain, near Toledo, and can be best sketched from the convent of the monks, behind the cathedral, from whence, if you will place your easel by the side of the old Moorish temple, which is not far off, you can overlook the bold, dashing, and rapid river, which is leaping and rushing so furiously along after it has burst through the narrow gorges of the mountain's walls, breaking its forces on swift currents, scattering its dark waters with foaming fury, as if it were fretting and chafing at its bonds which trouble its fall over the precipices, and wanders recklessly on through the crevices of a dark ravine.

That sight from the suspension bridge which was thrown over the Lehigh river was the most attractive feature in the whole landscape, so that the entire depth of the valley was commanded at a glimpse.

After we had fully enjoyed this prospect, we sought for a gayer and nobler panorama over the vast extent of this region, and reached it by recrossing the bridge; then started away in a northerly direction, along a road which passed through the uninhabited portion of the city, and from thence commenced a tedious ascent up several steep pairs of stone steps, which led us gradually on to the base of one of the mountains, leaving out, at one side, the residence of Judge Parker, the millionaire of this place. It was about sunset, as we walked slowly along, following the crowd of daily laborers who were returning home on Saturday night to their dwellings, which were built on an elevated plain that formed a wide plateau, while it stretched its broad surface along the margin of a fine growth of forest trees to furnish a beautiful and refreshing shade. We stopped awhile to enjoy it, just beneath the overhanging summit of the Switchback, which crowned this panorama of scenery, and commanded the whole of the valley of the Lehigh, as it overlooked one of the finest landscapes that can be viewed from these hills, or in any other scenery in this country.

We were then at a point of elevation that introduced to our vision a sweeping perspective beyond the wide belts of the western range, wherein we could see the rapid Lehigh river as it was dashing its swift waters along the crooked curve of the valleys along whose

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banks it ran its rippling course, and the extent of our glance reached over a circuit of twenty miles in circumference, so that the sunset could thence be observed, although darkness had for some time prevailed over the centre of the borough, which was then lying dormant beneath our feet. It was on the very eve of its sinking away for the night when we caught a last sight of its departing rays over the tops of the mountains; a grand prospect indeed, and all nature in harmony with the repose of the people, who now appeared to be moving on towards the realms of their slumbers, having passed from their labors of the day, to enjoy a Sabbath of rest, which all creation needed. We were then convinced that we had already gathered much to be laid up in store for us in the future of the next week.

We descended from this position by a bridle-path which led 252 to the town by the side of the cemetery, and, having crossed along by its sides, returned again to the foot of the hill, and having turned our head but once from a straight direction at its base, from thence hurried on to shelter ourselves and rest our wearied limbs under the melancholy shade of the hotel of the Spread "Eagle's," which was very wrongly named here, "the United States."

You may be sure that when Sunday came we did not spend much time at that place, but sought first to find out the residence of the clergyman, and were not long in placing ourselves inside the Sabbath school, attending the services which were going on in the school, and afterwards at the church.

Altogether, we passed a very pleasant day, from having enjoyed the services of the Sabbath, and heard the Rev. Mr. Baldy preach his two sermons. We came to the conclusion, at the end of the second day, and returned that night with a fixed resolve that we would drive out of that spot as soon after Monday morning as the day broke away over the hill-side of the mountains.

We were heartily sick of it. The hotel had a great deal to do with it, and on Monday, determined not to be caught napping, we footed it up to the plain from which the tramway cars for the Switchback were to start, and there had to wait until 9 A.M.; then commenced

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that ascent, which, after half an hour, brought us to the top, where we obtained one of the finest views in America. The prospect from the summit of the Switchback is not to be surpassed, and that alone would amply compensate you for all your troubles, bother, and cause of complaint which might confront you on your road up to the mean chunk of a place. Why it was called Mauch Chunk we could never discover. Some person informed me that it was for the reason that the *Bear's Hunt* had once been started from 253 this vicinity; but we saw no such animal, except at the hotel, and after we had reached the summit, which is more than half way in the tour of the Switchback, where we were gravitated along in a lowback car, we obtained permission, through the influences which the conductor had in this region, to get off of this hog's back, and, seizing hastily the first opportunity that occurred, rode back by gravity motion on top of a coal car, until we were dropped down by the upper side of the town, and thence hurried into the hotel; paid our bill; footed it across the Suspension bridge; bought a ticket through to New York, so glad were we to escape the clutches of the landlord, who made us pay three days' board, from Saturday night to Monday morning, where we reckoned we had hardly got the value of two; and did not stop to look back, nor scarcely to look out, until we had passed Slateville, so very properly named, for you could see the Slate beds cropping out along the side of the road; then hastened through Allentown and its large iron works, passed by Bethlehem, rushed lastly by Easton, just catching a sight of its beautifully hung Suspension bridge, which stretches its sweeping garlands of iron branches, swinging across in perfect lines of architectural grace, over the swift conjuncture of the lively Lehigh and greater waters of the Delaware.

Now while we are rambling away from the dark shadows of the hill sides at Mauch Chunk, we look back in memory to relate one fearful tribute of retribution, which determined its issues in a certain case, which is connected with the history of all fraudulent coal schemes.

Many years ago there were certain parties whose names this deponent doth not remember, were entitled by the laws of inheritance to a very large tract of coal, which lay, and still is worked in the quarries, some few miles north of Mauch Chunk. By some

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ingenious process or other we suppose, we 254 denominate it *mesne* process, which we will call *mean proceedings*, the witty ingenuity of some shrewd men, conspiring through the facilities which the bar affords, together with the aid of certain sharp practitioners, contrived to defraud a widow out of her dower rights, and succeeded in getting this property into such a perplexing state of embarrassment, that notwithstanding this lady had obtained a settlement for one portion of her interest, the remainder was wheedled out of her, and so crooked around her by some such strange confederation of device, or dereliction of remedy, that it has ever since remained in that dreadful state of suspense in the Chambers of Equity, called *Statu quo*, that not even a Philadelphia, lawyer would succeed in unravelling its dark skein, into which it had become entangled; and it still stands unravelled, just where the last body of these jackals left it, for they had thus only thrown a tub to catch a whale.

In the meantime one of the parties who had succeeded in getting possession, which was one, point in law, setting aside the right of possession or that of property as a mere matter to juggle over the bar, or the bench, and the Court of Chancery led him to think it necessary to visit these mines in which he was pecuniously, surreptitiously, or supposititiously interested, and it happened, “for all chance is design,” says Shakespeare, that on his way to visit this estate, the train in which he had been seated, started on while he had stopped a moment by the roadside to take his lunch, and he who was greatly surprised at the sudden departure, hastened to run after the cars; now certainly “he who follows after never got before,” and in his haste brought on such a state of overheat and excitement, that he burst a blood-vessel; and so he dropped dead, and died on the very spot from which this incipient fraud and violation of human rights had been projected.

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“Verily there is a divinity Which shapes our ends—rough, Hew them as we will.”

for,

“God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.”

We would not have stopped so suddenly at this point, but that we had been caught on one such back track in the morning, and so hastily hurried over the road to get away from the dark spot of the Chunk; and we could say with Burns, that there was

“A chiel amang you taking notes, And faith he'll prent it,”

which served to point the thought of this little anecdote, as a moral, and thus adorn this tale.

Now, no book can be a good book which has not some good intention to carry it off. For if its tendencies are bad, it would only furnish one of the round curb-stones for the Devil's pavement, and as the Spanish proverb reads—(would shingle over the grave of another sinner, the Old English Saxon, for Hell) which the old Don Hidalgos fancied was almost altogether and all over paved with good intentions (where as it really meant that to hell a man was only to bury him). Where we will now leave him in a hollow on the way of Scotch Plains to New York, and pursue our journey homeward—that much abused spot where we verily believe there is as much good prevailing as there is of evil; and we can no more than doubt the fact, that there are more healthy people in the world than there 256 are sick in every city. Thus resolved, we will stand up for these Drift Thoughts, which are not further from the truth than the difference between a hawk and a hernshaw, and advise you all to eschew whatsoever is of evil in them as much as the devil himself hates holy water.

HALLS OF ST ANTHONY, MINNESOTA

DRIFTING OFF

REMINISCENCES, COMMENCING MAY 16, 18— Chapter I. DRIFTING OFF.

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It was a fine May morning when we started for the West; the first blushes of the rising sun lighted up the horizon, and all nature seemed swelling into life, in unison with the gentle waves of our noble bay; and such was the aspect of nature.

On the Monday that we left the city of New York for Philadelphia, at five o'clock A.M., via the Amboy railroad, the day was very pleasant, and we were much pleased with the scenery as we passed down the "*Kills*," but especially with the appearance of Staten Island, which is certainly a beautiful spot, which has been much improved by the tasteful country seats that adorn its shores. Nothing of interest occurred on the way until we arrived at Philadelphia, at one o'clock P.M. The approach to this city was quite beautiful, and the green-swards of the island which fronts the city made it look quite picturesque in its appearance as it gleamed with a sparkle of golden sunshine, like an emerald set on the forehead of this queen-like metropolis. Having arrived there we found the "Jones House," at which we put up, to be an exceedingly well kept establishment; and after having settled down in its rooms, we afterwards went out into the city to make our first call to Mrs. Kuhn's, on Chesnut Street, where we delivered our letters; for we were disappointed in not finding her at home. From thence we proceeded to seek Mrs. King's residence, which was found after a little difficulty which arose from the bad arrangement of the numbers on the houses; but when we had finally succeeded, saw the whole family, and were highly pleased with all our cousins, whom we may with truth say, we then had looked on for the first time in our life so as to know them, for we were quite children when last in this city. After dinner we again called on these cousins, and with them went out to view the city and its establishments.

After our return from sight-seeing, we called at the Philadelphia Hospital, where we saw Dr. Robinson, who had been one of our old schoolmates at Mr. Peugnet's, in New York, and were delighted to find him so well situated in his profession; and after making an arrangement to start together for Baltimore on the next morning, we parted from him, and returned for our rest at the hotel.

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In company with one of our aunts and two cousins we promenaded through the principal streets of the city, and amused ourselves by making comparisons of the style of their buildings with those of the New Yorkers. They have but few fine houses in Philadelphia, for they are altogether too plain in their fronts. The embarrassed state of the finances seems to have affected this city very much, and to have compelled many of the principal families to change their residences. The public buildings are quite fine, and in excellent taste. The Girard Bank, the United States Bank, and some of the churches are fine specimens of pure taste in architecture. We returned home with our aunt to her house in South Ninth Street, No. 168, where we spent a delightful evening in the company of 5 our charming cousins, and that of Judge King, who is a plain spoken, off-handed man, and who kindly offered us a letter to Judge Shaler, of Pittsburgh, which was eagerly accepted. Mr William King favored us also with a letter to a Mr. Smith, who was one of the clerks in the Navy Department at Washington. James Turnbull was also present this evening, who is doing pretty much the same as formerly'for while he remains in his situation with Mr. Hardinge he will never do better. In his company we returned to the hotel, and at eleven o'clock retired to bed.

Tuesday, 17th.—Started for Baltimore at half-past six A.M., by water, and after we had gone as far as Wilmington by boat, had not an opportunity to visit the first school we ever attended. Here we then took the railroad *via* Havre-de-Grace, on to Baltimore, where we arrived about two o'clock P.M., and put up at Barnum's, whose hotel has the *renommée* , but we think is not equal to the Exchange. At four o'clock the same afternoon we were on our way to Washington, where we arrived at six o'clock P.M. The country through which the route passes is certainly beautiful, especially that portion which is situated around Elkridge Landing, which was rendered highly interesting to us from having been the seat of our private tutorship of our friend Samuel Longfellow, who went to this place as instructor in the family of a Mr. Donaldson. We were quite fortunate in finding Samuel Donaldson in the cars with us, on our way to the Capital, for he had been one of our old acquaintances

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at Cambridge University, and was connected with some of the first families of Baltimore. This interview rendered our after-stay in Baltimore quite agreeable.

We found Fuller's Hotel to be one of the best of those which had been opened at Washington; but they are all in a far inferior state to that which the wants of the large numbers 6 of visitors at the Capital demand, and the *coup d'œil* presented from the entrance of Brown & Gadsby's Inn was somewhat similar to that of an indifferently built pig-stye for the hogs.

Wednesday morning, 18th.—We started forth to visit the chief objects of attraction in the city itself, and were agreeably disappointed in finding a somewhat more tolerable place than that of the pictures on which it had been heretofore represented to us. Men are not apt to be much pleased with the scenes of their disappointed hopes and rejected addresses. The President's House is a building, to be sure, of rather an ancient style of architecture, but it has a very beautiful appearance; and as it stands facing the Potomac we doubt whether the style could be much improved by the present gingerbread style of American plaster-work. The location is on a hill which commands a fine view of the city and also of the river Potomac and the adjoining country; the grounds are well laid out, and in a good state of preservation, but the furniture of the house itself was perfectly disgraceful for the President of the American people; and none but those who have the vision of an Ogle could possibly object to the total renewal of the household furniture; the chairs, sofas and carpets were really in rags, and stood with gaping mouths begging for an appropriation. The Treasury Building is now quite complete, and its appearance quite beautiful, but unfortunately its best part is that which is withdrawn from the public eye, and the style of the entrance is quite objectionable; whereas a long flight of steps facing the porticoes would render the building more in proportion, and would present a less abrupt front. The State Department stands next to the last, but was soon to be torn down, and in future it will form one of the wings of the Treasury Department.

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We then presented our letter to Mr. Smith, whom we found to be an agreeable sort of a man, who was exceedingly attentive to us; however, we were sorry to trouble him, for we became aware that we could have seen everything without his assistance. Nevertheless in his company we went to the Patent Office, a place of more interest to a stranger than either of the other Departments, and saw the Museum of this building, which had recently been greatly enriched by an immense shipment of foreign curiosities which had been collected by the South Sea Expedition; and where specimens of all the Patents that have been taken out since the commencement of our government, have been deposited behind the glass cases of one of the departments of this building. The Post Office Department, which is next to this, was not yet quite finished, but when completed will be a most beautiful building. A few minutes walk brought us to the Capitol, a sight of which fully repaid our fatigue, which we experienced walking up the long flight of steps on the avenue leading to it. It is situated on the second of the two only commanding sites in the city. The approach to it, is graduated by a gentle ascending path through the grounds, which are quite extensive, as well as beautifully ornamented with forest and shrub-trees, and immediately in front of the last flight of the stone-stairs which we had to mount, the monument which was erected to the memory of those who fell at Freehold presents itself. After entering the building, we passed into the rotunda, where our attention was arrested by the statue of Washington by Greenough. Although commanding, and there arises a sentiment of reverence in the beholder while viewing it, we cannot say that we were pleased with it for a Washington, for it reminded one as much of that of the Jupiter Stator, at Rome, as of the Father of America. The panels on the sides of the rotunda are not yet filled. The painting 8 called the "Baptism of Pocahontas" was quite well executed, although it lacks unity of design. The faces are evidently portraits, which is a great mistake in painting a scene which took place so many years ago. The likeness of Miss Gardner, who is now Mrs. Morton, is good. After visiting both houses, and observing that nothing of importance was then under discussion, or about to be brought forward that day, we ascended to the top of the dome, and there enjoyed one of the most extensive panoramas we ever beheld, though not equal in beauty to that from Milton Hill, near Boston; or in

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sublimity to the scene presented from the top of Mount Washington. in New Hampshire. In the afternoon, we returned to Baltimore, and after having assured ourselves that we could not obtain a room at Barnum's, we proceeded to the Exchange; much pleased at our disappointment, for in future we shall give the preference to the latter. After supper, we proceeded to find Williams, one of our old classmates, and were surprised to learn that he was present at the encampment, outside of the city limits; however, we were ushered into the presence of his father and sister, and although we regretted the absence of our friend, were fully compensated by the agreeable manners of his sister, who, as we have since learned, is universally beloved for the amiability of her character and the sweetness of her disposition.

Thursday, 19th.—We spent most of the morning with Samuel Donaldson; the rest of the day, however, was agreeably spent in visiting the principal buildings of Baltimore. We were much pleased with the Hall of Records, which was expressly built with the intention of preserving the historical records and documents which were connected with the foundation of the city. The cathedral is also a very fine building, but as we chanced to pass on whilst the service was being performed we were deprived of the opportunity seeing the valuable paintings which it contains, and of course of seeing the venerable old sexton, who is as much an object of curiosity as the cathedral itself. The Washington Monument is fine, in good taste, simple and chaste. It is certainly the best in the country, not even excepting that granite plinth which has been erected on Bunker Hill. It is composed of a round column, supported on a beautifully chaste basis, surmounted by a finely executed statue of the Patriot. On its base the principal events of his life are put in apposition; while the whole is inclosed by a very neat iron railing, and on each side a lot of land is left entirely reserved for the use of the monument. On the whole, we were much pleased with the appearance of Baltimore. The streets are wide and clean, the buildings in good taste, and the inhabitants seem to be good-natured, well-disposed, and of hale and hearty constitutions. And as to the women, they are splendid, and are generally considered to be the handsomest in the Union.

After dining with Donaldson, we sauntered out to the encampment, in hopes of seeing Williams, but were disappointed, as his corps was then performing guard duty. We were about returning from thence, quite fatigued, when an instance of petty tyranny arrested our attention, which was quite shocking to our principles. We saw a poor black suffering under the lash of a brute who saw fit to exercise the rod of vengeance on this color, merely because he endeavored to sell a few cakes to the frequenters of the muster ground; and notwithstanding the obedience of the negro in withdrawing from the field, under his threats and blows, he still continued frequent application of the lash over his back, whilst the boy was writhing and suffering agony under this torture. We then thought he had proceeded too far, and mildly exposulated him with this wicked fellow; and as soon as he saw us sympathizing he withdrew, after sullenly repeating his threats of vengeance against the boy if he dared to peddle any cakes there again. On inquiring further into this matter, we learned that this brute had no lawful power over the negro man but what his own cruelty saw fit to usurp. At first, we thought that the boy was his slave, and of course could not consistently interfere with his legal owner; as it was, we had the satisfaction of relieving him from a further beating, and departed, reflecting upon the only instance of brutality or inhumanity which had any tendency to mar the pleasure of our visit to Baltimore.

Chapter 2. WESTWARD—HO!

Friday, 20th.—We started westward, and took the railroad to ElkrIDGE, on our way to Frederick's at the ElkrIDGE Junction; it was here that we met Major Sandford, who was accompanied by two ladies, who were the daughters of Major Crawford, agent of the Indian Affairs at Washington, with whom we proceeded thence on our way to Frederick, and thence were driven all the remaining portion of our way as far as Wheeling, in stages; from Frederick to Hagerstown we had the most wretched stages that Uncle Sam's mails ever had the pleasure of being carried in; the windows were broken out, and the rain beat in, much to our annoyance and the inconvenience of the ladies who were with us, one of whom was quite unwell in consequence of a chill, under which she was suffering

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all the way over. The cunning driver had got us in, and all our remonstrances against his negligence to repair the glass were spent in vain. Experience, however, obtained at small cost, is worth something when it has taught us that there is little or nothing to be gained by scolding him for this poor privilege of riding in a rickety old United States coach. Our troubles were increased rather than diminished at our next change of stages, for the windows were entirely out, and there 12 was not even a fragment of a broken window-glass to assure us that there ever was any in that vehicle's ancient body.

Besides the approach of nightfall and the proximity of the mountainous country, apprehensions of freezing to death, and what was worse, of laboring under the influences of a severe attack of nightmare, brought on by indigestion and hastily precipitated suppers, rendered this portion of our journey rather disagreeable. However, a sound sleep—sweet solace of our woes—made us soon forget our situation, and early daylight discovered us some forty miles from where we had started. At Cumberland, the starting-point of the Great National Road, we entered into the troubles of the second day.

Saturday, 21st.—The rain had ceased and the roads became better. The stage was changed, and we found ourselves comfortably seated in an old-fashioned stage-coach; the day was agreeably spent. Some amusement was of course derived from recounting the experiences of the past night, but we were much more delighted by the interesting nature of the scenery, which was of a mountainous character, and to many of us quite novel, so far as regarded its sublime aspects; the character of the soil was in a great degree fertile, and in many places uncommonly so. The land lying between Hagerstown and Hancock presented one of the finest tracts of grain that we had ever seen; limestone abounds here, and renders the undercrust peculiarly adapted for the growth of the corn, which was flourishing in great profusion and uncommonly thick; the greater portion of the lands this side of the Alleghany is suitable for the growth of other grains, but not all of them to the cultivation of wheat; one tract of twenty miles was productive of the finest, and flourishing now under a high state of cultivation. Some of the valleys between the mountains are also quite fertile, but generally the land does not assume that 13 rich and

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luxuriantly fruitful appearance until you have passed over the Alleghanies and arrived at Unionsville. The great interest attached to the remaining portion of this country is in the wildness and sublimity of the scenery; most of it is too high and wild ever to admit of cultivation, and here nature may be seen capering in its wildest freaks, untutored by the hand of man. The appearance of the mountains is beautifully picturesque; sometimes you ascend for miles, and are not aware of the immense height that has been attained until when perched up on the summit of some of these Alpine-looking cliffs, you look down into the valleys beneath, whilst mountain and valley, hill and dale stretch themselves out in boundless succession of unlimited prospects, even to an extent which was beyond the view of our mortal vision. The highest point in passing the mountains was the last mount, which is called "Laurel Hill;" here the scenery was sublimely grand and beautiful; the road, like a narrow strip, girds the mountain's sides, and is seen winding around the hills like one of its native streams. Forest trees unmutilated by hands, and to which time still lends their charms of beauty, deck the mountain-tops and wide amphitheatre of woodland, glade and valley, spread far beyond the extreme limits of the horizon. It looked indeed beautiful, even on a poor and foggy day; what must be the brilliancy of this scene when sunlight streams through the forest glades and dew-drops of the recent rain glitter like stars among the dark shades of the forest leaves, when gilded clouds extend the glory of the sunbeams, while universal gladness warms the earth and the winds sigh their grand and solemn requiems at the close of the departing day!

Having now reached Unionville, we supped, and after having found an agent on whom we could vent a little of the torture which we had so keenly felt, we soon found ourselves snugly 14 ensconced in the folds of a comfortable coach, the windowglasses of which were entire.

Unhappily, one evil had only been exchanged for another; for among the accession made to our passengers, we soon discovered that one person had been added to our number in the shape of a plague, for our new companion smelt most villanously of gin and sole-leather, and we shortly discovered that our suspicions were confirmed, by his repeated

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calls for drink at every tavern which was passed by the wayside. The extreme incoherency of this fellow's conversation rather amused us at first; for being by trade a leather-dresser, his education did not, perhaps, warrant any hopes of our finding much refinement in this quarter. Fortunately, this source of trouble was soon gotten rid of, for he was left on the road very soon after we had taken him up. The roads on this route are exceedingly fine, and may be divided into two great routes,—that from Frederick to Cumberland, which is a macadamized road, this had been constructed by a corporation; and secondly, the great Cumberland Highway, which is also macadamized, the stones for which were found along the road-side in the limestone that abounds in the vicinity in quarries, and the only kind adapted for the purpose of constructing a suitable foundation for travel.

The rest of our journey to Wheeling was spent without any further matter of interest. The approach of the town is very picturesque; the town itself is surmounted by a very high hill, which commanded at once a prospect over the magnificently wild valleys through which Wheeling Creek winds its weary length, and at the same time brings in sight a glimpse of the Ohio river, which was now presented to our view. Wheeling itself was found to be a miserably dirty town, that was rendered so by the quantity of bituminous coal which is used here, 15 and is furnished in great abundance from hills in this neighborhood. It abounds also in most of the mines of this country, under the hills, which are filled with this mineral, and by whose sides we had passed on our way to this town; and wherever it appears, it seems to be presented under a stratification of red sandstone, slate, shale, &c.

We cannot proceed further without remarking on the admirable state of the roads throughout the whole extent of our ride from Frederick to Wheeling, for, as before remarked, they are composed of limestone, with which this country abounds, so that with little trouble they are enabled to keep the roads in perfect repair. Even in wet weather this road is better than any other ordinary roads are in dry.

At Uniontown, one of the most important villages on this route, at which place we arrived at about half past six o'clock P.M., and took tea, we found an agent of the mail-route, and

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availed ourselves of the event to shower forth on him our volley of abuses against the miserable state of the coaches on this route; the result of which was, that our situation for the remaining part of the journey was more comfortable. Mr. Stockton, the son of Stockton the former mail contractor, resides at this place, and has a beautiful residence on the roadside, which commands a fine view of the village, and is located on a point of land that lies nearly half way to Brownsville. Here our number inside the stage was also increased at the expense of the selectness, for our companion carried about him effluvia of gin which rendered his presence disgusting. Our suspicions of his intemperate habits were soon confirmed by his repeated calls on every tavern. The effects of his frequent potations soon became sensible, so that he speedily reached that peculiar state of drunkenness which vents itself in a desire to be extremely communicative. His tongue, unfortunately, partook 16 of the looseness of his morals, and his conversation became too bawdy to be long endured. We soon discovered that he was a *tanner* by trade, a fact which we ought to have inferred, for his body was in that sinuous process of soaking which was necessary for the purposes of his craft. One fact he communicated, which, if true, is worthy of note; that is, a fine black can be obtained by first rising of a solution of logwood and then applying a mixture of vinegar and iron-rust, dispensing with the use of copperas. We were quite amused at his incoherent attempts at singing. Peculiar as was his style, he seemed to be much given to psalm-singing.

Arrived at Beallsville, we were soon rid of this nuisance. Night was now far advanced, and from this place to within a short distance from Wheeling we were left in a happy state of oblivious slumber. Soon after awaking out of it, at dawn, we passed by a monument which had been erected to Henry Clay by one Mr. Sheppard, who was one of the principal contractors of this road. This was situated at the junction of the road; and near to this point the Monongahela river passes by a beautiful residence, which we believe belongs to the above Sheppard.

Sunday, 22d.—We remained at Wheeling during the Sabbath, and had a good opportunity, not only to see the city and country, and its inhabitants, but also to be so completely sick

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of the place as never to desire to revisit it, or such a spot, which may be appropriately termed, “ *Facilis descensus Averni*, ” as the abode of Tartarean Darkness; nor is there a Styx wanting as a figure to carry out the descent to it—that being fully represented by the slow, stagnant and muddy waters of Wheeling Creek. The houses are entirely marked by the smoke which proceeds from the constant use of the bituminous coal, which is found in abundance not only in this neighborhood, but throughout the 17 whole line of the Alleghanies. The complexion of the people has imbibed a tincture of coal-dust, for their faces wore a sombre hue, even on Sunday—a fact which either supposed the absence of soap, or the impossibility of removing the accumulated dirt of the week at one washing. As it is quite a manufacturing town, it demands an increased supply for this purpose. Notwithstanding the hideousness of the town, its location is sufficiently beautiful. On its back it is protected from the bleak northern winds by the natural ramparts of its hills, and in front, the Ohio flows in its gentle course through, the undulating hills which bound its margin, and are decked in all the variety of hues which luxuriant foliage can assume. They have a ropeferry here, which is worked altogether by the force of the river's current acting upon several triangular boats placed at certain distances across the stream, and by a strong hawser which is attached at once to some point on the shore near the banks, and to the ferry-boat itself.

The land in the vicinity of this place is quite fertile, and produces fine crops of wheat and other grains in abundance. It contains twenty thousand inhabitants, but as to whereabouts they live, and where they keep themselves, we leave it for the microscopic investigations of some future traveller. The town is spread for a mile or two along the shores of the Ohio. The population is mixed, composed of many Germans, French, etc. They obtain plenty of fresh-water fish from the Ohio; and deer and other game are found in abundance in the mountains back of the outskirts of its forest.

Just as we were about retiring for the night, we learned with pleasure that a steamboat had arrived, and that we should be conveyed from thence in the morning.

Chapter 3. WHEELING—DOWN THE OHIO.

23d. —On Monday we bade adieu to Wheeling, and took our passage in the “Pilot”—a boat of the second class. We were quite struck with the appearance of this boat, which was a sample of all those boats which steam away under high pressure on this river. They are constructed with a very flat bottom, and run on the high-pressure principle. The noise of the steam which escapes at every stroke of the piston is at first quite disagreeable, but habit soon reconciles one to it. They go puffing along like a huge puffing pig, or porpoise, or we might say leviathan, if I could be assured that the said animal made a noise with its breath like the great behemoth of the Scriptures.

On board we met Mr. Richard Dodge, who had formerly been a graduate of Yale College in New Haven, but was at present a student of theology at Princeton; from him we learned that the school at Edgehill, where we had once upon a time been under the instruction of Dr. Patton, had fallen into utter insignificance and disrepute; that also Mr. Brown, whom Stephens mentions in his Travels in Yucatan as residing in Tobasco, was then on board, and that he was a sceptic in 19 his belief, a fact which is probably occasioned by a long absence from the use of public worship, and from his associations with the heathen, who constituted his only fellow-countrymen in those benighted regions of Central America.

The scenery along the shores of the Ohio was very beautiful. A long succession of gracefully undulating hills range on both sides. The river itself is occasionally dotted by an island which floats in peerless beauty on its glassy waves, setting off the rich green of the vegetation on its banks, as well as on the other islands, that were extremely luxuriant at the present season of the year, and by such glowing effects added much to the extreme verdure of the surrounding scenery. The grasses in some spots were vividly bright in tone, and a most perfect hue of pea-green, and fully sustained our ideas of the English lawns. The soil on both sides seemed at times exceedingly fertile. The bottoms, however, change

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from one side to another. Corn grows on some to such a profitable extent as to yield sixty bushels to the acre.

Among the many islands that we passed, that of Blennerhasset is preëminently lovely, and fully equalled our expectations, as well as the charm which association has thrown around this spot. It probably contained several hundred acres. At present, it is mostly owned by a Virginian, who paid \$6,000 for his share. Just as we were passing, a pretty little doe, which was seen enjoying its gambols on the opposite shore, lent quite an air of romance to the prospect, and led us back to the wilderness of the primitive times. The gentle shades of evening were now spreading themselves over the earth and added a fresh beauty to the landscape. The forest-clad hills threw their dark shadows across the stream, and slept on the bosom of the river, while the winds were lulled, and naught was heard but the noise of the boat whilst she was gently slipping down the river on her 20 way to the harbor. Such a scene invited us to rest, and Nature was not at all backward in accepting the call to pleasant slumbers.

Tuesday 24th was spent in much the same manner as yesterday. Soon after breakfast we stopped on the Virginia side to take in wood, during which interval we went on shore with the intention of purchasing some milk if it could be obtained. We entered a farmhouse which was near, and were surprised at finding a beautiful girl on the bank, about twenty years old, in rather an indifferent log-cabin, as such instances of beauty are rare in such places. Her complexion was of that soft and delicate hue which accompanies auburn hair; and a pair of soft blue eyes, which had borrowed their beauty from the sky above, lent an air of expressiveness to her face. To such a creature we proffered our request for a drop of fresh milk, and as she poured forth the long-desired draught, we felt as if indeed we had drunk of the milk of human kindness. When we had inquired of her about the state of the land, she told us that it was good for grain and corn, and that they themselves possessed 204 acres. Among other things they remarked, it was feverish in these parts, that many had suffered from the fever and ague, and some had died from its effects. The girl we discovered was the daughter of an aged couple in a family, of which an

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elderly matron who was sitting at a spinning-wheel was the mother and from all we could discover, we concluded they were the pioneers and original settlers of this homestead. We purchased several quarts of milk, and this beverage satisfied our thirst for the remainder of the journey, for the water on board was intolerable. Wood was to be obtained here for one dollar twenty-five cents per cord.

During the course of the day we passed several towns on the banks. Portsmouth, one of them, is interesting, as containing 21 a canal, which leads to Chillicothe, and is a place of some importance. At Maysville, another important town in Kentucky, we stopped and took in some freight and also a few passengers, among whom, we afterwards discovered, was Mr. Bolton, of New York, with his daughter, who had been to New Orleans for her health, and was still in a very delicate state. There is a great deal of tobacco shipped here, also flax and hemp. After supper we were entertained for some time by a discourse from a Mormon preacher, who was on board; he spoke for some time quite sensibly, until he came to his own peculiar tenets, and there he made sorry work, for his doctrines were rather schismatic for our church. We found the passengers exceedingly communicative, and willing to impart any information it was in their power to give. In conversing with a stranger from Ohio, who we believe was a farmer, we learned that the best lands in Ohio for wheat and grain were in Massillon county, in the upper part of the State, and that there are also some fine bottoms in the lower counties, but there fevers prevail too much to render them desirable for habitation. Horses can be obtained for \$50, excellent ones for \$75, and the cost of bringing them over the mountains is from \$10 to \$15 a head; this holds good also of other cattle, and they are all brought over on foot, by land, for this method is preferred to water transportation.

During the passage we were much amused by an anecdote which was related concerning Joe Smith's style of preaching, which was listened to by the narrator. After speaking for some time about repentance, he spoke of the states of grace, and then remarked, that there was one state from which, if a man fell, he could never recover his former estate. Now, there are several states of grace, but if you fall from one you can be restored again

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to favor. "Now," says he, "I will explain 22 this: Look at that 'ere tree there before you; that yonder branch," says he, "is Zaccheus No. 1. Now if a man falls from that, why, perhaps he breaks his leg the doctor comes and sets it, and he gets over it, and soon walks about again. That higher branch is Zaccheus No. 2; if a man falls from that he gets most seriously bruised, and considerably smashed, but after a great deal of care and much good nursing he gets up, and is as well as ever. But that there highest branch on the tip-top of the tree is Zaccheus No. 3; now, if a man falls from that there is no hope for him; he gets killed eternally, and there is no curing him."

This anecdote, as well as much conversation about this peculiar sect, was suggested by some furniture there was on board which was destined for the city of Nauvoo, in Illinois, which has been found, on further revelation, to be the New Jerusalem. In their happy and facile adaptation of Revelation to their own purposes, they saw fit to insist upon the first revelation in Missouri. We had a Mormon family on board, to the use of whose furniture we were much indebted, for we found two very comfortable rocking-chairs among its household wares, from the soft seats of which we enjoyed the land views as we passed along the river's banks at our ease.

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Chapter 4. CINCINNATI—THE QUEEN CITY.

Wednesday morning we arrived at Cincinnati, long before the break of day, and went as soon as it was possible with Mr. Dodge to visit the celebrated garden of Mr. Longworth. On our way there we stopped at the market, and were astonished at the profusion of good things which had been spread out on the stalls. The strawberries were countless, and of a larger size than the largest we have ever seen in New York, for which only 12 1/2 cents a quart was asked. We also stopped at Henrie House, and there learned that the Wards had departed the day before for Lexington and the Cave. We then proceeded to our destination, and on the way were pleased to see the beauty of the streets, and admired the many fine buildings of this city. On arriving at the garden we walked through the

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grounds, and after having satisfied ourselves with what *art* had done here for nature, and having made a fruitless search for the owner of the premises, we departed, and resumed our way to the hotel.

Mr. Longworth is one of the wealthiest inhabitants of this place, and has grown up to be one of fortune's favorites. He commenced life as a poor shoemaker, and becoming here one of the earliest inhabitants of this place, he has risen with the 24 city in its rapid growth. There is something peculiar about this profession, and notwithstanding the lowness of its condition, the cobbler's stool has filled the seat of many ambitious views. The history of Hans Sach shows that even the schumacher could be immortalized; and it was the dried skin of one of these sedentary men which, when turned into a drum and beat on a skin-head of parchment, roused the whole of Europe to arms and into such a fearful state of revolution, as frightful in its result as if a huge meteoric stone had fallen from the skies into the midst of the lap of our planet.

So much by way of moral reflections, &c. After breakfast we sauntered out to see the town, and called upon Rufus King, who had once been one of our old law companions at Cambridge Found him in, and spent some time in conversing about old times. He mentioned to us that his mother was at present in Philadelphia; that John was last heard from on the coast of Chili, bound to China, and that Worthington had given up his rustic notions about being a farmer, and had in view the profession of medicine—an Esculapius's fit, as in homeopathy it becomes. After dinner we were grieved to bid farewell to our friend Mr. Sandford; felt almost solitary at his departure, and should have been utterly disconsolate but for the kind attentions of our friend King, who was determined that our visit should be rendered in every respect agreeable. e called to inform us of an invitation from Mr. Carneal to a small party that evening about eight o'clock. We obtained a horse and sauntered out in Main street to the extreme limits of the city, and even continued the ride some distance into the country, where we were much struck by the romantic appearance of a suburban village called "Mount Auburn." It looked more like a collection of gentlemen's country-seats than a village proper. This was beautifully situated on the hills

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25 back of Cincinnati. The views about were very picturesque, and all the lands seemed to be in a high state of cultivation, and rising on receding grades of graceful terraces, appeared to be well adapted for the planting of vineyards for the growth of grapes. The actual product from this source had been very profitably carried on by Mr. Longworth; and having completed the tour, we returned from thence and took a winding road, and by a slow trot along the base of these cliffs entered the city near the Water-works; and after approaching the town, directed the horse into a circuitous path so as to pass through most of the streets of this city, which appeared at a distance to be worthy of note. While passing through one, we observed a Jesuit College had been erected there, whilst in another we discovered some fine churches and also many beautiful and neatly-built private residences.

Shortly after our return to the hotel Mr. King entered with Mr. Carneal, to whom we were introduced. We found him quite a clever young man, with rather a bass and deep sounding tone in his enunciation. He invited us to pass the evening with him, which act of civility was as eagerly accepted as it was politely tendered, and about 7 o'clock P.M. we proceeded with King to the residence of Mr. Carneal, where we were delighted to find his sister present, who is one of the most polished ladies of the West; for her reputation is not limited to this spot; she is well known as the belle of St. Charles, and her family is one of the principal ones here, where they live in a style fully befitting the latitude of New York. We were pleased to meet several ladies at this gathering, among whom was Mrs. Roberts, a lady of very graceful manners and of great vivacity of conversation, though we suspect her good taste had deceived her into an affectation, when she attempted to Gallicise such a purely American name as Roberts, with an accent 26 on the è, as if it were spelt Robertz; also a Miss Reeves, the niece of the Senator of the same name from Virginia, which latter proved to be a very pleasant lady, quite gracious in her manner, and amiable in her disposition. Besides these two there was a Miss Longworth, the daughter of the above-named Mr. Longworth the millionaire; and among the gentlemen present were Mr. Longworth, Mr. Carneal, Jr., Mr. King, and Baron Van Staaten, of the Belgian Legation,

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whom I found to be quite a polished gentleman, in whose company we afterwards derived much pleasure. It was one of the pleasantest parties we had ever attended. We spent the time in conversation, and were much pleased with the taste and elegance displayed by the ladies. It required no exertion to imagine ourselves in one of the most brilliant circles of our Northern cities, with this exception,—there was more real natural pleasure and benefit to be derived from this kind of social intercourse than was ever collected in the whole aggregate number of mere fashionables' routs. Miss Calso delighted us by singing. She possesses a clear and powerful voice, and, with some cultivation, would make one of the most brilliant amateur singers of our times.

We discovered that these ladies were possessed of as much literary taste as is agreeable at a small party, and sufficiently so at least as to bar them the cognomen of blue-stockings, and were well versed in the foreign literature and the languages. Mr. Jewett, whom we met here, and who had been one of the literarians of a college, spoke them, and seemed to be quite at home in the matter of foreign languages. We afterwards learned that he was graduated at Harvard, which is quite enough to account for his literary accomplishments. Among us we managed to collect sufficient French to render the Count quite at his ease and at home in their society; for, as he afterwards expressed himself, he was quite delighted with all the attentions²⁷ which had been shown him. Therefore the evening went off quite happily and pleasantly, for there was that happy commingling of spirits in “that” feast of reason and flow of soul, which makes conversation truly delightful, and gives that sympathetic bond to society without which the language of words is but inexpressive of ideas; otherwise “words become then only counters for the wise but the money of fools.” Such is a specimen of the society of Cincinnati, which is famed for its literary aspirations. Thenceforth may we hear no more such questions as, “Is there any Society in the West?” or, “Are the people supplied with the ordinary comforts of life?” To such we reply, “Come and see;” and you will find that the people don't use their fingers for spoons, and that their pigs don't run about the street already roasted, with knives and forks stuck in their backs. Miss Carneal had spent the greater part of last winter in New Orleans, and it was there no

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doubt that she found abundant opportunity for thus cultivating her fine musical talent, for she sang Italian with as much grace certainly as any Italian singer ever could, and in parts of the opera of Norma acquitted herself with as much ease as ever graced the lips of Grisi.

On Thursday it rained almost during the entire day, and we were obliged to keep house, and occupied the rainy spell by quietly writing up our journal and in writing home. In the evening, in company with Mrs. Major Brown and the Baron, we went to the play, and were quite pleased with the performance of Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Buckstone. She is a charming actress in her line, but is getting rather old. The theatre is a good one, and is somewhat larger than Niblo's.

On Friday morning, as we were passing up Broadway, who should meet us but Mr. Wm. Bradford from New York, who gave us a letter from our family. We made an engagement to go together to the "Mammoth Cave," and with this intention fixed upon our mind, agreed on Monday for a start. Soon after this we went to see Mr. Wood, who has a peculiar style of drawing, which is well adapted for sketches and particularly well suited for moonlight landscapes. He showed us several designs which looked quite well, and although sketched in the short space of an hour, they had the finish of elaborate crayon drawings. His process, we surmise is to grease the paper previous to using the pencil, probably with some oily matter, and then by the use of French Black Chalk, Crayon, the most striking lights are scratched out, while the natural gray color of the paper serves for the ordinary neutral light tints to be left in black, so as to form a very pretty effect. This, however, is mere conjecture. We learned this morning that the steamer "Victress" was bound on a pleasure excursion up the Mississippi, to the Falls of St. Anthony, so we took our leave of the Baron, who "Alleghanys," and shortly after dinner went to visit Mr. Longworth's garden, and while there saw Mrs. Longworth, who is a very amiable old lady, and also Mr. Anderson, her son-in-law, and after visiting the green-house passed through the garden to the extremest verge and discovered a most beautiful walk, wherein the natural woods were retained and the borders were lined with a careless profusion of

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richly blooming flowers. It was a perfect dell, and fully suited for the romantic disposition of a heart-sick lover.

When returning from our walk, we met Mrs. R., Miss C., and Miss L., and returned nearly to their homes with them, and in the evening went with King to a party at Mrs. Starr's, where we spent a most agreeable evening, there met the above-named ladies as well as many other of the ladies of Cincinnati, together with a Miss Coolidge, of Boston, whose sisters were married to the Reverend Dr. Haight, of New York, and 29 Mr. Pomeroy, of this place, who were also present; we were much pleased with the *coup d'œil* in the social order of the place, as it afforded us an excellent opportunity to form our judgment on this point, but cannot say that the ladies and gentlemen suffered under the scrutiny of our gaze. The women appeared to good advantage, and parties here have all the busy hum of conversation and small-talk which is to be met with in the gayer cities of the North. The supper was quite in season; in short, it was not a large party, but merely a sociable, which was very seasonably and appropriately yclept a "strawberry party."

On Saturday morning we met Mr. Eckley, from Boston, at the door of the hotel, and, in company with him and Mr. Gwinn, spent most of the evening. We must not forget to mention a visit to Platt Evans, Esqr.'s *bijou* of a house, where we all went to purchase some visiting cards, for he keeps a kind of fancy store, and is one of the most decided natural curiosities to be seen in the metropolis of Swinekill, or Porkopolis. After making our purchases, he insisted upon taking us over his entire house, which was found to be replete with all the comforts and luxuries of life, and to be one of the best arranged houses ever entered, constructed, or furnished. His furniture was in the most perfect keeping, and the whole house had an appearance of maidenish neatness.

On Saturday we called on Miss Coolidge, but found her out, and Saturday evening was passed for a time at an agreeable *soirée*, held at Mrs. Mansfield's, the aunt of Mrs. King. There we met many of the Cincinnati ladies whom we had not yet seen, and found that they improved upon further acquaintance.

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Sunday, 29th.—We went to church with Miss C., and listened to a very prosy sermon; then returned with Miss C., and 30 dined. The people here lived in as good a style, and enjoyed the luxuries of life at a cheaper rate, than our friends at the East. Afterwards, on the same evening, we again went to church, and listened to a sophomoric display of pulpit eloquence, which might as well have been pronounced an oration as a sermon.

Chapter 4. WALNUT HILLS AND SOCIETY.

Monday, the 30th May.—As our friend Bradford had left early in the morning for Lexington, and Mrs. and Miss Roberts, Mr. and Miss Bolton, of New York, had departed on the Monongahela for Pittsburgh, most of the morning was spent at home. After having written some advertisements, and a letter for Mr. Brown, we proceeded to call on Miss Coolidge, Miss Reeves, and Mrs. Starr—all of whom were found at home. On our return home, an invitation to the wedding solicits us from Mr. Pugh, who is about to marry Miss Miller, one of the most beautiful girls of this city. After dinner, we spent a most agreeable hour with Mr. Brown, while he unfolded the advantages of the situation and location of that place from which he hailed in Venezuela, and the opportunities which were then afforded to an enterprising young man, for he had obtained an exclusive right to navigate the rivers with steam, which privilege he had procured on releasing to the government a claim which he had upon them for \$30,000; so he has a monopoly of all the trade on the rivers. A native of Massachusetts, he has the shrewdness and enterprise of a Yankee, and has done much, and is doing still more, to improve the condition of the country. He has sent out many machines which will be the first 32 introduced into that country by himself. Among other things, cotton-gins, spinning-machines, and one of the most important, a brick-making and laying machine, which is capable of making 40,000 bricks a day with ease. He mentioned the price of labor was \$3 per month. The produce of the country are logwood, cocoa, cochineal, and sugars; and having the sole control of the navigation, he had already made a handsome fortune. He also offered many strong inducements for us to come out with him, and promised to establish us in business on our advancing some capital. We did

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not jump at his proposals, for we have always been very easy about money matters, and believe that “a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.” About 5 o'clock we rode out in company with Miss Coolidge, and took the river roads along on the banks of the Ohio; found the country perfectly level, and highly picturesque. The roadside was dotted with many pretty country seats; and as sunset was declining, it threw its golden hues over the landscape, which added much to the beauty of the scenery, and doubly so to this ride—the chief charm of which was the company of one of Eve's fairest daughters.

In the evening we went to the theatre, being attracted there more by the expectation of seeing some of the Cincinnati ladies than by the character of the piece which was to be performed, and were introduced to Miss Stewart, who is one of the beauties of this place, and Miss Simms, and others, besides a Miss Williams, who was also a beautiful creature. We met many others of our acquaintance there, who had now become so numerous that we began to feel quite at home in this charming city.

Tuesday, May 31—was rather a stupid day, for it rained the greater part of the morning. However, it cleared off in the evening, and we were able to attend the wedding of Mr. Pugh, 33 who had been an old fellow-student with us in the Dane Law School. The bride was most lovely in her appearance, and had put on one of the sweetest faces we had ever met with. The beauty and talent of Cincinnati were here assembled. There was no dancing, and of course the party was rather stiff, and partook somewhat of the treadmill nature, which tinctures most of these parties with a feature of strict propriety. Among the beauties present were Miss Groesbeck, Miss Simms, Miss C—, and Miss Williams. Among the married to whom we paid our addresses was Mrs. Marshall, and with her we spent some time in comparing the different styles of the female beauty which were in the panorama passing on before us. The supper was in good taste, but partook strongly of a strawberry cast, which fruit was now displayed in great profusion in the markets.

Wednesday—we called on Miss Stewart, whom we found at home. She possesses more conversational power than any woman here. On the whole, we were as much pleased

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with her as with any other person in the society of this place. In the evening we went to the theatre. The attractions consisted chiefly in the party of ladies which attended. The performances were unusually disgusting and stupid.

Thursday, 2d—was a day of some importance in the city, for Mr. Van Buren arrived here, and took rooms at the Dennison House. His reception must have been anything but flattering to him; his escort was altogether military, and consisted of about 350 persons, of whom very few persons recognized him. So he has not gained much by this visit, which is considered purely an electioneering tour. His own party, and even the committee appointed to receive him, were heard to express their dissatisfaction at this intrusion, and declared that if he had stayed at home they would have given him their votes, but in the present case, Calhoun was their candidate. No doubt 2* 34 this has rather shocked the refined sensibilities of Mr. Van Buren. Every one, however, acknowledges his urbanity of manners, and his politeness. In the evening we attended a small party at Dr. Rives', the brother of the senator of that name from Virginia. There were few young ladies present, most of the company being married. The time passed off quite sociably. This is one of the most pleasant families of the city. Miss Rives is a most elegantly accomplished lady in her manners and address, and would hold her position in any society. We were here somewhat detained by the rain, but through the courtesy of the doctor we were safely conveyed to our respective lodgings in his barouche.

Friday—was spent in the usual routine of calls and visits, and part of the morning in writing a letter home. We had determined to stay until Monday, so as to be in the vicinity at the denouement of the Clay Barbecue, which was to take place on the 9th. Our house has been quite honored by the presence of Lord Morpeth, who arrived yesterday from Louisville. His manners and address are on a par of most of the *noblemen* who have visited this country, and who seem to pride themselves on imitating the gaucheries of some of the more distinguished nobles of England. There was a party given by Mrs. Groesbeck to Van Buren and Lord Morpeth, but which, owing to a slight misunderstanding, we were not able to attend. The company, we understand, were honored by a Dutch

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serenade, on which occasion His Excellency Mr. Van Buren came forth, and uncovered his snowy head to the multitude who were standing outside on the street listening.

Saturday, June 4th—was a beautiful day, and was spent in visiting the ladies, and in walking about the town.

In the evening we attended a small party at Mrs. Marshall's which was given to Lord Morpeth, but cannot say that we 35 were altogether pleased with the manner in which it was conducted; and in fact by this time we became pretty much satiated with society here, on account of its sameness, for every party is conducted on the same principle of stern sobriety; they have no music to cheer one, and you are dependent entirely upon conversation for amusement, and on strawberries and cream for your entertainment. We were introduced to My Lord in a most awkward manner, and shall by that action alone have occasion to recollect the fact. All the parties here are of a perambulatory nature—a sort of fashionable peripatetics of the promenade-concert kind—and in which walking and bobbing around is practised in the most agreeable manner, and where small-talk supplies the place of philosophy. The ladies have generally little or no manners—the gentlemen less. The latter feel their inferiority when placed in comparison with a man of education, and vent their indignation and spleen in a manner suitable to their ignorance.

Sunday, 5th—Went to church with Miss Carneal, and listened to a good discourse from Mr. Brooks, the pastor of this church. After having made a short call at this lady's house, returned and dined at the hotel, and in the afternoon attended divine service at Grace Church, a new Episcopal edifice, which had been established on Seventh street.

On Monday, the 6th, we spent the morning principally in making farewell visits, but found most of the ladies out; and after having visited Mr. Longworth's garden went into the house and saw a statue which had just been sent by Hiram Powers from Italy. Mr. Longworth has been the chief patron of this young artist; the bust is said to be that of Rogers' "Genevieve;" the profile is perfect, but the front face is rather too stern to be in keeping

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with the display of that delicacy of expression which is cleverly sustained in the outline; the hair 36 and drapery are in the most perfect relations with the truth of her nature, and the whole is quite creditable to the artist. We found that Mr. Anderson is the brother of the captain whom we once met at Saratoga Springs, twenty years ago, and after walking some time about the grounds with Mr. Longworth and daughter, we went and again saw some of Mr. Wood—s drawings, then made several calls, and found Mrs. Marshall, Miss Stewart, and Miss Coolidge at home. After dinner Mr. Garnish, who was formerly of New York, called upon us, and we were invited to ride out with his ward, Miss Picketts. We accepted the invitation, and at four o'clock, in company with this primitive specimen of simplicity, rode out to Mr. Dudley's country seat, which is quite prettily situated a few miles from Cincinnati, where we met many of the ladies with whom we were already acquainted, and spent a most delightful afternoon in strolling about the grounds. Thus the time was passed quite pleasantly; Miss Dudley and Miss Carneal enchanted the company with their singing. We shall never tire of Miss C., for altogether she is the most pleasing female we have met in the West. Her manners are perfectly lady-like; and although she has received more attentions than fall to the ordinary run of ladies, she bears her honors with becoming modesty. As usual, the entertainment consisted of strawberries and cream. We then took leave of our hostess, and returned leisurely to the city. After depositing our fair charge at her mansion, we returned to our hotel, and there found an invitation for a party which was to take place at Mrs. Wiggins'. At the hour appointed we appeared, and were pleased that we had accepted another call, to the most brilliant party which has been given during our stay. The rooms were brilliantly lighted, the entertainment elegantly laid out, the company select, the women especially beautiful. To the 37 number of my lady acquaintances were added that of Miss Groesbeck and Miss Frebiger.

On the 7th.—Tuesday morning was spent in taking leave of the many pleasant acquaintances which had here been found. Never have we found occasion to think so favorably of any place as of this city. Previous to leaving, we dined with Mr. Pomeroy, and then started soon after 4 o'clock P.M., in the steamer “ *Boston* ” for Maysville. Now,

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in taking our departure, a fine chance was presented for reflections on the town, the people, and our reception generally. The town itself is beautifully situated on the banks of the Ohio, and you have a fine view of the city both in ascending and descending the river. It is probably the most handsomely situated city in the West. The houses are well constructed, and to most of them fine garden lots are attached, which are kept in a high state of cultivation, thus combining the advantages of country and city, and rendering the climate quite salubrious. The people do not of course possess that degree of refinement which is the consequence of a more mature age; but as the place becomes more settled, and the population more permanent, society itself will be much improved, and *the* people of distinction and wealth will form select bodies by themselves. At present, the character of their society is rather promiscuous, and its condition somewhat primitive.

We came here a stranger, with but one acquaintance, and left with much regret, having formed many pleasant associations, and we think also a few firm friends.

Chapter 5. MAYSVILLE TO LOUISVILLE.

8th —On Wednesday morning about 3 o'clock, in company with young Foote, of Cincinnati, formerly of New York, we arrived at Maysville, Kentucky, where we remained until nine o'clock the next morning, which rest gave us sufficient time to walk about and see the town. Pleasantly situated on the river, it commands a fine view of the opposite banks of the Ohio, which are quite beautiful. It contains about 2,000 inhabitants, who live chiefly on the business which is here carried on in the staple commodities of hemp and tobacco. The town is quite healthy and the streets well shaded, but the houses have an appearance of slovenliness and dirt which is the characteristic of most of the South-western cities; and that aspect might be partially attributed to their great use of the bituminous coals which are indigenous to this county in particular, but chiefly to their being the market-places for the sale of slaves.

We took the coach at 9 o'clock A.M., and started on our route to Lexington. The *appearance* of the weather *was* quite *pregnant* with rain, but we managed to escape its influence, with the exception of one short shower, which made up for the shortness of its duration by the deluge of its fall, which poured down by the bucketful.

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The country through which the road passes is certainly one of the finest that we had yet seen; and from the richness of the soil and the high state of cultivation to which the land is brought, has been appropriately termed the "Garden of the West." The staple products are various kinds of grain, hemp, and tobacco. The labor is carried on by slaves. We dined at the Blue Licks, which are quite well known as the most famous watering-place in all Kentucky. The waters are of a sulphurous character and taste, much like a solution of gunpowder which has been diluted in water. This State probably abounds with more watering-places than any other, excepting Virginia. The accommodations at these Licks, so called, we suppose, from their resort by the deer, are quite good; and as they have recently made extensive additions to the houses and have changed the proprietors, it bids fair to attract many visitors during the present season. The rivers around the spring afford an abundance of fine fishing, and its woods abound with game.

The remaining portion of the route presented no peculiar attractions. Many of the villages through which we passed were quite pretty, and the houses well constructed; but when placed in contrast with towns of the same size in the free States, they sink into utter insignificance, for there seems to be an amalgamation of dirty blacks and whites, which seems to be characteristic of most of the Kentucky towns. The country approaching Lexington is in a high state of cultivation, and the farms quite extensive, and as they lie close along the roadside, can easily be inspected. Most of the landholders have farms of several hundred acres; the tenants of smaller farms are generally bought off, and their estates merged into that of the wealthier proprietors. The owners of these estates live in the style of noblemen, and their whole existence tends to raise 40 their ideas,

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and to exalt their situation from the contrast that has ever existed between servitude and despotism; up a platform from which they hoist themselves unto an absolutism for ambitious scheming, which is limited only by sublimer aspirations to a seat in the Presidential chair. At Lexington we arrived about twilight and found the town quite filled with people, who, like ourselves, were assembled in expectation of attending the approaching Barbecue. The hotel was full, and we were enabled to procure a fine room at Mrs. Harper's house.

Thursday, 9th.—The grand Barbecue came off; the weather, which was at the morning overcast, soon changed into a beautiful day; we sallied forth soon after breakfast, took a fine view of the town, and about 10 o'clock went to the College green and viewed the presentation of the portrait of General Harrison, from the ladies of Ohio to the ladies of Kentucky.

About 10 o'clock A.M., the procession moved in solemn style towards the scene of the Barbecue, and consisted of some thousand footmen, besides 400 vehicles of every description. The field chosen for the celebration of this feast was situated about three-quarters of a mile from the edge of the town, and very well adapted for the occasion. About 12 o'clock M., the road approaching this place which had been selected for the collation was filled with people, some on foot, others in carriages, all urging forward under the influence of an intense mid-day heat. Having reached the ground, much of our time was spent in viewing the preparations and arrangements which were made for the occasion; and our attention was especially attracted towards the novel style of the cookery which is usual, and in fact, constitutes part of a regular Barbecue, and it certainly seemed quite novel, although rather a little disgusting. Several long trenches were dug a depth of from two to two and a half feet in the ground. In these fires were made, and the wood burnt until reduced to a live coal, the heat of which was afterwards kept up by a fresh supply of charcoal. The various meats, consisting of pork, veal, lamb, and mutton, and even entire

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animals, were suspended over these ditches by a long wooden skewer, as a spit, which ran through the hind and fore. quarters *à la poulet* when prepared for a roast.

At fixed distances black knights of the kitchen were stationed, whose office it was to superintend the roasting, and to guard the meats from being over-burnt, which they easily effected by continual application of the swab-stick and sprinkle of flour, a mode of basting quite novel, to be sure, but certainly in keeping with the pit-offerings which were then being prepared. Notwithstanding the uncouth appearance of the meats and the revolution of the carcasses occasioned by the necessity of keeping the meats constantly turning, from fear of spoiling the food by the smoke, ashes, and dirt, these meats were exceedingly palatable to the taste; and the sudden manner in which several hundreds of animals disappeared is sufficient evidence of their being well relished. About one o'clock the alarum for dinner was sounded, and the procession, giving the precedence to the several delegates from the sister States, moved onward to the general onslaught. Fair women and brave men applied themselves lustily to the work before them, for there was no lack of appetites or good spirits. The knives were busily employed in cutting what the forks conveyed to their destined throats. The usual jokes as well as joints were cracked; there was a great clatter of dishes, and in the short space of half an hour the devouring pestilence of 1,200 appetites had swept over the board, and not a wreck was left behind. After the dinner was over the people moved away from the tables—which had been arranged in a long line across the field, and covered with pine boards, that had been laid on 42 the tops of empty barrels—to the platform, from whence the toasts were expected to be given out, and after the usual sentiments had been delivered and responded to, Mr. Clay arose in reply to the last, in which he had been highly complimented. He began his speech in one of the most brilliant strains of eloquence we have ever listened to; for it was like the sudden flash of the lightning in the summer sky, equally beautiful and unexpected. He continued to speak for two and a half hours, during which time he gave a slight and hasty sketch of his own biography during the last session of Congress, and then turned the course of his remarks towards the present unfortunate condition of our country, mentioning the causes,

which he attributed not only to the mania of speculation which had stalked abroad over the land, but to several unjudicious acts which had been passed during the administration of Jackson. His conclusion was quite happy and well conceived, with a powerful description of the present state of the Whig party, and then sat down amid the deafening shouts of his thousand admirers. His voice was at once pleasing and manly, clear and sonorous; it was marked with the emphatic force of his gestures, which were appropriate, and seemed to send out his words to the hearts of his hearers. The crowd dispersed very quietly, and the road was soon crammed with the multitude who passed in vehicles and on foot. No accident of any importance occurred to mar the pleasure of this festival, and the day was spent to the satisfaction of all. After tea, as we were returning to our rooms, we were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smith, of whom we had heard a great deal to her praise when we were at Cincinnati. She is an agreeable conversing woman, had travelled much, and was quite easy in her address. As to him, we pass him over by calling him simply an epicurean.

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Friday 10th.—After an obscure morning, the day came forth bright and clear. In company with Mr. J. J. Foote, of Cincinnati, we proceeded to call on Mr. Clay at his residence, and while there, spent most of the morning in looking about the farm, and viewing the fine stock of blooded cattle; but, unfortunately, we did not find the lion at home. In the afternoon, we took our leave of Lexington, and started for Frankfort. We arrived there about sunset. It is beautifully situated in a valley, and is the most beautiful town in Kentucky. It is the seat of government, and contains a very chaste and neat State House. The houses are neat and quite comfortable. The Kentucky river runs through the town, and adds much to the romance of its appearance. While there we had the pleasure of conversing with the present Governor Letcher, who was a fine man, and quite humorous in his way; and in the morning following, called again upon him, and spent an agreeable hour with him in a conversation about many matters of interest concerning his State.

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On Saturday morning of the 11th, we started from Louis ville; but no event occurred during the day which was worthy of note, and arrived at Louisville in the evening. The approach to the town is quite beautiful, and the country in the vicinity in a good state of cultivation. This section of the country is not so interesting as that in the vicinity of Lexington.

On Sunday morning, the 12th, Mr. Foote left for Cincinnati. In the afternoon, attended meeting, and heard one of the most singular discourses we have ever listened to; and after church called on our classmate, Mr. Snead, and found that he had just returned from a collecting tour.

On the 13th, spent the morning in visiting the town, in company with Mr. Charles Snead. Among other buildings, we entered the court-house, which is the finest building for this purpose in the United States, and while there ascended to the top of the dome, and took a comprehensive view, which extended over the entire city, as the whole country about Louis. ville is quite flat. Our view embraced a circumference of many miles. We then made a call on the Misses Raphael, sisters of our friend Mr. Snead, then returned and took dinner with our classmate at his residence, where we saw his wife for the first time. After dinner, we inspected the small infant who was the first prominent claimant for a cradle from our class of '39 at Harvard. In the afternoon, we rode out with Snead, and followed the banks of the Ohio by one of the most beautiful bridle-paths in the vicinity of this locality. The road passed along the banks, having the river always in view, whilst in many places the wide-spreading, dark-leaved beach-trees so overshadowed its path, that in many places they formed a perfect, archway under the thick branches.

On Tuesday, the 14th, during the morning, in company with the Misses Raphael, called on Miss Smith, whom we found at home. This visit gave us a fine opportunity of examining the finest house in the city; for it was, in fact, one of the finest private mansions in this country. It was planned and built entirely under the supervision of Mrs. S., and reflected much credit on her excellent taste. We then called on Mrs. Shreeve, who lived in the next best house in the city. Shortly after this call, we had a fine opportunity of viewing

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the Congregational church, which is one of the best specimens of the Gothic in church architecture; but unfortunately the interior was not in strict keeping with the exterior.

We then dined with friend Snead; and afterwards, in company with the Misses Raphael, Gawthney, and Thomas, together with Messrs. Mead and Kennedy of St. Louis, Mr. Kelly of Pittsburg, and Mr. Lebreton of New Orleans, went across the 45 Ohio river to the Jeffersonville Springs, on the Indiana side, where the afternoon was quite agreeably spent in walking about the grounds and in carrying out some flirtations with the young ladies.

On Wednesday, 15th, we spent most of the morning at Mr. Snead's store, and read the trial of Monroe Edwards; then made one call, and became acquainted with Mr. Johnson. In the afternoon rode out with Miss A. Raphael.

On Thursday, the 16th, wrote home, and afterwards became acquainted with the Misses Crawford and Throckmorton, and by the latter was invited, through Mr. Kennedy, to attend , a small party in honor of her birthday. Evening came on, and we were astonished to find that the company did not assemble until after 11 o'clock. So we passed the long interval before this time very patiently waiting the arrival of her guests; but we endured the delay very pleasantly, and when the occasion fairly opened with a ball, it afforded us an opportunity which was readily seized, to become acquainted with Misses Jacobs, Griffin, and Knight, in whose delightful company we alternated betwixt the giddy pleasures of the dance, and the fascination of their charming conversation.

Now, on the 17th, we spent the day in waiting for a boat, in order to be conveyed to St. Louis. None came, however, on that day, nor were any expected until Sunday. So this evening was rather stupidly spent in the parlor of our landlord's hotel.

On the 18th we saw the Kentucky Giant, who stands 7 feet 8 inches in his shoes. He was a portly man indeed, whose name was Porter, whose business was enhanced by the sympathy which his stammering enlisted from his customers at the bar, besides which he acted as keeper of the locks of the canal at Portland, and as receiver of the tolls.

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After seeing 46 this prodigy, we called on Mrs. Smith, who allowed us to obtain a plan of her house, and in the afternoon we rode out with Mr. Kennedy, and made a call on Mrs. Duncan, who resided out of town, where we visited her handsome estate with its conservatory, which is said to be the most highly improved, and in fact the only cultivated country-seat in the vicinity of the city—and having found Madam at home, and disposed to be quite communicative, and delightful in conversation, we soon discovered that she was formerly a Miss Shipley, of Boston—and after we had obtained some choice bouquets from her greenhouse, we took them with us, in order that they might be duly presented to the fair ladies whose acquaintance in the city we had already made.

On Sunday, the 19th, we went to church in the morning, and in the afternoon bid adieu to our friends, took a hack, and rode to Portland in time for the New Orleans boat, which was bound for St. Louis. Here we again met the giant, who was doing double duty at the locks, and at the same time officiating at the bar. From whence, at a quarter past six o'clock P.M., we left Portland for St. Louis.

Chapter 6. BOUND FOR ST. LOUIS.

On board this steamboat we met Mr. Stanhope, an Englishman, who proved to be a very intelligent and agreeable person, with whom we spent many pleasant hours in conversation about the scenery of England, etc. He showed a quality of good sense which is uncommon among the crowds of foreigners who travel through this country; and he seemed satisfied with what he saw, was willing to take things as he found them, and very little disposed to find fault. Among the other passengers were a Mr. Barrow, Dr. Zabriskie of New York, both of whom contributed much towards the pleasure of our trip. We had a delightful sail down the Ohio, for the accommodations of the boat were excellent, the captain civil, and the weather uncommonly fine. The presence of a fine moonlight added much to the beauty of the scenery. Evansville was one of the principal towns which we passed on the way to the city of Cairo, while on Tuesday afternoon we stopped at the Shawnee town, which had once been the famous seat of a celebrated

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banker, who established there a manufactory for shin-plasters, and started a "wild-cat" bank, which is well remembered in the financiering history of this country. Early in the morning 48 we arrived at Cairo, a small village with an immense hotel, which is situated, at the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi River. The meeting of these waters at this place was quite apparent from a long distance before we reached it, for the muddy waters of the latter boil up and form distinct, bubbling globules, of turmoil in the Ohio. The waters of the Mississippi are quite yellow, chalky and milky, having been rendered murky, and thus discolored by the large quantities of sands which are brought down and discharged from the thick diluvial soil of the remote and evershifting waters of the Missouri. Now our sluggish passage up tip the river, which had consumed very nearly a day, was effected quite seriously and slowly, for the current was very rapid and strong, against which the boat had to struggle hard, so that w could not run more than seven miles per hour. The scenery up the river was in many places quite picturesque, and in some spots very romantic in the extreme, especially at Cape Girardeau, near the point of the "Tower Rocks," which frown over one of the peculiarly interesting portions of the Mississippi river, the banks of which alternate in bluffs, and prairies; white limestone is the prevailing formation among the cliffs, and in many places juts its yellow bright strata out from the ledges, and appears in very bold and rugged shapes and crags.

On the 22d we arrived at St. Louis about 10 A.M., and on Wednesday we soon learned there that the "General Brooks" was about to start on her trip up to the Falls of St. Anthony, with a cargo of Government supplies for the Indians. We were not able to spend much time at this place. However, we had the pleasure of seeing our old schoolmates Cabanne and Berthold, and after calling at the Fur Company's office, found a letter from home, also one from Mr. Foote of Cincinnati.

On Wednesday, the 22d, we started on the steamboat "General 49 Brooks" for the Falls of St. Anthony, and had the good luck of finding an excellent state-room, and meeting the Wards and Bradford on board. The rain poured incessantly, and the weather had the appearance of a continued storm. In the afternoon we passed the mouth of the Missouri

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river, where the appearance of the waters was quite muddy, and boiled up mixed with particles of sand. The immense extent of the waters of the Missouri cannot be duly estimated, as it is intersected by an island, which is formed a short distance above this point. We passed by Alton about four P.m., a place of considerable importance, and noted as the scene of a remarkable abolition riot, and for the beautiful condition of its Penitentiary. Now, Thursday, the 18th, was quite an important day with us, as being the 21st anniversary of our life. It passed off quite quietly, even without the honour of a toast. The day was cloudy and misty, and an agreeable change from the intense heat of yesterday. The scenery was quite beautiful and romantic. The limestone formations on the Illinois side were quite artificial at times, and for several rods assuming the forms of turrets, bastions, and other singular constructions.

On the 24th, we passed the first rapids, and in the afternoon arrived at the city of Nauvoo. It is beautifully located on the Illinois side, and reflects much credit on Joe Smith's judgment. The houses are situated at short distances from each other, in order to conform to the strictness of the letter of the Scriptures, where those who join house to house are condemned. There are 12,000 inhabitants in this place, and all have, or wear, an air of laziness, which is peculiarly fitted for a latter-day saint. In company with some of the passengers, we went to see the Temple, which is still unfinished and will probably take years to complete it. Several of the party visited Joe Smith, and came back well stored with racy information relating to his religious 3 50 discipline. Every word of this prophet was pregnant with a mixture of policy and shrewdness, that display the characteristic traits of the man.

We passed some very beautiful scenery after we left Nauvoo. The view up the Rock river was one of the prettiest we have seen, as it furnishes a striking picture in its resemblance to a beautiful lake on which the islands with which the river abounds are enlivened by their massive garments of foliage which display their rich delicious green in vestments of the brightest hues lines that are as if girdled with heavy belts of velvety moss. The scenery now began to assume a more interesting character and was less monotonous. We passed

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many pretty towns beautifully situated on the banks of the river, among which, worthy of mention, were Alton, which was once so celebrated as the scene of a terrible abolition riot, and now a place of some importance; and Quincy, one of the prettiest towns on the river, which was built up entirely at the time when the Great Illinois Railroad was first in contemplation, and then became one of the many follies which would have brought the State into permanent and bonded debt. Bloomington is also another tasteful town; while the situation of Davenport is not equalled by any other settlement on the river. At this place the rivers are hemmed in by their many islands, and the hills beyond seemed like a lake exposing its broad bosom. The town has been mostly built by the exertions of a half Indian, who is at present the most influential man in the place. The fort which had been built here with its high walls that had been erected opposite this town, is situated on a basis of rocky limestone on which the whole island rests, and adds much to the beauty of the prospect. Immediately across the river on the east of the town is the former site of Black Hawk's hamlet. We left this place quite early on Sunday morning and ascended the rapids, which begin here and extend about twenty miles. In the evening we found ourselves at Galena, where we remained until 12 P.M., which gave us an opportunity of writing home. The brightness of the moon enabled us to visit the town, and we strolled about the place, until we sat down to rest on top of a high bluff which commanded a beautiful view of the city. Fever river extended its silvery streams along the ravines which ran under the shadows of the mountain's brow. As we were favored by the moonlight, we were enabled to travel all night; and thus our trip was much shortened and rendered less tedious than it would have been from its absence. From Galena we proceeded up the river to Dubuque, which is a place of some importance on account of the product from its mines. As we passed up we saw the *monument* which has been erected to its founder—a simple, chaste tombstone, surmounted by a white cross.

We arrived at Prairie du Chien about 6 P.M., on Monday, and were much pleased with the location of the town. It is well known as a trading place, and in the fall of the year considerable traffic is carried on with the various tribes of Indians, who come here for

that purpose. The traders are mostly French, many of whom. have intermarried with the Indians. Generally they are a mean and degraded class, and seize every occasion to benefit themselves, by taking advantage of the ignorance of the Indians. We saw a few of the various tribes of the Indians which inhabited the wilds in the vicinity, but they afforded us no criterion by which one might judge of their real character. Those seen by us were much enervated by their intercourse with the whites, and had nothing peculiar to their race; they are degraded, miserable, poor, and the whites are fast destroying the little remnant of them which is still existing, by allowing them a too free use of bad whiskey, for which they have a most singular predilection.

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Early on Tuesday, in company with Bradford and two of our party, we crossed over the river in a canoe that was paddled by some Indians, one of whom was the best specimen of his race we have ever seen; for he was robust, finely formed, and retained the characteristic features of his race. On reaching the shore, we took a sketch of the scene before us, which was perfectly charming and fully equalled our ideas of the island homes of the red man. The river here, and even above this point and as far as the "Falls," was so studded with islands that it was impossible to see across it. We then ascended a very high hill in the vicinity, and obtained a fine comprehensive view of the river and town which was situated on the opposite banks. We left this place about 10 o'clock, A.M., and on board found a most agreeable addition to our party in the persons of Colonel Davenport and his lady, both of whom we had met in the summer of 1840 at Saratoga. The meeting was as happy as it was unexpected, and the pleasure was much enhanced by the politeness of the colonel, who had brought on board a fine band of German musicians. This afforded us a rich treat of excellent music during the remainder of the trip, and helped us to while away the evenings which before had passed rather heavily on our hands.

We consumed two days in passing up the river to St. Peters, during which interval our attention was entirely engrossed in the beauty of the scenery, which surpassed any that we had ever beheld. To attempt an adequate description in words, would be futile; let it

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suffice that we contemplate the effects of the finest prospects, when seen from some of the most striking points. The river itself is constantly changing in form and expression. Each stroke of the oars forward brought in sight some new scene before the eye, and the landscapes were constantly shifting and varied by the interspersions of a thousand isles, which 53 were now lighted up by the golden beams of the sun, and reflecting their images over the clear face of the river, became again most beautifully relieved by their deep rich shadows, which mottled the waters; and while the sunbeams gilt the mountain tops from a thousand inlets, streams of tributary brooks babbled through the ravines at the mountain's side, and delighted to pour their contents into their guardian-supporting reservoirs of the parental Mississippi—the Father of Waters; whilst the rich glowing verdure of their banks, and the freshness of the foliage which shades them, form pictures of retired retreats alongside, the buttresses of rock-crowned bluffs on which the eye delights to dwell, and wherein the imagination would seek for its musings, amid the fairy's grotto of the caves. Again, the strong barriers of rocky ridges and a thousand pretty hills, pencil their graceful outlines against the sky, while at their base the noble river bathes the soft grasses which border its margin. A constant succession of undulating hills marks the course of the stream as far as the eye can reach; whilst shadow and shade chase the sunbeams o'er hills and dales, and the whole prospect displays the most pleasing variety of fleeting images. Rich green farms at times fringe the bordering plains up to the river's edge, and then unfold their glowing garments with verdure like a carpet, which rolls back its sweeping line of exquisite beauty in shrubs and trees, as far as the horizon. At times, one uninterrupted surface of the most delicious green rolls out its length to the extent of miles; and again the same land, covered with the most delightful pasture of rich verdure, and shadowed by the occasional groups of thick foliage, mixed with a few scattering forest trees, recede with the most graceful modulations, until they mark the limits of their boundaries, while they define the landscape with their graceful curvetting, and until they gradually disappear in one 54 vast sheet of grass, and extend themselves as far as the eye can reach. And when the winds waft the breezes o'er, the whole plain seems like a sea of emerald beauty, tossed in graceful surf, like the crests of the ocean waves kissed by the zephyrs.

As a whole, it surpasses all we have ever seen in landscape. Here Nature seems to have poured forth a profusion of favors, and has shown herself in all varieties imaginable. The most perfect specimens of the sublime are seen in the high bluffs which frowned down from their exalted tops, and cast their shadows far into the bosom of the waters beneath you; and as they shoot up perpendicularly, it seems as if they were but the freaks of her will to show her contempt for the handiwork of man. The utmost beauty is diffused over all portions of her work, in the rich verdure of these prairies, the deep blue sky above, and the reflected image of that sky and the mountains in the beauteous stillness of the river; there is a grandeur, a magnificence, in all, which defies description,—a beauty unsurpassed by naught in the world besides; and as the mind contemplates the nature of the scene before it, it cannot but be filled with those sentiments of awe and sublimity which are the attributes of that Being who first brought all things into life, when He first pronounced, “‘Let there be light,’ and there was light.”

Chapter 7. LEGENDS AND LAKES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

About the hour of sunset on Wednesday, we reached Lake Pepin, a most singular piece of water, and no probable cause has yet been assigned for its origin at the peculiar point of its existence as a body of water. We venture to suggest, that this might possibly have been the lake in which the Mississippi took its origin, as Lake Itasca is at present, but that in the course of time the many tributaries from above found their course and discharged themselves into this lake, thus uniting in one great stream. The scenery about there is quite beautiful; and as the sun declined and cast its own rosy line on the waves which fluttered in a dubious twilight, and the hills cast their dark shadows o'er its face, it assumed a most enchanting appearance. While here, we all went on shore, to gather agates and cornelians which are sometimes found here possessing great beauty. It was quite amusing to see the gentlemen, some resting on their haunches, and others on all-fours, in search for these stones; and as some were diggers of stones and others hewers of wood, all

might appropriately be termed 56 squatters on the premises, which did not properly belong to them, inasmuch as the original proprietors were the aboriginal Indians of this continent.

Just after we had passed through Lake Pepin, and by the flickering light which stilled lingered on the earth, we saw some very high and grand bluffs which attracted particular notice from the abrupt manner in which they rose from the water. The most precipitous is "the Lovers," and is associated with the following legend.

A daughter of a Sioux chief had been long betrothed to a young warrior of her own tribe. Her father was averse to the match, and, from motives of policy, insisted upon her marriage with a hostile chief, with whom they had been at war, in order to confirm the treaty of peace. The lover was then absent, and was expected to return on the eve of the marriage. The chief swore that it was necessary that his purposes should be carried out, and determined to slay the warrior at his return. The hour of the ceremony came, and all the friends assembled on a high bluff to attend at the nuptials, when, just at the point of morning, the bride saw the canoe bearing her lover approach, and she rushed with the swiftness of lightning to warn him of his attempting danger; but, alas! all her signs were in vain, and her looks and gestures which bade him shun the shore, were mistaken by him as tokens of recognizance and of welcome. He hurried onward, and as he neared the shore the swift arrow of the chieftain wended its way to his heart, and his paddle dropped idly by his side. Despair and distraction seized the maid at the sight of her lover, and with a bound she flew like an arrow to the brow of the cliff before her, and with a leap plunged into the abyss of the dark waters. The same water closed over the lover and the loved, and the silence of the parent was but too expressive of the grief he felt.

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N. B.—We are indebted to Mrs. Col. Davenport for the tale, to whom it was narrated by the grandfather of the girl.

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Farther up, the scenery becomes more grand; the bluffs are commanding, and many of them variously marked with a richly colored limestone, which is most enlivened by the surrounding foilage. The most charming of these hills are those called the "Three Sisters," consisting of several beautiful bluffs, and, capped by the above stone, they have that appearance of castle-turrets which they present in approaching the "Twins," which is one of the finest on the river. Another remarkable one is that which from its shape may be appropriately called the "Sugar Loaf Mount,"—and the peculiarity of its shape adds much to the beauty of the surrounding country. These are but a few of the many thousand hills which stand like sentinels over the Mississippi. Besides the intrinsic beauty of the country, the power of association has added much in throwing a charm around many of the spots. During the last Indian struggle this portion of the country was the scene of many battles, and the battle grounds are still pointed out to the passing stranger. As our captain had himself been engaged in the service of the government at that time, it was quite interesting to listen to his personal narration, and observe the situation of a former battle. The two most important were those where the battle of "Bad Axe" was fought, and a plain in Wisconsin where the Chippeways had more recently made an attack on the Sioux, whom they surprised after a feast, and succeeded in capturing several of them. The conflicts between the two nations are quite frequent, and as they result from a hereditary feud, bid fair to be repeated until the final extermination of either race. We passed several Indian villages, among which were those of the "Little Crows," and Wahtouka's, who is the chief of the Sioux, As we passed the former, we had an opportunity 3* 58 of observing their mode of burial. Their corpses are wrapped and embalmed in cloths and herbs, and then suspended aloft, and held in the branches of the trees. Whether this is the permanent place of their exposure, or whether it lasts only during a short period of lustration, we were not able to discover. About 12 o'clock on Thursday, we arrived at St. Peter's, and were much pleased with the situation of Fort Snelling on a high bluff, commanding an extensive view of the river St. Peter, and its confluence with the Mississippi in front and the rear, embracing a prairie which stretches to the distance of many miles. Here we spent the rest of the afternoon in walking and seeing the Indians who had assembled in expectation of

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receiving their annuity. They bore generally a fine form and figure, and seemed a shrewd set of men. We purchased a bow and quiver of one of them.

Friday, the 1st day of July, was fixed upon for our visit to the falls. Through the politeness of the Colonel, vehicles were provided, and we had no difficulty in reaching the falls. Our ride extended through the prairies, and over a firm and well-trodden path. On the way, we stopped a few moments to view the "Little Falls," which are far more picturesque than those of St. Anthony. We stopped but a moment, during which it was impossible to sketch them. About 11 o'clock we reached the Falls, and descended so as to be able to have a favorable view of them from below, and were agreeably disappointed in finding that they surpassed our expectations. There is a wildness, rapidness, and unbridled fury in the dashing of their spray over the rocks, which was exciting in the extreme. Immense, huge and broken masses of rock lie beneath, which must have required the united force of the whirlwind and the torrent to have hurled them into their present position. The most favorable point whence to view these falls is situated about half a mile below, on a bluff which overlooks the rapids, at which position you command the two falls at once, which are to be seen where they are divided by an island. This view is certainly the most picturesque and beautiful, whereas the one which is presented near the foot of the falls is far less scenic; but few are more adapted to excite a feeling of the sublime and grand. On the whole, they form a pretty drop-scene to the effect of a summer trip, and fill up the landscape of one's travels with as pretty a background as can be possibly wished. After having exhausted the beauty of the surrounding country, and feasted the eye and imagination, we returned to the house where we had left our horses, fully prepared to enter into the merits of a bounteous store of provisions, which had been prepared for the party. There we found the whole party assembled, besides several gentlemen from the garrison, and a Miss Steele, the most beautiful natural idealist that had been presented to our eyes since our departure from Cincinnati; we were introduced, and found her an interesting young lady, quite animated and energetic in her remarks. However, we saw her there but a few moments—it grieves us that we may never see her again—and we thought as the

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party broke up and each returned to his respective quarters, that a day-dream had been trifling with our fancy, and that a vision of peerless beauty had flitted over the horizon, and had vanished just as we were going to grasp it. Thus is the tantalizing nature of short friendship. Perhaps, if longer, the romance would have vanished, and the bright creature of our imagination might have lost its beauty under the cold regard of reality. Thus ever we form evanescent rainbows in the delusive mists of our fitful fancies; born in an hour of mirth and happiness, nourished by the warmest beams of our own sunlight, they vanish when that light becomes too clear, and the vapor of our imaginings has hardened us into 60 indifference, and when that heat might have ripened into love.

Thus ended the last day of our stay at Fort Snelling, the last point of our journey—the last point in the past where my mind will love to dwell. Our whole trip has been one of unmingled pleasure. Everything has contributed to favor us, and we shall always look back to our visit to the Falls of St. Anthony as one of the green spots in the desert of life, where the mind will love to rest itself, under the shadow of its memories, and in the coolness of reflection invoke the fragrant incense of past dreams for our perpetual musing; and as we chew our quid of sweet and bitter fancies will solace ourselves in the memory thereof, and slumber over its reminiscences.

Chapter 8. FORT SNELLING—ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS.

After we had left the Fort and its pleasant officers and their families, we started on our return homeward about six o'clock, but had a most gloomy day for our departure; however, it was soon relieved by the prospect of a brighter morrow. In the afternoon we had a fine opportunity of seeing a Buffalo dance at the settlement of Wahtouka. The dance was quite a novel exhibition of Indian activity and a queer mixture of discordant sounds and hideous contortions. We found that a missionary school had been established at this place, with the intention of educating the Indians, and also learnt that there was a degree of unwillingness on the part of some of the families that their children should be instructed at all. We passed from thence through Lake Pepin, in doing which we were favored by

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the politeness of the captain, who went somewhat out of his direct course to oblige us, so that we had also an opportunity of seeing Lake St. Croix, a fine little sheet of water, which somewhat resembles Lake Pepin in the character of its scenery.

The next Sunday turned out to be a most delightful one, and the scenery which we passed on that day was beyond description from the effect of the rosy morning light on the landscape, while the bright sunlight which was throwing its golden richness over the hill-tops, suggested to our mind, while we were refreshed by its dawning light, a brilliant and beautiful analogy to the happiness of a joyous and exuberant youth. So the whole aspect of this scenery continued equally interesting and attractive as far as Prairie du Chien, where we arrived about four o'clock P.M. At this place we took leave of Mrs. Colonel Davenport, whose society had furnished a most agreeable acquisition to the store of our pleasure, and we remained here until—

Monday, July 4th, when we proceeded down stream towards Dubuque. This being the anniversary of our Independence, the day was duly celebrated, and the sociability of the table somewhat protracted. We passed up the sluice of a narrow creek to Snake diggings, in order to procure some lead, but finding that the inhabitants were as equally intent as ourselves on commemorating the day, we backed out of the diggings and rounded the boat by her head, and then moved her prow to a landing on the banks of the river.

At Dubuque we arrived about sunset, in time to hear the evening salute fired, and then proceeded on our way to Galena, where we arrived at about seven A.M.

The greater portion of Tuesday was spent there, whilst we took advantage of our stay to visit the lead mines in the vicinity, and were much pleased with the appearance of the country through which we passed; where we were able to procure a few rich specimens of lead ore, which is of the best quality, and yields often something seventy-five per cent.

At this place we were obliged to take leave of some of our friends, who took a stage across the country to Chicago. At the Lower Rapids we were detained several hours on

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account 63 of the wind, which blew so violently that it was impossible to see the channel of the stream. During our stay here, we were enabled to obtain some fine specimens of the quartz boulders which were found here in great abundance. There is a large quarry in the neighborhood of this place, which yields a finely crystallized marble.

From thence we proceeded onward to our destination, at ST. LOUIS—THE MOUND CITY, where we arrived without any other circumstances occurring which are worthy of note, on Friday, the 8th, about four o'clock P.M., and put up at the Planters' House, which is considered in every respect equal to the Astor. Here we met our former schoolmates, Berthold and Cabanné, and in the evening attended a small party, where we passed the time very pleasantly. Of the society here we could not form any correct opinion, not having had sufficient opportunities to mature our judgments.

On our first Sunday which was passed at this place, we heard the Rev. Mr. Peake, who was established here as an Episcopal clergyman, and were pleased with the able sermon, which, as he delivered it with an earnestness of truth, was a very fine discourse from his text. He seemed to be a man of sound logical abilities, but may prove to be a little too High-Church for any great popularity among his flock in this city.

On Monday we dined at Mrs. Berthold's, and spent the afternoon in riding out to Carondelot, a most beautiful French village, which is situated about five miles from the town, at which point, as we descended the East hill, a most picturesque view was presented. In fact, we know none which surpasses this in beauty; and on our return in the evening went to the 64 theatre, where we saw "London Assurance" enacted, the main characters in which were well sustained by Barrett, Thorne, and Mrs. Farren, as stars, but poorly supported by the stock company, which was miserable; but the theatre was very pretty as well as commodious in its interior, which was handsomely painted in frescoes, with its walls and amphitheatres and dress circles decorated in excellent taste. Wrote home four letters later in the evening, after we had retired from the play-house, and—

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On Tuesday, 12th, spent the morning in writing up our journal, etc., and made several calls on our friends, etc. On Wednesday we remained most of the day in the house, although part of the morning was spent in calling on Cabanné, and passed the evening at Mrs. Berthold's, where we met with Mr. Sandford, who had started with us as our companion from Washington city in May last.

On Thursday morning went to church with Rubyeau, an old law acquaintance of ours, when we were at the Dane Law-school together at Cambridge, and afterwards took a walk over the road by Chouteau's pond—a most beautiful piece of water which was situated about a mile from the city; from thence went to the Rock Spring, from which point we crossed the country over the fields of grass to Kemper College, an institution for the education of young men, which had been recently founded, and was located on a high hill that commands an extensive view of the country for several miles. This gave us a fine opportunity of seeing the lands, in this vicinity, which not so generally cultivated as they usually are in the neighborhood of large cities; this neglect, we were told, arose from a defect in the titles to these lands, which renders the purchase of them rather precarious. For this cause, also, most of the marketing for the city's use was supplied from Illinois, on the opposite bank of the river. The roads extending out of the city were exceedingly dusty which fact rendered riding very disagreeable, unless when taken quite late in the afternoon or after a recent shower. The public are making great efforts for an improvement in their roads, and in the course of time their condition will be much ameliorated by the construction of MacAdam's turnpikes. We had a fine opportunity of seeing the city from a high hill immediately back of its halls; but the best view which can be obtained is that which may be observed from the top of the Planters' House.

In the evening we attended a small party at Mrs. Clapp's, where the evening was agreeably spent. There were not many pretty ladies present, in fact there are not many young ladies in the place; most of them were married; and the stragglers which fill up these parties were chiefly imported from other cities. We were, however, much pleased with a niece of

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Colonel Benton, an interesting and well-educated young lady, who also displayed much refinement in her conversation and a good deal of taste in her dress.

The French society here was rapidly declining, whilst that of the Americans was fast superseding it, although it will be some time before the latter will partake of the urbanity and sociability of the French manners.

Most of our time was spent in the usual formality of visiting Cabanné's store, where we were occupied in reading the newspapers. Here, also, under the shadow of his hospitable roof we enjoyed the cool breezes which flitted over the river, and the busy scenes of life which were presented before the door. All the business of the place was done in one street; and of course in times of commercial prosperity a more busy appearance is afforded from such a situation, and the best which can be obtained from the levee on the river's bank, which extended up and down for several miles.

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There are many beautiful mounds within the limits of the city. Many conjectures have been raised as to the intention of their first builders at the date of their original erection; and as they can be referred to no particular period of time, it is impossible to fix upon any true theory concerning their history. It is, however, probable that they were the burying-places of the aborigines. The country in the vicinity of the city abounds with caves, which are not so much celebrated for their natural beauty, or as curiosities, as from having been at several times past the resort of counterfeiters. On the whole, we were as much pleased with St. Louis as with any other town in the West. It certainly is the most promising city west of the mountains, and possesses advantages of local position which are surpassed by no other place. It has a greater extent of back country to support it; for the whole valley of the Mississippi opens its vast treasures upon its wharves, and thus furnishes an immense source of trade, together with the rich produce which the Missouri river pours down; besides the rich grain-fields of the State of Illinois, on the opposite banks, superadd the vast products of the State of Illinois, while the Ohio even sends her abundant harvests

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into this vast granary of the West. Much of the trade which formerly fell to Louisville and Cincinnati is now swallowed up by this place, where wheat, hemp, and tobacco, which were formerly articles of import, are now the staples of this country. The vast waves of the tide of emigration, here arrested, find a stay, and the number of its inhabitants is rapidly increasing. Its buildings are constructed in good taste, and in some respects it resembles Philadelphia; in others, Baltimore.

Chapter 9. CHICAGO AND THE LAKES.

On Monday we took leave of our friends, and, at about four o'clock P.M., were rapidly conveyed from the city on board the "Glaucus," to enjoy a pleasant sail up the Illinois river. The scenery on this river is quite monotonous, and is scarcely relieved by a view into the back country. There are several pretty towns on the banks, many of which bid fair at some future time to be ports for considerable trade. At Peru we took stages for Chicago, where we met with some difficulty, as the landlord was anxious to obtain a dinner from us. On the road to Ottawa we passed several springs with excellent mineral properties, at one of which we found some fine specimens of petrified moss. About half a mile from Ottawa, just as we had passed a bridge over a deep ravine, the stage was suddenly upset; and although we were hurled with the quickness of thought to the ground, no serious injury resulted from our overthrow. After having found that none of the injuries were serious, we walked to the hotel, where we had the good fortune of finding another stage. This was the first accident which had ever occurred to us, and we shall ever remember the mingled and confused emotions which accompanied this novel situation. 68 We proceeded on our route through to Chicago without further injury; the road was very good, and passed through some of the most extensive prairies in the West. The soil is excellent, and well adapted for the growth of grain. The appearance of the prairies was quite novel. Vast plains covered with the greatest varieties of grasses and wild flowers extended themselves for miles, until they bordered the horizon. The view of these prairies by night was strikingly beautiful; and as the moon shone out in peerless beauty over the immense plains, which were covered by her rays, it seemed as if a mantle of the driven snow had been stretched over the earth.

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Whilst passing through one section of land, we were surprised by the bursting out of an extensive fire, which flashed before our vision. The scene was strikingly wild and beautiful, and the rapidity with which the flames extended themselves was exceedingly grand and exciting. Nothing can exceed the beauty of these lands; and when clad with the morning mist, and as the sun breaks out of the delicate vista with which nature has decked herself, and whilst the whole plain spreads out rolling swards of verdure, grasses, and wild flowers, to the distance of miles, then the scene presented is like a sunrise on the sea.

As we had arrived at Joliet about midnight, the moonlight enabled us to obtain an indistinct view of the town, which seemed one of the most beautiful of all those which we visited along the route. Here we had a fine opportunity of seeing the canal which passes near the town, and is one of the most finished pieces of art, as a work and massive construction, which has yet been engineered in this new region; and when completed it will greatly enhance the growth of the State, as well as contribute to the beauty of Chicago, which only waits the opening of this canal to supply it with suitable stone for building its edifices. We arrived at Chicago about noon, and in the afternoon had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Dickey, with whom we went to view the departure of the "Western." This is the favorite boat throughout the country, and the people of the place flocked down to the wharf to witness her departure. In company with Mr. D. we strolled across the river, and had an opportunity of seeing some of their private residences, which were built in good taste, on the other side of a canal.

In the afternoon of Friday we attended the opening of the court which was now sitting on a criminal session; and when there, were much struck with the novelty of the scene presented in the court. The court was held in a public building hired for the purpose, in the second story of which the judge and other officers were assembled, and on entering the door we observed a motley group of lawyers, witnesses, and spectators, all sitting in easy postures about the room. The counsel for the defence with his feet resting on the tops of the table, the judge in the body of the court with his legs crossed behind the railing, and various other members of the bar stretched, laid out, and scattered about the premises

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at random. In the interval between the recess and opening of the court, the profession whiled away time by a series of anecdotes which were well suited to the foul air of the place, or a legal body who were travelling on the circuit; while some of the listeners to their passing tales filled up the leisure moments by the pleasant and local habit of whittling fine shavings, the splinters of which lay in great profusion about the floor, and seemed to supply the absence of sand. It was delightful to perceive the primitive condition of things, to which *Justice* had humbled herself in these parts, and the degree of familiarity which had extended from their disrespect of the person of the judge to the questioning of his legal abilities.

In the afternoon Mr. D. called, and we drove down to the 70 Lake shore. Through his politeness we were introduced to Mrs. Russell the same evening, an amiable and accomplished lady, formerly from Alexandria, who had spent much of her time in the hazy atmosphere of our political metropolis. Mr. Dickey paid us every attention while in the town, and through his politeness we had free access to the reading-room, where an hour of the morning was generally spent. We were also introduced to several of the profession, and fully satisfied ourselves that no opening had been left here for any strolling adventurers.

On Sunday we attended church with Mr. D., and heard a very tolerable discourse. Our curiosity was somewhat gratified at a sight of the pulpit, which evidently had never been originally intended for the body which now inclosed it; for it appeared at this time standing out in great disproportion to the small number of worshippers in the house, and as if the spirit of '36 which dictated its design had been nipped too soon in the bud to allow of its entire completion.

Monday, in company with Mr. Lee, we started with the intention of visiting the interior of the State. Our road for the first seventeen miles passed through the prairies, which were more extensive than any which we had yet passed on our way through the State by the stage,

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and on the road we started up several prairie hens; but not having our guns with us, were not enabled to procure any of them for our dinner.

We dined at Dumfries Grove, if that could be called a dinner which consisted only of bread and milk. Our landlord apologized for his scanty fare by mentioning that his family had just returned home after an absence of several weeks. We remained here until the heat of the sun had somewhat abated, and then proceeded on to Bloomingdale, the next shady spot on the road. The country then began to assume a more interesting aspect, and we were gratified as the sight of the neat fences which were constructed on both sides of the road, and viewed the stretches of the snaky zigzag rails that inclosed the extensive fields of wheat.

From this point to Elgin, our route lay chiefly through thickly-shaded woods; and after a most delightful drive along the most pleasant hours of the day we reached Elgin, this town of the groves, and made it our stopping-place for the night. Here we had the unexpected pleasure of meeting Mr. Wilson, who had been a fellow-student with us at Cambridge, for we had discovered him by the dubious light of the moon, whilst we were busily engaged in the newly-assumed position of grooming the horse; and after attending to this pure matter of duty, we spent a most delightful evening together in conversing about our old friends, and in reviewing old associations.

Early next morning we left Elgin, and proceeded along the margin of the Fox river to St. Charles, which formed one of the prettiest villages which we met on our route. It is supported chiefly by its mill-privileges and the rich produce country in the vicinity, which lies in this county. As our road continued along the banks of this river, it afforded us a fine opportunity of observing several rich landscapes; and as the river itself is more rapid than any other stream in this State, its course lends much interest to the beauty of the surrounding country. The land about this town and Napierville is celebrated for the abundance of grain which it produces. It is a common sight to meet with several hundred acres under cultivation in one body, which is producing all the varieties of grain at once.

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The views presented from some of the most elevated points in these prairies were highly beautiful, and become certainly more interesting from the idea of their utility for growth of cereals, which is united with the abundance of 72 yield from such fertile resources. At certain points most commanding prospects are presented as the sunlight and shadow pass over the fields, and the different varieties of color which the grain assumes present a very pleasing effect to the eye; and one is lost and ravished with the various gratifying emotions which pass through the mind at their ever-changing character as the clouds checkered the surface of the water with the bright patches of sunlight gleaming over them. From Geneva, the next town that we visited, we retraced our steps homeward; and as the face of the country presented pretty much the same general features as those seen when we were coming out of town, it is needless to enter into a description of it.

On Wednesday morning we reached Chicago, where we remained until the afternoon, and after having taken leave of our acquaintances, started in the “ *Illinois* ” for Cleveland.

At this, for the first time in our life, we moved upon the face of these lakes, and our whole passage through them was attended with delightful emotions. We commenced our trip under the most unfavorable auspices for wind and weather; but as our boat was considered the safest one that had ever been built on these lakes, of course our apprehension of danger was in a great degree diminished.

After a pleasant sail during the first night, we arrived at Milwaukee, a beautiful and flourishing town in Wisconsin, the appearance of which, as seen from the Lake, is quite prepossessing. Our passage still continued attended with unpleasant weather, and in the afternoon the tediousness of our lifelong day was relieved by the unexpected pleasure of finding an old schoolmate, Tom Le Baron, on board, who had taken passage at Milwaukee. This was the most agreeable adventure which had occurred to us during the trip. The pleasure attending it derived much of its virtue from the surprise which accompanied 73 the meeting of one who had been long separated from us, and whom we

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had always greatly esteemed, *smarting under* the discipline of old Simon Putnam, at the Academy, when and while we were together in his school at North Andover.

On the morning of Friday we approached Mackinaw, and we were quite delighted to discover the land, which we had frequently lost sight of during the day. This island is one of the most romantic in our country, and would well repay a visit, from its many attractions. The view and situation of the fort is extremely picturesque; while its location as a trading-point with the Indians received much interest from old associations here called forth in the grasp of our imaginations.

In the afternoon we stopped at Presqu'ile, which is a very pretty spot, where our attention was drawn to the clear, beautiful, deep blue color of the waters of Lake Huron, which permitted us to see the fish sporting in their play beneath its surface, nearly to a sight of the white sands on its bottom.

Towards evening the aspect of the sky changed suddenly, when the heavens became quite overcast; as soon as we had passed through Sangamoo Bay, and left Thunder Island at our rear in the distance, the whole heavens were cast in a new mould, and then assumed the threatening appearances of a storm. We had rarely seen or observed any tempest more wild, sublime and terrific, than that which then raged over the rugged cliffs of Thunder Island; the seas were lashed up into a state of unbridled fury, and dashed their white spray on the rock-bound coast; while dark masses of the clouds were gathered into forms of blackness, and filled the immense reservoirs of the thunder which were brooding over the distant firmament of the horizon. We escaped, however, that night without any serious inconvenience; and the next morning was very bright, so as to afford us a favorable opportunity of seeing the scenery 474 on the St. Croix river and lake. Here we obtained the first sight of her Majesty's dominions; but we could not but be pleased with the favorable impression of our own shores, when contrasted with those of Canada. The American villages are neat, and convey a healthy idea of industry and happiness whilst that of the opposite shore, though far more gifted with the beauty of fine forest trees, has

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all appearance of neglect and poverty. As the weather soon became unfavorable, and the rain severe on reaching Detroit, we were not able to enter the town, which from the distance had presented a very imposing front to the beholder on our approach.

After leaving Detroit, the storm commenced with renewed energy, and heavy rain fell, accompanied with a violent wind, so that we had the pleasure of experiencing a storm on the lakes, which was unusually severe for the present season of the year. We had a most bitter night; and if the experiences of our fellow-travellers were equal to those we felt on the next morning they must have been fully satisfied with their trial of this pleasure excursion around the lakes,—for such a collection of melancholy and woe-begone countenances as were brought out by the light of the day, then displayed the most heterogeneous specimens of morbid anatomy that was ever compounded from trembling and shaking jelly of prostrate living human forms, that were then seen sprawling around the deck, or lying for rest under the awnings, on top of coffee-bags for a pillow. The ladies' cabin was a scene of uproar and confusion. Sympathy led us to form several new acquaintances, among whom we shall always be pleased to remember Mr. Boughton, of Yorkville, and Dr. and Mrs. Metcalf, of Natchez, Mississippi.

Chapter 10. CLEVELAND AND THE CANALS.

As soon as we had reached Cleveland, about noon, when the fury of the storm abated, yet we left the boat with regret, as the trip had been attended with many pleasing incidents. Our own sorrow was somewhat relieved by the sight of land; and once assured of a safe footing on shore, our sensations of *terra firma* revived, and we soon forgot the miseries of awful sea-sickness; although it was a long time before we were enabled to ship our sea-legs, or to prevent our oscillating movements as we “reeled to and fro, and staggered like a drunken man,” nearly turning topsy-turvy in whirligig motions on the pavement, for we came near turning a somerset of capers; which feat might easily have been carried out while we were still laboring under the head-aching dizziness which was all the while

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tending to create a subversion of the upright position, and lift us completely off our feet; for we were hardly able to recover our equilibrium of balance.

After dinner we were again surprised at meeting a Mr. Fitz Hugh, who had been one of our old acquaintances at Cambridge. In the afternoon we attended church, and after the 76 service was over ascended to the top of the "American House," from whence we were favored with a panorama of the city, which is most pleasantly situated. The lake rolls out its broad and expansive surface, whilst a most beautifully undulating and highly picturesque country supports the town in the rear. The houses are neat and well built, and the streets broad and well shaded with trees. At 7 o'clock we started on the canal packet-boat for Portsmouth, and were delighted with this mode of travelling, which was at once easy, and affording the ever-present means of viewing near by the landscapes from the banks of the canal, and at the time in this country proved equally expeditious as the stage-coaches, for all the roads were in a most wretched condition. The scenery around Cleveland, and on the outskirts of the canal, was exceedingly beautiful; and the several views from the bends of the canal and of the river, which were scarcely ever out of sight, all the way, lent a great deal of beauty to the scenic effects of the territory which lies in the stretch of the adjacent country.

The country in the vicinity of Akron is quite wild and mountainous; here, after an ascent of about four hundred feet, you will find yourself concealed among the high hills, in the neighborhood of the valleys, by which feature the situation of the town is beautifully relieved. It is quite a manufacturing place, and the noise of machinery was continually resounding through the mountains, with ringing echoes.

The intermediate country which lies between Akron and Massillon, is not so interesting as that of some of the more southern counties that are watered by the Tuscarora river; but the Muskingum bottoms are celebrated for the fertility of their soil and the abundant products from their vegetation.

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Massillon is the next most thriving place to which we came. The country about it produces a great quantity of wheat. Stark 77 county is considered to be the most rich and fertile portion of the State, and about dusk we passed by Zoar, an interesting village, which was settled a few years since by a colony of Dutchmen (a similar colony also established themselves at Economy, near Pittsburg). The former have selected here about nine thousand acres, in the very heart of the country, possessing a soil which is unsurpassed in its fertility, and quite unequalled in the beauty of its position. They live here in common, and work together with the greatest harmony. Piety is promoted, and everything tending to their demoralization is strictly prohibited. It is the prettiest spot we have yet seen, and the sight of it would alone repay you for a visit. The houses have a Dutch-like appearance of neatness and comfort, and are generally painted white, with tile roofs. They have their mills of every description, with fine churches, and immense barns for their crops. Their grounds are kept clean, and their lawns display the most cheerful hues of the green grass. This is, indeed, a charming spot; and as you view the landscape, with the beautifully-trimmed trees and the shrubbery about them, and the river, which winds its way through the distant fields, and see the tops of the houses glittering through the foliage, it is easy to recall the associations of the still life-pictures, in which are so ably depicted in those rich and glowing sketches of Teniers, which are to be seen in Holland.

The country from this point was highly cultivated, and well watered by the Muskingum, of which the Tuscarora is a tributary. About nine o'clock we reached Roscoe, a thriving place. Here we saw several droves of horses proceeding towards the Eastern mountains, *via* the Alleghanies.

On Tuesday night, the long hours of the night are prolonged, by sitting up to see the celebrated reservoir, which has been constructed through the cuts of the rocks for the purpose 78 of supplying the canal with water during the dry season. This contains thirty-two thousand acres, and probably surpasses anything of the kind in the world. Our journey down the canal from this point was attended with little variety. We had

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sufficiently exhausted the sources of conversation which the company of a blackleg and two sporting characters who were on board the boat had afforded us, so that, on our arrival at Lockburn, we were glad enough to escape them, while we were shipped off on to the cross-canal which connects this place with Columbus.

When once seated on board the boat, we soon found the captain, who seemed as if he had formerly acted a nobler part than that of packet-master. After a pleasing jaunt through the country, presenting no interesting features, we came to land at Columbus, the capital of Ohio, and here we found the Legislature in session, occupied with the apportionment of the State into districts. After dinner we ascended to the top of the hotel, and there surveyed the town, which lay beneath. Its appearance, together with the surrounding aspect of the country, was highly fertile; the several public institutions looked beautifully as they loomed forth in the perspective of the distant landscape, and added much to the beauty of the scene; whilst the handsome bottom-lands, which stretched far beyond the vision, presented one of the most refreshing sights of deep green, in the sweeping lawns of pasture; while far beyond our stand-point, Bankiston, the *headquarters* of General Harrison during the late war, shines conspicuously in the distance, and forms a pretty border to this sweet landscape.

The appearance of Columbus, when seen from the lunatic asylum, reminded us of some views that we have seen of Berlin.

In the evening we left Columbus; and, after travelling during 79 the whole night, we reached Springfield—a beautiful town—and thence continued our ride during the whole day until we came to Dayton, at about breakfast-time. This town is considered one of the most interesting places in the State. From this city our route lay principally through the valley of the Miami river, which gave us a fine opportunity of seeing some of the fine bottom-lands on the river. The corn was growing to the height of twelve to sixteen feet, and a peculiar kind of soil seemed to produce very excellent tobacco. This valley was certainly the most beautiful one we had yet visited in the United States. Abundance reigns here in

every quarter, and prosperity seemed again to be spreading its happy influence over the features of the people.

At Cincinnati we arrived about seven o'clock, P.M., on Thursday; and when we had settled down, we were glad enough to meet again familiar faces, and to recognize the cheery voices of old friends; and here we found Williams, who had been travelling as far as this point for his health.

Chapter 11. THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

In the morning we left for Louisville, where we stayed during Sunday afternoon, in order to attend the baptism of Mr. Snead's child, whom he named Maria Austin, in remembrance of a former lady friend of his in Boston, and a mutual friend.

Two o'clock, Monday, saw us on our road to the Cave. Our ride was a pleasant one, and in company with Mr. Dodge we managed to pass the time very agreeably.

As we passed through Elizabethtown, we found the town in quite a commotion on account of a suicide which had been recently committed by a young lady, who was a niece of Senator Bellum. Love was the probable cause of this act, which has deprived his home at once of a daughter and an heiress.

As we approached "Red Mills" about the hour of dinner, we were quite amused by a romantic incident which helped us to beguile the tediousness of our route. A young lady of fifteen had taken a strong affection for a horse-jockey. Of course the parents were opposed to the match, which he resisted, nevertheless; and in one of his attempts to elope with his intended was met by the father, who threatened to shoot him if he persisted in his intentions. After much coolness, the dealer in horseflesh resolved to overcome all scruples, and in spite of all parental objections, to obtain the object of his desires. Prepared with a brace of pistols, he approached the parental roof, when he was warmly received by father and son, both of whom were armed with pitchforks, at which formidable

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appearance the jockey did not see fit to retreat; but drawing out his pistols, told them that he was determined, "that they could not come it over him;" it would be of no use; so have her he should, *dead or alive!* They saw at once that all further resistance was useless, and the father retreated into an amiable adjustment of the differences existing between them. After all the preliminaries had been settled, it was agreed between them that the couple should be immediately united; and as we passed by the scene of action in our coach, we saw from the dying declarations of the fatted calf, which had been slain for the nuptial feast in one building, whilst on the other side of the house, under the woody bower which had been erected close by the side of the rustic tables that they were constructing, and near which the festivities of the occasion were to be celebrated, that the marriage would soon be consummated, and become a fact on the records of the town. That night about 10 o'clock we reached Bell's Tavern, which is as notorious from the peach brandy which he makes, as the Cave itself. After making all the necessary arrangements for our conveyance to the Cave the next morning, we retired for the night, and

Tuesday morning found us at the Cave, after a short ride over an unbroken country that abounded with shrub oaks, and was called "The Barrens," from the fact that it was formerly entirely divested of vegetation.

Immediately after our arrival we proceeded on our first visit to the Cave; and, accompanied by Dr. Croghan, we visited several of the principle avenues. Passing by the Church, and 4* 82 going down through Croghan's Hall, we went in this direction as far as Lake Purity,—a beautiful little handful of the clearest water, and which might well remind one of the Nymphs' Bath. We then retraced our steps as far as the Cathedral, which assumes somewhat of the aspect of a large gothic hall, with galleries overhead, besides a fit place for a pulpit and an organ. On the way back, we stopped to admire the Stalactite Chapel, which is one of the most interesting chambers in this cavern, where the avenue terminates in a small aperture, and then enlarges itself into a spacious hall, which was hung in pendants with formations of the carbonate of lime. This was soon illuminated by our lights,

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which had been properly arranged; and their reflected brightness through the transparency of the columns produced a scene of surpassing brilliancy.

Once more we found ourselves in the Church, from whence we departed on our way to the rivers; after having passed through several narrow passages, descending at times and ascending at others, we repassed through, the winding passages, which terminated in a spacious avenue that led to the Bottomless Pit, and to *the Dead Sea*; then, leaving these to our left we descended another ladder, and landed on the road, near the river. The scene presented on our arrival at the river was transcendently sublime; partaking sufficiently of the grand and obscure, it gave full scope for the workings of our imaginations, and it required no great knowledge of classical lore to imagine ourselves on the banks of the river Styx. Nor were we at all at a loss for images of the spirits who were waiting for their passage across this stream, which were well represented by the illuminated bodies of our companions, who seemed to all purposes *ghostly* enough from the peculiarly halo-light which was reflected upon their countenances by the flaming candles which they carried. The part of Charon was well represented by our 83 most excellent of guides, Stephen, who seemed as tenacious of the capacity of his boat as the great original to whom we saw fit to compare him. Never have we witnessed a scene more singularly striking than the one here presented; and having separated ourselves from the company, in order to observe its effect in the most favorable position, from where we stood apart and surrounded by darkness only, looked upon the illuminated scene before us. Our other companions, who were each attended by a lamp, kept constantly on the move, and their motions resembled somewhat the flickering and uncertain appearance of insects with their firefly lamps; whilst the roof overhead presented the aspect of a clouded sky, and the pale cast of the gloomy waters below gave a most unhallowed and unearthly character to the scene.

What a place for a Virgil or a Dante to roam about, from whence their imaginations might find proper materials for their hells—

“Lasciate ogni Speranza voi excentrate.”— *Dante's Inferno*.

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We could not but regret the absence of some person whose poetic abilities would have been fully equal to the grand description of the air and sublimity of the place. Silently, and fully intent with our thoughts upon the many reflections suggested by the scenery around us, we retraced our steps to the mouth of the cave, which we reached a short time after the sun was in its meridian. It would be impossible to describe the peculiar sensation which overcame us when visiting this subterranean abode for the first time. The strength, character and cast of one's reflections must necessarily be tinged by the nature of each individual's temperament and his peculiar susceptibility to the effects of natural scenery. An attempted description on our part would be only a mockery of the master-spirit of a Virgil or a Dante, whose minds were formed in the grand moulds in which nature delights to cast all those wonders which defy the power of man, and stand as everlasting monuments to remind him of his weakness.

After tea, in company with Mr. Dodge, and Stephen for our guide, we started again on our excursion across the river. Our course was attended with no peculiar circumstances of variety, except that at the river we were joined by another party consisting chiefly of students from Bardstown. This we regretted exceedingly, as it had been our original intention to restrict the number of our party, so as to have our guide as much as possible under our own control. After considerable delay, we crossed the rivers, which same pieces of water are variously called the Styx, Lethe, and the Jordan.

Once landed on the opposite shore, we proceeded to our destination. Our road was somewhat better than that which first led us to the river, and we were enabled to proceed at a rapid pace; and after walking about two hours we reached the foot of the ladder which we were obliged to ascend before entering the Cabinet. As this place afforded a fine spring of water, we stopped here, and immediately commenced an attack upon the provisions which had been stored in our baskets. Never were there such appetites nor such eaters to disturb the shades of this disembowelled recess, nor could any troop of bacchanalians have had less respect for the dismal and awful aspect of our location.

Having fully supplied our wants, we ascended the ladder, and were surprised by finding ourselves surrounded by a formation which seemed far more varied and curious than any we had yet seen; the whole surface of the chamber into which we entered was perfectly formed into clusters of the carbonate of lime, that much resembled bunches of white grapes, and from its shape has been appropriately called Mary's Vineyard; and while considering the beauty of these formations, and admiring 85 the appearances which they assumed in the reflected light of our lamps, our guide informed us that we were in the vicinity of one of the most interesting grottoes of the cave, which could be readily seen if we were willing to undertake the difficulty of a very rugged ascent. We immediately agreed to visit it, even at our imminent risk, determined that no apprehension of danger should prevent us from seeing whatever exhibition of the wonderful Nature had here offered for our inspection. After a severe task of climbing up the precipitous declivity of a hill we reached a point, which at first seemed to deny us entrance, but after some exertion we overcame the obstacles opposed to our progress, and soon found ourselves in one of the most beautiful recesses imaginable. The roof was entirely hung with graceful and delicate stalactites which were more fragile in their structure than any we had yet seen; their transparent nature easily admitted the rays of the flickering lights, when the chamber became instantly and brilliantly illuminated, so as to furnish a most rich and classic gateway to the cave beyond (which was at the foot of the hill), over which these formations were pendant. We observed a deep and narrow dark hole, from which we readily conceived, for the contiguous springs of moisture round the spot, gave an appearance of freshness to the earth, that it had been newly dug from piles of fresh dirt that had been thrown out from the extreme edges of the pit. We could not but be struck by the sanctity of the place, and the associations which arose within us while we contemplated our situation were of peculiar interest. It was discovered in the summer of 1841 by a Mr. Brown, of Bardstown College, and was named by him the "Holy Sepulchre." We could not but admire the taste which had chosen such an admirable title; and as,

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were descending often reflected that we also were pilgrims, in imagination only, to that sepulchre 86 which enshrines the most hallowed associations of mankind.

As soon as we had again landed at the Vineyard, we advanced to the spot which we had originally intended to visit. After passing through a spacious avenue, the sides of which we observed to be glistening with the most minute brilliants, we suddenly found our avenue enlarging, and that the features of the case were greatly changed. We then learnt that we had entered the Cabinet, which has been consecrated with the name of Cleveland.

We were struck with the whiteness and beauty of this formation, which constituted the ceiling over our heads. They resembled the aspect which vegetation would assume in the entire absence of sun and light, while arraying themselves in the most beautiful shapes, now like rosettes, and flowers just expanding the bud; again showing the full blown rose; at times much resembling the celery plant, and again appearing like the leaves which ornament the capitals of the Corinthian order of architecture. The formation contains the sulphate of lime and magnesia, and, as we were told, are peculiar to this cave. Immediately succeeding this formation, we entered another, which has been termed the "Snow Ball" room, from the analogous character of the formation which decorates the roof; and as the intervals between have been tinged with the smoke of the lamps, there is an alternation of the colors of the white and brown, which reminded us strongly of the peculiar characteristic of stucco paintings. Having fully feasted ourselves on the inexhaustible treasure-house of beautiful incrustations which were around and about us, we determined to return. Nothing occurred to us which could render our retreat novel. As we passed over the Jordan, we were struck with the echo, which exceeded any that we had ever listened to. 87 You may here listen to a hundred reverberations from the inflections of your own voice; and at once it becomes as stentorian as that of Demosthenes, when he was bawling for practice by the sea-shore, and when we had the curiosity to learn the effect which might be produced by the firing off of a pistol, imagine our astonishment at the report, when we heard a noise which was louder than that of a forty-pound cannon after its discharge; and as the echoes bounded along the rocky angles of the walls, it seemed,

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as it died away, like the sounding and booming roll of the artillery of the thunder in the heavens, after the fiercest flashes of the sharpest lightning have pretermitted the storm. After we had recrossed the river, our party separated from the guide; and Mr. D—and we were left alone to our own reflections, and now became fully awake to the impression which stillness and solitude can only inspire. Stephen soon led us to the Mammoth Dome, where we were gratified still more by seeing another, and yet more grand specimen of Nature's freaks. As we looked at this dark loop-hole in the cavern, we were struck with the stupendous height with which the walls arose about us; and as we turned from the immense stalactite columns which loomed up majestically before us, to look into the abyss below, we could but be thrilled with sensations which were so peculiar to this spot, and were awe-struck by the gaping mouths which stood with maws open, as if they were ready to engulf us. After we had left this, we passed again into the main cave, and on our way out we stopped a moment to admire Gorin's Dome, which resembles the former in a great degree, with the exception that this formation was on a smaller scale, but of surpassing beauty, the stalactite pillars creating an optical delusion, and assuming somewhat of a scenic appearance, which lay like the folds of a rich drapery over the unrevealed secrets of the space beyond.

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We then proceeded onward towards the mouth, which we left about 6 o'clock, A.M., and soon after reached our hotel, having been absent about nine hours.

On Wednesday morning we were quite gratified at the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Springer, of Cincinnati; and in the afternoon went a short distance into the Cave, and returned shortly, for we found that the party were about revisit the same spots which we had frequently seen before. Now, on Thursday, we had quite an accession to our party, in the persons of Col. Anderson and B. McClellan, of Philadelphia, of the U. S. N., and found the former quite an eccentric genius; for he afterwards afforded much amusement from the droll manner which he narrated his stories about some of his adventures.

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About 9 o'clock, in company with Mrs. Springer, Messrs McClellan, Blair, and Burbank, we again went into the Cave. This time our visit extended as far as Serina's Arbor, which is situated about two miles beyond the second division of the Cabinet. The approach to it was by way of the "Rocky Mountains," over a path which was somewhat rugged and difficult up to within a short distance of where the former was situated. We were fully repaid for the trouble which attended this latter visit; and although it was the second time that we had been over some portion of them, our pleasure seemed to be redoubled. The bower was a very pretty nook, or recess, and lies among the rocks, which were composed of splendid stalactitic formations, most beautifully dropping from the top. In the rear of this we found two other grottoes, one of which was quite beautiful. As Mrs. Springer had manifested much fortitude and energy in her approach there,—and we believe she was the first lady who has ever ventured thus far,—we saw fit to designate one of them St. Catherine's Shrine; and in honor of another lady from Cincinnati, we named the last which we had discovered "Loretto's Grotto."

The greater part of Friday was spent in the house; and we had sufficient company to render our interior life quite agreeable. Mrs. Allen, wife of an artist from Louisville, made it a fine subject for a conversation, although the main topic was our subterranean trip; and being herself a specimen of female beauty, we found this common point of our observation, while in her society, quite attractive.

In the evening we went with Stephen into the Cave, and succeeded in obtaining two fine specimens of the blind fish; which, having no occasion for light in the dark, are born without eyes; besides several small crawfish. These are some of the greatest curiosities to be met with in this region. However, they are not peculiar to this cave, for they have been found in Indiana, and may be procured from another cave which is in Kentucky.

Part of Saturday was spent in that greatest test of one's patience,—fishing, as one's temper is tried when there is a scarcity of fish. But we were much amused by the cockney manners of Col. Anderson, which made us quite contented and well satisfied with this

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day's excursion. For this man was a great traveller, like Baron Munchausen, and boasted that he had once caught a hundred-pound catfish on the Mississippi.

The whole of Sunday was spent in the house. There being no church in the neighbourhood, we could not attend divine service. It occasionally happens that they have preaching in the Cave; but we were told that the sharp sensation of dampness and cold which overcomes the audience, during a sitting on the ground floor, was apt to drive away those sentiments of awe and sublimity which would naturally arise upon such an occasion, and in a similarly damp place might chill the most holy saints, if they knelt there for their devotions.

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On Monday we started for Belleville, where we dined; thence proceeded by stage to Glasgow. Owing to Mr. Bell's kindness, we were well supplied with peaches, which tended somewhat to while away our time.

Whilst at Glasgow we took a ride out of town, and were struck with the singularly antique structure of the buildings, which are peculiar to the interior of Kentucky, and in some respects quite picturesque in their construction. The public whom we observed in the parlor of the hotel seemed to be entirely absorbed in the all-engrossing subject of mesmerism, and with a murder that had recently been committed by one Mons. Alexandre, who was formerly from this vicinity.

About 10 o'clock, P.M., on Monday, we started for Bardstown, where we arrived the next day about noon. This town contains a Catholic College, which has an extensive reputation throughout Kentucky. In fact, the policy of this faith is widely spreading its influence throughout the far West, and all the best institutions for the purposes of education are of this persuasion.

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grand spot was found there, whence to inspect the theory of the anthracite coal region, and to prepare ourselves for a thorough investigation of the entire range of the coal formations, and various workings of a benign Providence, for the use and benefit of mankind, as exhibited here, in the very frontispiece of the Pennsylvania and Lackawanna anthracite coal region. Ten days were delightfully, and we may add profitably, spent at this point in our journey; and after a pleasant Saturday night's slumber, we awoke upon one of the most beautiful Sundays yet enjoyed during our travels. Just opposite our window was the green verdure of their neat and properly laid out "Park." At the north-west corner of it stood the graceful form of a Gothic Protestant Episcopal Church. Their architect must have copied it from the plan of the Roman Catholic Brothers at Manhattanville, which stands upon an elevated boulder of rocks, overlooking the whole district of the Harlem, Heights, and commanding the views of the Harlem, Hudson, and East Rivers; while nearer, fronting in keeping with it, rises the Convent of the Sacred Heart, on another high promontory just opposite, under the care of Madame Hardy.

The Catholics have rather got ahead of us (as they often very shrewdly do), while we are gazing up at the sky, looking at them from a plain of infinitesimal surprise. Never mind, my brothers; "there is a good time coming for us," if we never live to see it. There is an expected end to all these tribulations, to bring about His second coming, at the judgment, which was foretold by Isaiah. If you do not know the secret of the Roman Church's success, we can tell you what it is. "We buy, sometimes, but we never sell."—Ignatius Loyola, that prince of the Jesuits,—“whose means justify the ends.”

Why should the churches of any parish in Christendom be closed on Sunday, as we found that of Honesdale, on the first 92 of the truth of its existence as a science; for no arguments have yet been brought forward in opposition which will tend to bring these hidden, important, and secret developments in natural and revealed religion into disrepute; and until it is successfully confuted, the burden of proof lies on its adversaries. For in this case it was not a new theory, nor does it run contrary to tried experiments; neither is

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there anything paradoxical in its assumptions. Having an analogy in electricity, and other instances of biological effects, as well as in the strange phenomena of somnambulism, to support its fundamental facts, it requires somewhat more than the judgment of ignoramus to refute it. At present, our mind was somewhat uncertain, or in doubt, as to some portion of his exhibitions as to the power of phreno-magnetism, at which our wonder was greatly excited. These things, however, are still in their infancy; for most of the great discoveries in other sciences were in their elements at first, and the result of mere accident. If such can be carried out to any extent, they will certainly lead to many certain and permanent inventions for the benefit of the human race. The deeper study of the philosophy of mental action will tend much towards the further investigation of the laws of mind, and will finally establish the truth. of phrenology.

What a world we live in, and what monsters we all are, who are all the time swimming about this world in a wilderness of space, and we none of us know much about many of the elements in the midst of which we move, live, and have our being. The present age has received a new impetus, which shows an activity beyond the most brilliant hopes of its most eminent investigators. Never, in any age, has philosophy exhibited such illustrious evidences of the grandest development of civilization, as seen in these footprints of the Creator of us all.

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The far West has reflected the philosophical emanations of the East with renewed light and with redoubled activity. What a collection of nonpareils the universal *man* of two hemispheres will result in, when these both put their shoulders to unroll the Atlas of this round globe of ours.

On Thursday, we became acquainted with Mrs. Bishop, and Messrs. Waterman and Graham. Everything tends to make our stay more agreeable.

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In the morning we went down to taste the waters, which have a great reputation for the cure of scrofula and other cutaneous diseases. The springs are not as well attended this year as usual, owing to the stagnation of money matters, which has thrown its deadly and malignant effluvia of too great an expansion of the currency over the whole surface of the fashionable watering-place-seeking world. There was, however, good society enough to interest one, but not enough to engross one's whole soul, thus leaving some room for individual reflection, and the cultivation of certain mental tastes. The limited number of ladies well afforded fine opportunities for flirtation, which, under the present auspices, became sufficiently tinctured with dance and conversation to render them highly attractive, and interestingly inviting, where one has a fine opportunity offered for ripe diplomacy and the display of tact. On such precarious grounds, where nothing less than a politic course of action can insure success, and freedom from the thousand alluring nets which woman throws around the victim of her conquest, there is much pleasure as well as information to be derived from an intercourse with the sex, under such circumstances, which impress certain excellent lessons on the minds of others, who can coolly and dispassionately investigate this important subject. Most of the ladies were visible in the morning, which afforded us frequent opportunities 94 of mixing in their society. In the afternoon they sit with open doors, inviting all passers-by to the privilege of calling. Thus the day is whiled away, under the genial influence of pleasure; and night always finds us ready either for the soothing influence of conversation, the exhilarating pleasures of the dance, or the more formal receptions of the drawing-room.

On Thursday our attention was somewhat aroused by an event which came near terminating quite seriously. A gentleman of Welsh descent, and very eccentric habits, saw fit to take exceptions to the title of Rocky Mountain Chief, with which Air. Shelby had dubbed him, and insisted upon that reparation for his wounded honor, or *amour propre*, but is, in reality, vanity, which seeks the blood of the victim in order to appease its wrath. Owing to mutual concessions, made by either party, all differences between them were amicably settled by their true friends, and the belligerent terminated his hostilities by a

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copious draught of whiskey-toddy. Now, in the evening, after this treaty of peace had been amicably settled, we made a most ludicrous attempt to get up a dance; but owing to the conflicting rights of the phrenologist, who had forestalled the use of the room, all our endeavors proved in vain. About midnight we were called upon to take leave of Mr. Hopkins, a gentleman whose liberality of soul was not often to be surpassed; for, through his politeness, we had become acquainted with most of the ladies who were now at the Springs. Friday was spent by the ladies in the drawing-room; as we were not disposed to join them in social converse, most of the evening was spent by us in promenading, and the whole of Saturday was passed in the same manner, and as satisfactorily as the previous one had been during one or two days of the week; but with this exception, Saturday, late in the evening, we succeeded in getting up an animated dance; and were pleased to find that our acquaintance 95 process of screening through the bars of numerous revolving iron pipes, that separated the different grades of the coal into its variety of egg, nut, and grate, for the use of the consumers.

Then the view greatly increased as we went up higher in our walk, until we reached the end of the declivity and landed on the top of the cliff, to which Irving himself gave its present designation. The last move was to seat ourselves at the foot of a large and tall pine tree, which raised its slim proportion at the extreme end of the heights, and thence the whole range of the mountains was exhibited, until it covered a sight of the remote Catskill mountains.

Just as we were descending, the branch of a sapling broke, and a sharp crackling of the limbs startled us, as two large grey squirrels sprang from limb to limb, and darted away from us, with their mouths full of nuts which they had stolen for their evening meal. Lucky for them that we did not have our guns with us. You think it would have been cruel thus to have fired a shot, to disturb the romance of our trip, but fortunate for them to have slipped the snares of the hunter; so we had to listen to their merry chirp as they passed away, and seemed to whistle, almost to laugh, at our starting at all, as we thought how

Those who scamper and run away, Would live to be frightened some other day.”

So we let them alone, because we could not help it, and then clambered up the hill, to pass over the planks of a new-laid platform, which had been built on the level of the plain, for the use of a gay party from the village, who were going to come up there in the evening to have a dance, with music, by moonlight, provided the moon shone out that night—which it did

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The following Sunday proved to be rather a stupid day for us, for there was no Episcopal church in the neighborhood, and we had but little satisfaction in the idle manner in which this day was passed. At home it is a day which is always welcomed; and we were brought to feel what a blessing had been bestowed upon mankind by allotting this portion of His week to rest and worship.

Monday was spent as usual, except that during the day we made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Goodlove, and that of the Misses Wickliffe and Alexander.

But on Tuesday morning we were awakened by the rain pattering on the roof; the day, although somewhat overcast in the morning, still gave out faint hopes of a bright and clear sky for the afternoon. We had not been long occupied after breakfast, when we were surprised at hearing of the intended departure of Dr. Elliott's family. This event, which took place shortly after, cast an air of despondency and gloom over our party which bid fair to mar the pleasure of this day, for we were all deeply affected by the departure of Miss E.,—the gentlemen especially, who had been fascinated by her winning charms and manners.

Such is the nature of some of our fondest ties. We often feel disposed to throw ourselves aloof from the world, and never again to give utterance to those best sentiments of our nature which so strongly enlist our sympathy in the hour of separation.

She was gone, never to be seen by one of us again; perhaps it is for the best that the rankling wound should be quietly healed, so that the green growth of youth will more rapidly close up that gaping mouth of wounds, which had otherwise led to greater suffering, from the depth of its strong impressions. Adieu! How often we are reminded of Moore's words by such parting scenes:

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"'Tis ever thus, from childhood's hour," etc.

Wednesday morning, with desponding and agitated heart, we also left Harrodsburg. Our road lay through an interesting section of the country, and our trip was made quicker than any we had yet travelled over, as we rode on the outside of our stage, and found means to hurry the driver (who was an intelligent man), and we conversed together for a long time, and from him obtained some useful information regarding the treatment of horses. He observed that it was a very good plan to give the horses a little salt as soon as they were put into their stalls, after travelling, and never feed or water them until they had been in the stable about an hour. He said he was accustomed to give his horses ashes about two or three times a week; and that during the summer months, in June, July, and August, it was a good plan to give them, twice a week, a mixture of salt, salts of tartar, and ashes. This had a tendency to keep them cool, and their bowels in a healthy condition; that they sweat freely and are kept at ease, and free from colic. 5

Chapter 13. FRANKFORT, THE CAPITAL.

We arrived at Frankfort about 10 o'clock A.M., and there remained waiting for the stage to take us to Madison, Kentucky; and, after our arrival at this point, on the south bank of the Ohio river, to proceed from thence to Cincinnati.

We spent yesterday in writing to Graham, and after that we went to call on Miss Elliott, who was now in town, but did not find her at home. To-day the town has been somewhat

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enlivened by the arrival of a circus company; much to our inconvenience, however, for they have filled tip every crevice of the hotel. We also visited the penitentiary, which is conducted on a very excellent plan. The cells are kept clean, and each member has an apartment to himself. They are all kept busily engaged in learning some trade, and the result of their labor swells the coffers of the State, and of their keepers, who receive one-half. At present they are building a very handsome gateway, which is quite classic in its style of architecture. It must be quite consoling to the criminals to know that they have thus helped to construct their own abodes in this prison, although many criminals before these have aided in twisting the hemp for the rope by which they were to be hung.

So, on the same day, we presented a letter to Mr. Blackburn, whom we found to be a man of very clever parts, and of a fine. 99 education; and were also introduced by him to Dr. Strother, of Virginia, who resembled ourselves in one particular; we were gentlemen who were at large, and travelling on our own means, for our mutual improvement, and who only settled down in a place just so long as there was anything interesting in it to detain us there, either for our instruction or amusement.

The situation of Frankfort is peculiarly romantic, and in winter it is said to be the gayest place in the State. This is owing to the meeting of the Houses of the Legislature, and the attendants who always wait upon the movements of this august body.

We were informed that the well-known kindness of the people finds an exception in this place, especially in their dealings with each other, so that the *sobriquet* title of "Kentuck hospitality" has become a byword of reproach, and another name for roguery and the most malicious kind of frauds; and that the society of the place was now morally divided into two classes, *i. e.*, the aristocratic and rich, who have but a slight political influence, but who unite with each other in supporting their assumptions at whatever risk it may cost, and without any nice scruples touching the justness of their claims; and the poor whom they cheat out of their rights; so that the privilege which the law of the State once allowed of having a trial in another country is not often put into requisition, from the difficulty that

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a poor, man experiences in getting any justice at his own door. This place was also the scene of a highly interesting tragedy which took place about two years ago, and which was narrated to us by Mr. Blackburn, by whom we were introduced to Mr. Sharpe, who was the son of one of the actors in the above-mentioned affair of a murder. In the latter part of the day we went a-fishing with Dr. Strothers, of 100 Virginia, who has been spending some months in this place, but had no luck, although we were sufficiently repaid for our walk by a sight at the bold banks of the Kentucky river. Then we were also introduced to a Mr. Kennedy, as well as to Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Mayo, and several others, in whose company we passed probably the most rational evening that we had spent during our absence. After a late sitting we wrote a note to Graham, and on Saturday addressed a letter to Mr. Stanward, of the Galt House, and concluded this task by another letter, which was directed to James Turnbull. Then we called on Dr. Elliott, but did not have an opportunity of seeing him. We spent most of the day in filling up our pencil sketches, for it rained most violently in the afternoon, and we were told that it was probably the wettest August that had occurred in many years.

Then we sat down to read Mr. Marshall's speech in favor of retaining *The Veto Power*, which proved to be a fine and manly address, full of patriotism, but in some parts rather demagogueish in its tendencies. The whole of Saturday was thus spent; and after returning to my room we made up a pleasant game of euchre—a game of cards which is peculiar to the West.

On Sunday we called on Mrs. Mayo, in company with Mr. Blackburn, and in the afternoon visited some of his cousins. To-day the town looked quite deserted, for most of the inhabitants were attracted out of the city by a camp-meeting, which had for some time been held in vicinity, under the groves of the shade-trees which grew on the bank of the river. If the fact of the generality and number of these revivals can be adduced as a certain evidence of the increase of religion in the West, there is, indeed, cause of rejoicing among

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the saints; but we are afraid that the condition of public morals is far otherwise 101 than good, if the present state of the facts in such cases could be really ascertained.

On Monday evening, in company with Dr. Strother, we departed for Madison, where we hoped to arrive in time for the Louisville packet. Our road lay through an uninteresting country, where the surface of the roads proved to be of that rough and fatiguing nature that is peculiar to a limestone region. We passed through several thriving towns, but met with no incident to relieve the monotony of the way, except that we found the taverns by the wayside in too wretched a condition to allow us to stop for the night; so we hurried on to Madison, which we reached about 4 o'clock, in the midst of a heavy rain, and were fortunate enough to find the boat just passing round the bend of the river, which stretched its curve before the Madison landing.

From thence we had a delightful trip up the river, and had the pleasure of seeing one of the most magnificent sunsets, which are so much enhanced in beauty by the deep and solemn drapery of the scenery which was then gorgeously lighted up by the lingering golden rays of the sun's glaring ball of red, whilst it was sinking away behind the last purple shadows which were cast on the bluffs.

Chapter 14. COVINGTON—THE FAIR.

Although we arrived at Cincinnati during the night, we did not land until morning. Once on shore, you may be sure that we were delighted at the first view we caught of this charming town, which is so well named the “*Queen of the West*,” and surpassing any of the Western cities in size and beauty. After our arrival we spent the morning in visiting several portions of the town with Dr. Strother; and, at breakfast, were surprised to find Mr. Mali, who was one of our neighbors near the county seat in Bloomingdale, and from him obtained the latest news from home. The forenoon of Wednesday was spent in visiting the ladies whose acquaintance we had made on a previous visit, and we regretted to find that some of the most interesting had left the city, and were then at the cave. However, we took

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the opportunity of presenting Dr. Strother to their acquaintance, and then proceeded to procure some material aid for ourselves. So, on Wednesday, we succeeded in negotiating a draft for \$75, and received the amount in gold, for which favor we are indebted to Mr. King, when Dr. Strother left us for Virginia on the "Sciota Bell."

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We spent this evening in the company of Miss Stewart, who is one of the noblest women we have ever known. Her talents and accomplishments are of a superior order. Unfortunately she was early left without a mother; and from the want of the guidance which that parent alone is capable of affording a daughter, her conduct has been quite independent of the censure of the public, and entirely regardless of the opinion of others. She is an exceedingly amusing companion, and we shall always reflect with pleasure on the noble and disinterested acts of kindness which she exhibited towards us during our sojourn in that city.

Most of our time was spent in the usual routine of visits and letter-writing. But on one Friday afternoon we started forth with Mr. Mali for Carthage; and, as we had both intended to visit the mass-meeting which was to occur on the next day, seized this opportunity of going together, in order to better enjoy the sport. So, on the evening prior to the day of the fair, we went to make a call on some of his friends, whom he had known in Europe, and drove up to a pleasant little farmhouse, which was situated about a mile from the village, and after waiting a short time, we saw the gentleman of whom we were in quest, the particulars of whose history we afterwards learnt, as follows: Mr. and Mdme. de Fellhorn were European, and possessed of a little property which they were desirous to invest to the best advantage. The Catholic Bishop of Ohio, having known their intentions, induced and finally prevailed upon them to purchase a farm in the vicinity of Cincinnati, which they afterwards did, and have since regretted the act. Mr. De Thiers, a young man formerly connected with some of the cabinets of Europe, having been dismissed for some breach of trust connected with the secrecy of his office, sunk down with chagrin, resolved to unite his fortunes 104 with the above couple, and in their company came to

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this country for the purpose of trying his fortunes. At the instance of Bishop Purcell, they purchased this farm, and have now resided here three years. Monsieur had evidently been in excellent society; but what a change from the gay circles of Paris! Here they are in the midst of strangers, scarcely possessing a proper use of our language, and the victims of an avaricious and greedy neighborhood. Much of the interest which we took in them was lost from the manner in which they have treated young De Thiers. They came here to make fortunes, but they have not taken the proper means; and if they can obtain a mere livelihood, it should content them; and if in the event of more favorable times, they can sell their property without too great a sacrifice; they would be much happier in Paris.

On Saturday, 3d, we rode over to the village for the purpose of attending the mass-meeting, and arrived there just as the delegates were arriving from Cincinnati. The sight of the aquatic procession which moved along the canal, was novel and beautiful indeed, for each boat bore the name of the owner, and was decorated with appropriate devices; and when the passengers had landed on the banks, they formed a procession and marched to the grove. We passed on from the canal to the hotel, and having secured a favorable position on the balcony, observed the procession as it passed along to the parks. Most of the trades had their proper places in its ranks; and wheelwrights, blacksmiths, etc., were seen with all their implements of trade, while they paraded through the streets in bodies of stage-wagons, omnibuses, and carriages, boarded over on wheels, which were drawn by teams of horses. Shortly after we moved to the spot where the stands had been erected for the speakers, and having located ourselves within 105 the limits of the amphitheatre of the camp-ground, there found an immense crowd collected, who were eagerly listening to a Mr. Clark, who had been a member of the secret legislature of this State. He spoke quite well, and very fluently, but as his remarks were too statistical, they were, not very interesting to us. A severe deluge of rain put an end to his remarks, and the meeting adjourned in the most confused and hurried manner. We were somewhat surprised to find ladies on the grounds, for although it is customary for them to attend barbecues, they are not quite proper spectators at such political meetings.

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We returned from this scene of political action to the hotel, when the hour of dinner was announced. It was amusing to see the eagerness with which the loads of vituals that had been placed on the board, were attacked; and we can compare it to nothing but the rushing of a torrent down the mountain's side, or the headlong bursting of waters in the vicinity of an opened mill dam's gate. We then walked through the place where the dinner had been provided for the crowd, but had barely time to reach the end of the building, before everything on the tables had been swept away, and left as desolate as the land of Egypt, after the visitation of a swarm of locusts. We succeeded, however, in obtaining sufficient food to allay the cravings of an excited appetite, and after wading ankle deep in the mud, managed to get back to the hotel.

There we were fortunate enough to meet Mr. Rives and several gentlemen from Cincinnati, whose common fate gave us an opportunity of exciting their sympathy; and after having witnessed several incipient attempts to get up a fight, which were fortunately nipped in the bud, we accompanied Mr. Rives to the grove, where we arrived in time to hear the principal portion of Gov. Corwin's speech, which gratified us exceedingly. He certainly well understands the true manner of addressing a general assembly. This man is another instance of the many who have risen to eminence from poverty. He began life as a wagon-boy, and has several times distinguished himself in his political career, and at present is considered as one of the most prominent men of this country.

About 4 o'clock we ordered our horses to be brought round to the hotel, which was soon done, and in a few minutes we were on our return to Cincinnati. We had a delightful ride back to the city, for the rain had allayed its force and the dust, and had added a freshness to the verdure, and all were now somewhat invigorated by the refreshing breezes which blew about us, so that about five o'clock in the afternoon we had reached town; and from thence continued our ride along the banks of the river as far as Harrison's old homestead, which was situated on a point of land about ten miles from the city, within a few yards of the Ohio.

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On Sunday morning we attended church, and listened to a good sermon on the vanity of human wishes, and in the evening made a call on Mr. and Mrs. Springer, but did not find them at home; so that on the following Monday we had made up our minds to depart, and went on board the "Swiftsure," to secure a berth, but as she was too crowded for comfort, this determined us to wait for the next favorable opportunity.

Mr. Mali took his leave of us and returned home, via Columbus and the Lakes. Mr. Moëller called on us, and from him we heard that Miss Carneal had returned from her visit to New Orleans. So we called on her and Miss Reeves, and in their society spent the morning quite pleasantly. In the afternoon, accompanied by Mr. Foote, we rode out over the Walnut Hills to Mr. Granden's; and on the way had renewed cause to admire the beautiful vicinity of the city, and to view 107 this "Queen of the West," as she stretched her many houses under the shadow of her hills. In a short time we passed the Lane Seminary, and shortly after reached the estate of Mr. Granden. We drove up to the mansion house, but were disappointed in not seeing the owner of this beautiful villa. So we left our names, and soon obtained permission from the housekeeper to view the grounds. It is certainly the most commanding site for a summer residence that could be desired. The house is situated on one of the high bluffs of the Ohio, and the foliage of noble trees was spread out before the mansion in the foreground, and so the house seemed as if it were situated on an island in the woods of Arden; whilst on either side the landscapes, glowing with cheerful prospect from the noble forms of the beeches, gild the green branches that wave beneath the shadow of the cliffs in great masses of rich beauty. On one side, the level flats of the banks of the Ohio stretched themselves out like a green carpet beyond the bluffs; on the other side of and seen from the river, this declivity was limited only by a most pleasing succession of hills, which crowned the margins of the opposite banks; whilst between both sides, the river was seen swelling along on its winding way, as it is flowing sluggishly under the hills in its meandering course; while the landscape of the furrowed soils seemed fertile in products of the rich farms to perfect the view with the bright aspect of the villages of Covington and Newport, as they were from thence dimly observed in the distance. What

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could be more charming? The last rays of the setting sun had tinged the whole surface of nature with that sombre hue of twilight, which is at once melancholy and pleasing—that brings the mind into a fit state for contemplation, by assimilating it to the bright starlight heaven, with meditations moving akin to those which Isaac 108 was supposed to have enjoyed in the fields, when he was thinking about the fair Rebecca. The dark greens of the forests flourishing on the forms of the mountains, cast their dusky shadows on the landscape, and the rich purple clouds of sunset completely furnished with splendor the deep and gorgeous drapery which was enveloped to dissolve all further in revelations to our vision from this mount of happy delight.

At about 8 o'clock we returned to town; and, after having arranged our toilets, proceeded to visit Miss Carneal's residence, where we found several persons assembled, all in the highest spirits, for most of them had recently returned from a visit to the cave, and our conversation turned chiefly on the great corridor of created wonders, while Miss Carneal gratified us by singing some of her favorite airs in her peculiarly sweet style.

Tuesday morning was spent in making a round of visits, for we found some of the ladies at home; and in the afternoon dined at Mr. Charles Springer's, in company with Miss Febiger and Moëller, where we greatly enjoyed the repast. Having spent an agreeable hour in conversation with Mrs. Springer, who is certainly an amiable and pleasant woman, we in the evening made up a small party to attend the circus; but the performances were too tedious and wearisome to make them at all attractive to any of our party.

On my return to the hotel we found a note from Mr. Tillotson, who desired an interview. After having sat some time in the court-yard in the rear of the bar-room, listening to some very brutal and ungentlemanly remarks, we ascended into the chamber of Mr. Foote, where we waited his arrival. After a short time he entered, and told us that the object of his mission was to warn us against any remarks we might hear of a similar character to those we had just listened to in the rear of the bar-room. We then spoke of the event of Miss Stewart's marriage, 109 which was to take place in about a fortnight. He certainly is

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a noble fellow, and his advice had been quite serviceable to us. We returned soon after to our room, with a determination to leave the next morning in company with the Rev. Mr. Johns, and Mr. and Mrs. Chase, and on the same boat on which they had proposed to depart.

So on Wednesday, the 6th, we packed up and made several visits previous to leaving, and at about 11 o'clock we were on board the "Orpheus," bound for Pittsburg. We rather regretted to leave a place where we had formed many pleasant acquaintances, and where we had opened a new page in our existence; and hope that this lesson had been well learned which may tend to our future advantage, that "a still tongue maketh a wise head."

We had a most delightful trip up the Ohio, for, among other passengers who were on board, was a Miss Morton, a young artist of great natural genius, and who, with a little more cultivation, will stand quite eminent in her profession. We were now introduced to the Rev. Dr. Johns, who was on board, and found him an exceedingly interesting and agreeable man. He was quite pleasant and communicative, and without that degree of reserve and moroseness of assumed dignity which most clergymen throw around themselves, which they believe necessary to guard their own sense of their self-esteem, but which frequently vanishes when you come to know too much about some of the capers which they enact behind the scenes where they perform the high mask of the rituals.

Chapter 15. GUYANDOTTE AND HAWK'S NEST.

On Thursday afternoon we arrived at Guyandotte, at which place we had determined to take a stage soon after landing, and return home by way of the Virginia Springs; but unfortunately after we had got on shore it was discovered that we should be delayed there two days; for the stage had departed that morning, and gave us the slip. But as Mr. Rives was our companion in misfortune, it was easy for us to find certain sources of consolation; and for the first two hours we stretched our invention to discover ways in which to pass away our time and divert our attention during this interval, so as to keep us from dying of

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ennui over our very peculiar situation. So we first endeavored to find out the state of the society, so far as regards the number of the ladies in this city, and having learned it to be well supplied with beauty and cultivation and grace of manners, to furnish a resource in case of need, we became quite reconciled; and by dint of fishing, orchard-robbing, smoking, and *euchre*, we managed to get rid of the time, which otherwise might have been insupportable for these two days, which would have lain heavily on our hands, if we should have failed in becoming acquainted with any of the ladies of this interesting abode terrestrial.

Then on Saturday, the 9th, we started for Charlestown; but 111 as we had an overloaded coach, it proved to be uncomfortable day's ride. There was scarcely anything to relieve the monotony of the journey, for the scenery was not of an interesting nature, nor were our companions inside the coach of the most interesting or enlightened class of characters in the world.

On our ride we stopped at a sulphur spring, where we obtained a good draught of fine mineral water; and about dinnertime we caught glimpses of the river and Kanawha cliffs, which seemed to lend a charm to the scenery, and served to beguile this tediously long day's travel.

About 9 o'clock, P. M., we reached the banks of the Kanawha river, and were soon ferried over the stream to Charlestown. Here we passed the night, if it could be so termed, for we were awakened up out of a sound sleep at about 3 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 10th; and, in the hurry of our departure, we forgot to bring away the keys of our trunks, which had been left under our pillows for safety, in our absence of mind, but we were fortunate in finding them afterwards, and were thus restored to a happy state.

At a distance of about twenty miles from Charlestown, we obtained a view of the mountainous country of Virginia. The scenery alone of this route was the chief object of attraction; the country was thinly inhabited, and the houses sparse and scattered among

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the hills. Our attention was first drawn to the beautiful and romantic cliffs which bound the course of the Kanawha, and several glimpses which we caught of the river from the top of the hills, reminded us strikingly of the mountain and lake scenery of Scotland. We soon reached the "Kanawha Falls," where the features of the landscape were quite striking. The cliffs rise majestically on both sides of the river, which lashes its waters into foaming beads with beauty over its rocky bed; whilst the gaps in the mountains reveal 112 the distant prospect of the rugged ridges and heavy bluffs beyond. Our road then passed for a great distance in the vicinity and within sight of the river. The cliffs from this point are called the "New River Cliffs;" and as they rose sometimes to a very great height above the bed of the stream, we occasionally obtained some of the most beautiful glimpses of the river and the mountains, as they stretched their running course in the distance.

For some portion of its path the road was walled up on one side by the most bold and picturesque castellated rocks imaginable; and as you view the summit of these rocky peaks, where they rise almost perpendicularly above the road, they seemed like the bastions and battlements of antediluvian ramparts or rocky, fortress-like fortifications. This characteristic feature in these fastnesses of the rocks is peculiarly observable in the vicinity of the "Falls," and for some miles beyond they are called "The Hanging Rocks," at about where we left them behind us; until at about noon we rode into the neighborhood of the "Hawk's Nest," where we stopped to admire; and having let down the steps of the coach, walked a short distance from the road to view this strikingly interesting spot. We here stood upon a shelving rock, which projected over the ravine below, and gazed with rapture upon the grand landscape which lay under our feet. The mountains rose most majestically before our eyes, and gracefully extended their forms as far as the keenest vision could reach; whilst the river, which glistened like a silver crescent, was winding its course at the foot of an amphitheatre of rugged mountains, which were covered with the richest growth of forest trees imaginable, whose appearance, while the massive belts of the greenwood groves diminished in the distance, seemed like Alpine cliffs covered with a real species of velvet moss. Our minds became filled with the 113 highest and loftiest

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sentiments which can alone be excited by the grandeur and sublimity of natural scenery; and as we gazed on the unlimited landscape which stretched itself in belts of unmingled beauty and richness before the enraptured sight, we felt that our absorbed contemplation of the spot was only such an appropriate tribute of devotion and fragrant incense as was solely worthy to be offered in the houses which had been erected for the True Worship of *His Majesty* , whose buildings were not made with hands.

About four o'clock we reached our dining-place, and for the rest of the day the interest of the journey decreased. On our route we met with an odd specimen of one of the mountaineers of this region, and we admit how he quite amused us with the accounts of his skill in shooting, and that he attributed his proficiency in the use of his rifle to a magnetic influence. Such, no doubt, has been his faith in the use of this metallic weapon, that he has been quite forgetful of the amount of his indebtedness to a long practice and a very keen eyesight. He also told us of a water-wheel which he had invented, which was singular in the principle of its being able to turn against the force of the current of a stream, and that it had been proved to have been quite successful as a fish-net. He was then on his way to a market for the sale of the wonderful article, where he expected to meet with some one person from whom he might have the opportunity of winning some money for his witty discovery. We rather encouraged his idea, for many a Yankee before him has pocketed much more gold with less wit. He was a tall, muscular man, somewhat advanced in years, for his hair inclined to gray; his eyes were small, with a fine, well-marked expression of shrewdness and humor in his face.

We stopped during the night at the top of Mount Suel, but found the hotel crowded, and we had our option of sleeping 114 either on the floor or in the stage. Our companions preferred the latter; and after having smoked all our cigars and wrapped ourselves well up in our overcoats, we were soon so snugly ensconced in the corner of our coach that in a few moments we were embraced in the arms of Morpheus. We awoke in the morning quite refreshed by our slumbers, and quite satisfied with the novel style of our sleeping-couch, and soon after breakfast started for the Warm Springs. Our road lay through an

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uninteresting section of the country; in fact, most of the western sections of this country are rather wild and uncultivated; and, with the exception of a few mountain views of interest, there is little which is calculated to withdraw the mind from its own sombre reflections over its conditional and probationary state as a life in the wilderness. We were quite gratified with a specimen of banjo-playing; which, as it was the first time that we had ever listened to the notes of this peculiarly Ethiopian instrument, served in a measure to beguile the tediousness of the ride.

We passed on without any further object of interest, until we reached the top of the mountain which surmounts the Valley of the Blue Sulphur. From this point the views were truly grand and beautiful. After having dispatched an excellent dinner at the springs, and drank a glass of the water, we proceeded onward to Lewisburg. Our road from thence was somewhat more rugged and broken than any we had yet travelled over, and passed through some of the wildest ridges of these spurs of the Alleghenies.

About six o'clock we drove into Lewisburg, the county seat. The lands in the vicinity are somewhat more cultivated than any other section that we had yet observed, and of course lent a peculiar beauty to some of the landscapes which we saw from the mountain-tops.

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Shortly after six o'clock, P.M., we left Lewisburg for the White Sulphur; we then passed through a very rolling valley, which lies between the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge, and had several glimpses of the mountains in the distance. The sunset was strangely beautiful, and lent its enchanting influence to the scenery around us. As soon as the sunset had resigned its influence, the bright moon cast its soft and melancholy light over the landscape, so that our ride to the Sulphur Springs was one of the most interesting which we had yet travelled.

The springs presented a most beautiful appearance by moonlight. The country in the vicinity is exceedingly striking and bold, whilst the long line of neat white cottages

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presented a pleasant contrast to the dark and bold outlines of the surrounding hills. Most of the company had departed; in fact, watering places have generally been thinly attended this year.

Next morning we left the Springs about dawn. The weather began to be quite unpleasant, and at night the rain fell, so that the atmosphere was quite moderated, which rendered this day's ride rather more pleasant than the preceding. About 2 o'clock we approached the Hot Springs, and in a short time after dined at the Warm Springs. We continued our journey onward towards Cloversdale, and just as the sun was setting reached the White Sulphur Mountains, where one of the finest panoramas is to be seen. We reached Cloversdale, where we stopped during the night. Next morning we started for Charlottesville. Staunton is one of the most important towns on this route. It contains a fine building which is allotted to the Lunatics, also an Institution to the Deaf and Dumb. The rain fell during the whole day, which made our ride quite unpleasant. We reached Charlottesville about 9 o'clock, P. M., where we stopped for the night and part of the succeeding day. Here we parted 116 with our friend Oldham, who is about to enter the preparatory school, where we left him in order to pursue his theological studies at Princeton.

PERORATION.

And now having returned so near to the borders of the Atlantic coast, and within full sight of the sea-shore, we will cast all our thoughts adrift, and say to our readers (if any such shall have had the patience to endure the burden of this accumulated mass of reflections and scattered notes), then we will have the candor to confess, that they will thereby have exhibited greater fortitude than any other class of people whom we may have known to be "alive and kicking," since the year of our Lord 1842, which has been enumerated in this title-page, as well as under that on the new fly-leaf of the *Summits*; from the selection of which name we were obliged to back out in order to make a full book—at this end: While performing this last feat, which might suggest that of the double-somerset; for an author

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resembles at times a juggler of legerdemain; and perhaps that his mania, if he writeth a light book, becomes a *cacoëthes scribendi* ; and this more so when a disease which sometimes sticks to a man like the itch, is hard to be gotten rid of.

Per contra , we hope we have accomplished it gracefully; at least without either having dropped our hat or cane on the floor; and “if you don't see it,” then we will have obtained the summit of our ambition, which was to gather up both ends of the skein in one fast knot, in order to make all ends meet, and thus bind together our “ *Drift Thought* s,” which are so very *wide apart* , under one cover; and then afterwards hide our head from public gaze, under the sheets, as if it were hidden under the bed 117 of the sea, and as deep as ever the ostrich of the wilderness, who hides her head in the sands, and while she buries her eggs, is blind to the approach of the wily hunter, who in his chase over the plains will be sure to shoot the poor bird from the beaded *summit* of his sharp-shooter; for she seems to have forgotten that her tail was out.

Be this as it may, we are very careful for nothing about the whole matter. The gatherings up of these sketches of the past have served somewhat to employ many hours which might otherwise have been idly spent. We trust that they may have served to amuse some, whilst they may either have soothed or flattered, but we hope will not distress others. Whichever result happens, we are quite indifferent; and we now throw these miscellaneous wool-gatherings into the vast elements of space, and pray that no harm may happen from any foolish words that may have escaped either our own notice or that of the printer's devil.

FAREWELL.

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